

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXIV.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1889

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NY 1,1886

*The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.*  
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

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THE

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A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXIV. — JULY, 1889. — No. CCCLXXXI.

## ASSUM IGITUR.

BETWEEN the 1st of January, 710 (44 B. C.), and the fatal 15th of March we have barely a word from Cicero's pen. There are a couple of notes to that Curius who had been so kind to the beloved freedman Tiro, when he was ill at Patræ, in Achaia, on his way home from the East, in one of which Cicero alludes, in a tone of resigned sarcasm, to what seems to us a comparatively trifling act of aggression on Cæsar's part, and adds that he wishes he were out of his country for good and all. There is a third letter, dated early in January, to a certain Acilius, in Achaia, recommending Curius to his especial favor. And then there is dead silence until three weeks after the assassination of Cæsar.

The general course of events during that memorable winter is well enough known. Already at the New Year Cæsar was virtually king.<sup>1</sup> He realized as clearly as other usurpers have done the necessity of maintaining his prestige by fresh military successes, and he was presently to depart for the Parthian war. But he had made Antony his colleague in the consulship; Dolabella,

somewhat against Antony's will, was to act as his own substitute while he should be away, and his particular friends, Hir-tius and Pansa, were consuls designate for the next year. Brutus and Cassius, too, had been made prætors, with what-ever show of popular election was still preserved. The former, Cæsar's life-long favorite, received the distinguished post of prætor urbanus. Yet, as though there really lurked a vague suspicion of that intractable pair under Cæsar's light remark about "misliking the companionship of the pale and lean," both had also received foreign appointments which would presently remove them from the scene of action, — Brutus the governorship of Macedonia, and Cassius that of Syria. Every few weeks now some new feeler was put forth to test the temper of the people concerning the definite assumption by their master of the title and insignia of that royalty which he already possessed in fact. The first experiment tried by Cæsar was that of not rising from his chair of state when waited on by a deputation of senators. The discourtesy was plainly resented. One morning the statues of the great

<sup>1</sup> For an admirable résumé of the precise nature and extent of Cæsar's political usurpations see Duruy's history. "Comme dictateur à vie et consul pour dix ans, il avait la puissance exécutive avec le droit de puiser dans le trésor; comme *imperator*, la puissance militaire. La puissance tribunétienne lui donna le veto sur le pouvoir législatif; prince du sénat, il dirigeait les débats de cette assemblée; préfet

des mœurs, il la composait à son gré; grand pontife, il faisait parler la religion selon ses intérêts et surveillait ses ministres. Les finances, l'armée, la religion, le pouvoir exécutif, une partie de l'autorité judiciaire, la moitié du pouvoir électoral, et indirectement presque toute la puissance législative étaient donc réunis dans ses mains." (Histoire des Romains, par Victor Duruy, vol. ii. chap. xxxii. p. 501.)

man were found bedecked with the *bandeau* of royalty, and during the grand annual function upon the Alban Mount (when will the world behold again so stately a ceremony upon so superb a theatre?), among the shouts that hailed the Dictator as he passed the word *rex* was clearly distinguishable. "Not king, but Cæsar," was the proud reply, and the tribunes felt encouraged to arrest the indiscreet bawlers; but they were promptly rebuked by Cæsar for their officiousness, and informed that it lay with himself to punish the offense.

In February came that indecent festival of the Luperalia, the carnival of ancient Rome, during which Antony, the consul, who was at least too old for the tomfooleries of the occasion, and who must have been like a Bacchus of Rubens in the traditional costume, "thrice did offer him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse." Directly afterward, apropos of the preparations for the Parthian expedition, which were now being pushed rapidly forward, the rumor began to circulate of a passage opportunely discovered in one of the sibylline books, which announced that the Parthians could be subdued by none other than a king; and it was understood that action was to be taken in the Senate, upon the Ides of March, on the propriety of making all safe by investing Cæsar with the necessary dignity before he went away.

So far as we are able to judge, it was this rumor which suddenly brought to a head the smouldering designs against the life of Cæsar. The very silence, during the late winter, of a man like Cicero, so prone to relieve excited feeling by pungent speech, indicates that the exasperation against the Dictator of those who now called themselves the *Boni* had passed from the sentimental into the dangerous phase. The mid-night portents, true offspring of heated brains, and the inflammatory placards, like those which called upon M. Brutus

to be worthy of his great ancestor, the king-slayer (who was, however, not his direct ancestor), seem all to belong to the early days of March. But when it comes to a careful search among the authentic records of the most dramatic and notorious of public crimes, we find both the preliminary arrangements and the actual circumstances of the deed involved in a good deal of mystery. Cassius was unquestionably the prime mover of the plot. Brutus, whose sister he had married, required considerable persuasion before he could be induced to engage in it. Cicero was not let into the secret at all. It was not that men doubted his approval of the act; and how enthusiastically he did at first approve it we shall presently see. It was an article in the creed of these men of the past that the assassination of a tyrant is, under certain conditions, a pious and a glorious act. The old Roman constitution distinctly provided for the case. The only doubt would be whether these desperate circumstances had now arrived; and when Plutarch tells us, in his *Brutus*, that Cicero was excluded from the councils of the conspirators because of the ingrain tendency, which had grown on him with his white hairs, to dally and deliberate, and endlessly to balance the pros and cons of every possible course of action, we perceive the justice of the remark, and cannot doubt that the most picturesque of historians is here speaking the simple truth. What was to be done had to be done quickly. It would never do to let that question of the royal title come up before a subservient Senate, backed by an ostensibly religious sanction. Everything goes to show that the last arrangements were hurriedly made, the rash act clumsily, if boldly, executed, and the subsequent policy of the confederates left altogether to that shaping of circumstance whereby they were so signally betrayed.

They were sixty in all, — some say

eighty,—but even the former number seems incredibly large. Their most distinguished recruit, after the two chiefs, was Decimus Brutus, one of Cæsar's ablest generals, a man whom the latter trusted so implicitly that he had appointed him guardian of the young Octavian, in the will which was afterward read to the populace with such terrible effect. Decimus was actually present at a dinner given by Lepidus, the future triumvir, to Cæsar on the evening of March 14th, during which the conversation turned on the kind of death most to be desired, and Cæsar gave his voice for a sudden one. There was another gathering the same night at the house of Cassius, which may perhaps have broken up with the singing of a favorite old Greek banqueting song,—the spirited scholion of Harmodius and Aristogeiton:—

“Wreathed with myrtle be my glove, —  
Wreathed like yours, brave hearts, when ye  
Death to the oppressor gave,  
And to Athens liberty.”

And so the midnight closed which beset with such phantasms of horror the pillow of Cæsar's wife, and the March morning dawned, as the early spring mornings now dawn upon Rome.

What was the exact spot where the daggers did their ferocious work? Pompey's Curia, of course,—the Senate House, adjoining, or more probably connected by an open portico with, the magnificent theatre which the great rival of Cæsar had built and surrounded by plantations of plane-trees, near the modern Campo di Fiori.

But what portion of the Curia? The name was plainly applied both to the senate chamber itself and to the portico aforesaid, on which the hall of assembly undoubtedly opened. The story ran like wild-fire over Rome, that afternoon, that Cæsar had been assassinated in full Senate, in the face and eyes of all the Fathers; and so it would probably have done had he been killed anywhere on

the premises which went by Pompey's name. The tendency even of truthful people, in times of high public excitement, to add a touch of horror in repeating such a tale is all but irresistible. We are not yet a generation removed from that foul deed which was done in the theatre at Washington, whose histrionic perpetrator also made a merit of having nourished his soul on classical precedents; yet in how many different ways has the sad story been told, and which of us knows just how the thing befell? The truth is that men's own senses play them false at such a time. In this case, moreover, the murderers were never brought to trial, nor was any attempt made properly to sift the evidence concerning the details of their grim achievement. The result is that our three principal authorities for what took place upon the Ides of March—Suetonius, Plutarch, and Appian—are materially at variance with one another, and Plutarch is hardly consistent with himself. He speaks as though the Senate were sitting *in* the portico, or colonnade, which one would think impossible. “The very place, too, where the Senate was to meet seemed to be, by divine appointment, favorable to their purpose. It was a portico, one of those adjoining the theatre, with a large *exhedra*, or recess, in which there stood a statue of Pompey, erected to him by the commonwealth when he adorned that part of the city with the portico and the theatre.”

This appears perfectly explicit, and brings vividly before the mind a place altogether apt for the crime which had been resolved upon; and I am half tempted to question, upon repeated comparison of the three narratives named, whether it were not after all *here*, outside, in what served as a sort of vestibule to the senate chamber, that the deed was done. Here the conspirators may well have waited, as men lounge in the lobby of the House, until the

slaves had set down Cæsar's litter; here Tullius Cimber presented his petition, and Cinna gave the preconcerted signal by plucking at the purple robe. It was from his litter,<sup>1</sup> not from his chair of state, that the doomed man sprang forward at the cold touch of Casca's steel, the only necessarily mortal wound, so said the physicians, among the twenty-three which he received, and that heart-sickening "drawing up" of the robe was but an instinctive attempt to readjust the drapery deranged by his sudden movement.

The Conscript Fathers, and Cicero among them, were all assembled and waiting the tardy arrival of their perpetual president within a stone's-throw of the spot, — within easy hearing of the struggle, no doubt, had it not been so terribly brief and silent.<sup>2</sup> This would explain why Brutus should have shouted out Cicero's name when Cæsar had fallen; and with the rest of the horrified Senate Cicero probably came rushing out, and saw, as he afterward observed to Atticus, "the righteous end of a tyrant."

"They burst forth of the doors," says Plutarch, "and, flying, filled the people with confusion and mad fear; so that men left their houses, abandoning their tables and their goods, and some came running to the place to see the tragedy, while others, having seen it, fled away." Suetonius also says that as soon as Cæsar had ceased to breathe "they all fled, and he lay for some time, until three slaves placed him upon the litter with his arm hanging down, and carried him to his house." And Appian, too, with a touch of strong feeling: "They flying like madmen, three servants only stayed by, who, placing the body upon the litter, bore it home, — strangely, since there

were but three to carry him who only a little while before had been lord of earth and sea."

I have dwelt too long, perhaps, on what is after all only a possible theory of the facts concerning Cæsar's death. I must pass rapidly over the well-known events of the next few days: the retirement of the assassins to the Capitol, accompanied by Cicero, who in vain entreated them at once to convoke the scattered Senate there; their indecision and divided counsels; the ambiguous reception of Brutus's noble yet frigid address to the people from the Forum; the quick recovery of Antony from the panic which had first overtaken him, when he fled the city in a woman's dress; his return, and bold seizure not only of the public treasure, but of Cæsar's enormous private hoards, and of the will whose provisions he used so adroitly; the ominous movement among Cæsar's veterans quartered in the town; the popular demonstration against the conspirators which followed the funeral.

From the republican point of view, Cæsar should never have been taken and Antony left; and Cicero, over and above his unconquerable personal aversion for Antony, was enough of a statesman to know it. But Cassius was a haughty soldier, and Brutus an unpractical theorist brought up in the school of Cato. They wished to give their deed the air of an act of divine retribution, single and passionless, and undefaced by aught that might savor of private vengeance or needless cruelty; and Cicero, stifling his own misgivings, threw himself ardently into their design. It was Antony, after all, who convened the Senate in the temple of Tellus on the 17th of March, and it seems almost as strange to us as it must have done to the senators them-

<sup>1</sup> Appian says he was seated on his throne (*θρονον*), but the word which Plutarch uses (*δυσπρυ*) is applied both to the cushioned seat of a litter and to the vehicle itself. Suetonius says only that he leaped forward.

<sup>2</sup> Suetonius mentions merely as a current rumor Cæsar's having exclaimed in Greek, when he saw Brutus's weapon lifted, "And you, my child!" Others, he says, maintain that the victim spoke not a word.

selves that Cæsar had been only two days dead when they met. In fact, his body was not yet consumed. The conspirators did not attend the meeting,<sup>1</sup> but Cicero did, and successfully exerted his eloquence to procure an act of general amnesty for the assassins, at the same time that he supported the measure which ratified all the laws and provisions of the late Dictator.

The truce between the contending parties implied by this twofold legislation was sealed by social civilities. Brutus supped with Antony that night, and Cassius with Lepidus, the Master of the Horse; and Cicero, having thus, as he fondly hoped, assisted in establishing a *modus vivendi* between the consul and the prætors, and paved the way for a restoration of that old order in which he so superstitiously believed, went out of town, and we find him on the 7th of April staying in the suburban villa of one Matius, an intimate friend of Cæsar, and a man, as will soon appear, of a perspicacity quite superior to that of the deeply engaged partisans by whom he was surrounded.

"I cannot understand it," Cicero writes impatiently to Atticus, who had remained in Rome. "'If he,' says Matius, 'with all his genius failed, who will ever succeed?'" The fact is, he talks as if all were lost; and so it may be, for aught I know, and Matius apparently would be glad of it! He declares that within three weeks there will be an insurrection in Gaul, vowing at the same time that he has not exchanged a word with a soul except Lepidus since the Ides of March. In fine, he prophesies that we have not yet seen the end. How admirable by contrast appears the conduct of Oppius, who was just as true a friend to Cæsar, but has not said a word which could offend one of the Boni!" He adds that he is anxious most

of all for news of Brutus, and that Matius had told him how Cæsar once said of Brutus, in his epigrammatic way, "It makes a vast difference what that man wills, for, whatever it be, he wills it mightily."

How incessantly Matius and his guest talked about Cæsar (of what else, indeed, could they have talked!) appears from the fact that reference is also made to a remark of Cæsar concerning Cicero himself, which the latter takes pains to explain in a sort of postscript to his letter written later in the same day: "One allusion in my note you may possibly not have understood. The facts were these: Matius tells me that Cæsar said, at the time when I went to him on behalf of Sestius, and was sitting and waiting till my turn for an audience should come, 'How can I be such a fool as to expect even this facile gentleman to be my friend, when he has to wait my convenience in this fashion?'" Cicero evidently felt a sting in the word *facilem*, and we may doubt the wisdom of Matius in repeating the epithet, but the latter had the clairvoyance which enabled him to anticipate with startling precision the verdict of posterity on the melancholy affair of the assassination. He had been with Cæsar in Gaul, in the same year as his own and Cicero's friend, the lawyer Trebatius. He had remained neutral in the civil war, which he deeply deplored; but he had a warm personal attachment to the Dictator, and he came forward conspicuously on the occasion of certain memorial games which were celebrated in Cæsar's honor, during the month of May, at Rome.

The republicans, who were by this time smarting under the sense that they had been fooled by Antony's craft, were of course highly incensed with Matius; but Cicero liked the man, and he sought to qualify, by the suavest phrases at his command, the reproof which he undertook to give him. "You are so distinguished a person," he says, "that your

<sup>1</sup> It appears, indeed, to have been during this session of the Senate that Brutus made his address of lofty self-justification to the populace.

doings cannot escape notice, and the ill-natured world will be very apt to represent some of them in a too unfavorable light. If you have heard nothing as yet, I hardly know why I should speak, albeit I defend you on all occasions, just as I know you would defend me were I maligned. But defense is of two kinds. There are some things which I flatly deny; . . . concerning others, as, for instance, your activity about those games, I maintain that you acted loyally and manfully. Nevertheless you can hardly fail to see, sagacious as you are, that if Cæsar had been king, as I think he would have been, the question of your duty would have become doubly complicated, both as regards that stanch devotion, which I admit to be praiseworthy when a friend is dead and gone, and as to the obligation, on which many insist, of setting the freedom of your country above the life of the man you love."

This is delicately put, but the reply of Matius is noble and straight to the point: "I understand perfectly well the insinuations about me that have been current since Cæsar's death. It is made a crime that I should mourn my friend and resent the manner of his taking off. 'Fatherland before friendship,' they say, and insist that if their own counsels can but prevail the death of Cæsar will prove a boon to the republic. I may be dull, but I must confess that I have not yet risen to any such height of wisdom. I did not follow Cæsar into the civil war, . . . and for that very reason, when victory declared for my friend, I was not carried away by the charms of wealth and emolument. My private fortune was even impaired by that law of his, thanks to which many who are now exulting in his death retained their civic rights. I labored just as strenuously to induce him to spare those conquered citizens as I did for my own safety. How then should I, who desired the immunity of all, not be revolted when I see him of whom that grace

was won despitefully slain by the very men he pardoned? 'Out upon you,' they cry, 'for venturing to disapprove our deeds!' Who ever heard of such effrontery? One man may boast of a crime; another may not even regret it with impunity! The veriest slave has hitherto enjoyed the privilege of grieving, rejoicing, fearing, on his own motion rather than another's. But the champions of our freedom propose to coerce and intimidate us, even in our sentiments! Let them do their worst. I am not to be deterred by threats from the line of duty and humanity. I have ever considered an honorable death a thing to be desired rather than avoided; and if they are incensed at my hoping that they may repent of their deed, all I can say is that I could wish to see the death of Cæsar bitterly lamented by all the world."

What a keen point of conviction must have pricked through the armor of Cicero's lifelong prejudices as he read these intrepid words! Already he had begun to whisper to the faithful Atticus a haunting fear that the cruel sacrifice in Pompey's Curia would prove but an empty ceremony, and that, so far as the good of the commonwealth was concerned, the victim had been slaughtered in vain. "Happen what will," had been his first exultant cry, "the Ides of March console me, and that which it lay with our heroes to do they have accomplished most gloriously, most magnificently." But only three days later it is: "I have no comfort in anything *except* the Ides of March. What can be more contemptible than to be pursuing the very policy for which we hated *him*,—sanctioning all his appointments for two years ahead? I do not see how I can take any active part in politics. To be lauding the tyrannicides to the skies while we defend the acts of the tyrant is a manifest absurdity." And from Pozzuoli, late in April: "O my Atticus, I doubt the Ides of March



have given us nothing whatever beyond a momentary joy, the reaction from all our rage and grief. 'A noble deed, but a futile one,'—that is the way it looks to me. . . . You defend the two Brutuses and Cassius as if I had attacked them,—I, who cannot praise them enough. 'Tis the iniquity of affairs, not of men, against which I inveigh. The tyrant is gone, but the tyranny remains.'

"Think what you will of me,—and I would have you think as well as possible,—nevertheless I take leave to say that if things are to go on like this, the Ides of March were vain. He" (Cæsar) "might never have come back from Parthia at all, or we might have had the courage to resist his enactments; . . . and in any case, when I remember how gracious he always was to me,—damn him!—and that we are no more free because he is dead, I feel sometimes as if he were not the worst sort of master for a man of my age. Oh, yes, I blush for what I have written, but let it stand."

It began to appear that the consuls intended, and were prepared, to defend their position by force, and that, so far from taking serene possession of the government, the tyrannicides would have to fight for their cause and their lives. The thought of another civil war was hateful to Cicero. "There is no doubt about it in my own mind," he wrote while still at Pozzuoli. "It all looks like fighting. That act was done with the courage of men and the wisdom of babes. . . . But old age is making me bitter, and I rail at everything. My own life is over. Let the young look to it."

Dolabella, who had wavered at the outset, and even won the exaggerated plaudits of Cicero for pulling down a temporary monument which had been erected to Cæsar in the Forum, had now come to a definite understanding with Antony. He had never paid back Tullia's dowry, and had no intention of

so doing. Yet, as though not unwilling to render a last service to one for whom he had always testified a certain airy regard, the quondam son-in-law, in his capacity of consul, procured for Cicero one of those "legations" which enabled a Roman gentleman to travel freely in foreign parts. Cicero kept this permit by him, and was very near making use of it. On the one hand, he felt, as he had said, shut out from the Senate—at least until there should be a change of consuls—by the sinister turn which events were taking; on the other, he had a yearning to see the boy at Athens. Young Cicero had lately gladdened his father's heart by writing in a more manly strain than formerly, and earnestly promising an amended life; but his finances were in admired disorder, and could be properly straightened, Cicero thought, only by his own personal influence and authority exercised upon the spot. Moreover, we know from a letter of Decimus to M. Brutus and Cassius, dated in April, at Rome, and intended to put those two on their guard against the duplicity of Antony, that there was a question just then among the republican leaders of the propriety of their all retiring into voluntary exile. After describing an interview with Hirtius, one of the consuls designate, who had been very chary of his pledges for the future, "Thus driven into a corner," says Decimus Brutus, "I thought I might as well request free embassies for myself and all the rest of us, so that at least there should be an honorable way open to us of getting out of the country. He said he would make the demand, but I hardly think he will,—men are so spiteful, and we so unpopular. And even if we got our request, I suspect we should presently be declared enemies, and forbidden fire and water" (that is, outlawed). "If you want my opinion, however, I should say we would better yield to the pressure of circumstances, get out of Italy, and take up

our abode in Rhodes or elsewhere. If the prospect improves, we will return to Rome. If no change takes place, we will live in exile. If worse comes to worst, we can still apply the last remedy."

Hirtius had hinted to Decimus, during this gloomy interview, that Antony would oppose the taking possession by the three leaders<sup>1</sup> of the governorships to which Cæsar had appointed them. A rather insulting proposal was made to Brutus and Cassius to accept in lieu of theirs the charge of the grain supply; and here comes in a letter of Cicero's, which flashes for one instant a circle of intense illumination on a curious and most interesting scene. The place is his own villa at Antium; the date, June 10th.

"I came here yesterday," he writes, "to the joy of Brutus. We had a great gathering. Servilia came, and Portia, and Tertulla. Favonius was also present.<sup>2</sup> The question of our future course was introduced, and I, after thinking it over on the way to Antium, undertook to propose that the grain commission should be accepted." (Servilia was wild to have Brutus thus disposed of for the moment, — one can imagine for what conflicting reasons.) "I said that if any harm befell him" (Brutus) "it would be the end of everything. I looked upon him as the safeguard of the very republic. At this point of my remarks Cassius entered, and I repeated what I had said before. With blazing eyes, and, as one may say, breathing slaughter, Cassius vowed that to Sicily he would not go. 'Do you ask me,' said he, 'to accept as a favor what was intended for an affront?' 'What will

you do, then?' I inquired. He said he should go to Achaia" (which was on the way to his province). "'And you?' I asked, turning to Brutus. 'I will go to Rome, if you think best.' 'I? Not at all! It would not be safe.' 'But if it were, would you wish me to go?' 'Oh, as to that,' I cried, 'I could *wish* that you might continue to act as prætor, and not go to your province at all; but I'll not take the responsibility of advising you to trust yourself in the city.' I then stated the reasons, which will readily occur to you, why I thought the danger would be great. After this there was a good deal of fault-finding, — Cassius being most emphatic, — and they said that precious opportunities had been lost, and were very hard upon Decimus. I could not but agree; still, I advised letting bygones be bygones. Then when I began to offer a few suggestions, — nothing novel, mere commonplaces, — as that the Senate should be convened, the government seized, the zeal of the people strenuously fired and fostered, before I had even touched upon the principal point, the lady of whom you are so fond<sup>3</sup> exclaimed, 'Well, *that* I have never heard any one say!' and I desisted.

"Cassius will probably go to his province. Servilia has even undertaken that the decree about the grain supply shall be rescinded by the Senate; and our dear Brutus, quite cast down by all this futile talk, remarked that he hoped it would be so. The understanding now is that games are to be celebrated in his name (as prætor), but that he will not be present. I think he would like to go to Asia direct from Antium. . . . Under these circumstances, I am more

when he called Brutus "my child." Portia was Brutus's wife and Cato's daughter. Tertulla was Brutus's sister and the wife of Cassius. Favonius was that solemn and stolid republican whom we have heard of before as "Cato's ape."

<sup>3</sup> Apparently Servilia.

<sup>1</sup> Decimus was governor of north Italy.

<sup>2</sup> Servilia was Brutus's mother and the half-sister of Cato. She was older than Cæsar, but had been his first love, his acknowledged mistress forty years before, and all her life long the object of his most flattering attentions. Hence the current story (barely credible, however) that Cæsar had used no figure of speech



than ever convinced that the best thing for me will be to fly hence to some spot where 'rumor of the deeds and fame of the sons of Pelops' will never reach me more."

But fate had ordained that the orb of Cicero's glory, so far from dropping quietly below the waves of the *Ægean*, should go down, over the shores he loved, in a last blaze of stormy splendor. In the account just quoted of the republican gathering at Antium, no mention whatever is made of the most important person present. A few days later, however, Cicero recurs to the subject, enters into fuller details concerning the resolutions adopted, and then adds: "Octavian struck me as clever and high-spirited, and his disposition toward our heroes all that could be desired. We must, however, remember his age, his name, his heritage and education, and be cautious how far we trust him. His step-father,<sup>1</sup> whom I saw at Astura, was very non-committal. Still I think he should be made much of, if only for the sake of detaching him from Antony."

No one, apparently, of that excited party at the seaside villa perceived the man of the new era, or suspected the star of empire on the forehead of the handsome youth, who had been waiting at Apollonia in Epirus to join the Parthian expedition of his great-uncle, and who, when he heard of the tragedy at Rome, hurried thither to claim the magnificent inheritance which had already been appropriated by Antony. Not even Cicero, for all his acuteness, divined the ruthless young hand which was to sign his own death-warrant within so short a time. Then, and for months afterward, Octavian treated the venerable statesman with great deference, and listened to his abundant counsels with becoming grace.

<sup>1</sup> More accurately step-grandfather. Philip, whom the reader will remember as Cicero's neighbor at Pozzuoli, and as having shared the entertainment of Caesar on the memorable

Meanwhile the summer weeks were slipping away, and Cicero moved back and forward, much as usual, between Arpinum and the shore, and always believed himself to be going to Greece, but still did not set sail. The studious habits of a long life stood by him now, and gave him many a quiet hour, during which all his anxieties were forgotten. Some of his most exquisite writing, some of that whereby he still holds the heart and assuages the pain of the world, was done during this final period of suspense. He wrote concerning *Glory* and concerning *Fate*, both of which essays have perished. He noted down in the *Anecdota* many personal reminiscences of the great men of his time, which it is almost too exasperating to have lost. He completed and threw into its ultimate form that noble manual of public morals, the *De Officiis*. He composed and addressed to Atticus those two beautiful treatises which "*Time, the thief*," has condescended to spare, the *De Senectute* and the *De Amicitia*,—the one a gem of sane and lofty resignation, the other a magnificent tribute to the power of human love. Listen yet once more to the ringing phrases in which a man of incomparably rich experience, close upon his grand climacteric, but with spirit all unbroken and faculties undimmed, sums up his affair with life: "The fourth and last reason why old age is popularly supposed to be a sad and anxious season lies in the nearness of death, which of a truth cannot be very far distant from the old. But alas for him who, in the course of a long life, has not learned to despise death! For if the soul is to be extinguished, we need not take it into account at all; but if death do but lead us to the beginning of an eternal future, how greatly is it to be desired! . . . And the old man has at least this ad-

occasion of his last visit to these parts, was the second husband of Caesar's sister Julia, whose grandson by her first marriage with Atius Balbus was Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus Augustus.

vantage over the young,—that he has what the other covets. For the young desire to live long, but the old have done so. . . . I will not, therefore, mourn for life, as many even of the wise have done. Nor will I lament that I was born, for I think I have so lived as not to have been born in vain, and I depart out of life as from an inn, not from my home. For it is a halting-place, not a dwelling-place, that nature affords us here. O glorious day, when I shall say farewell to this mixed crowd and come to the great council and assembly yonder!"

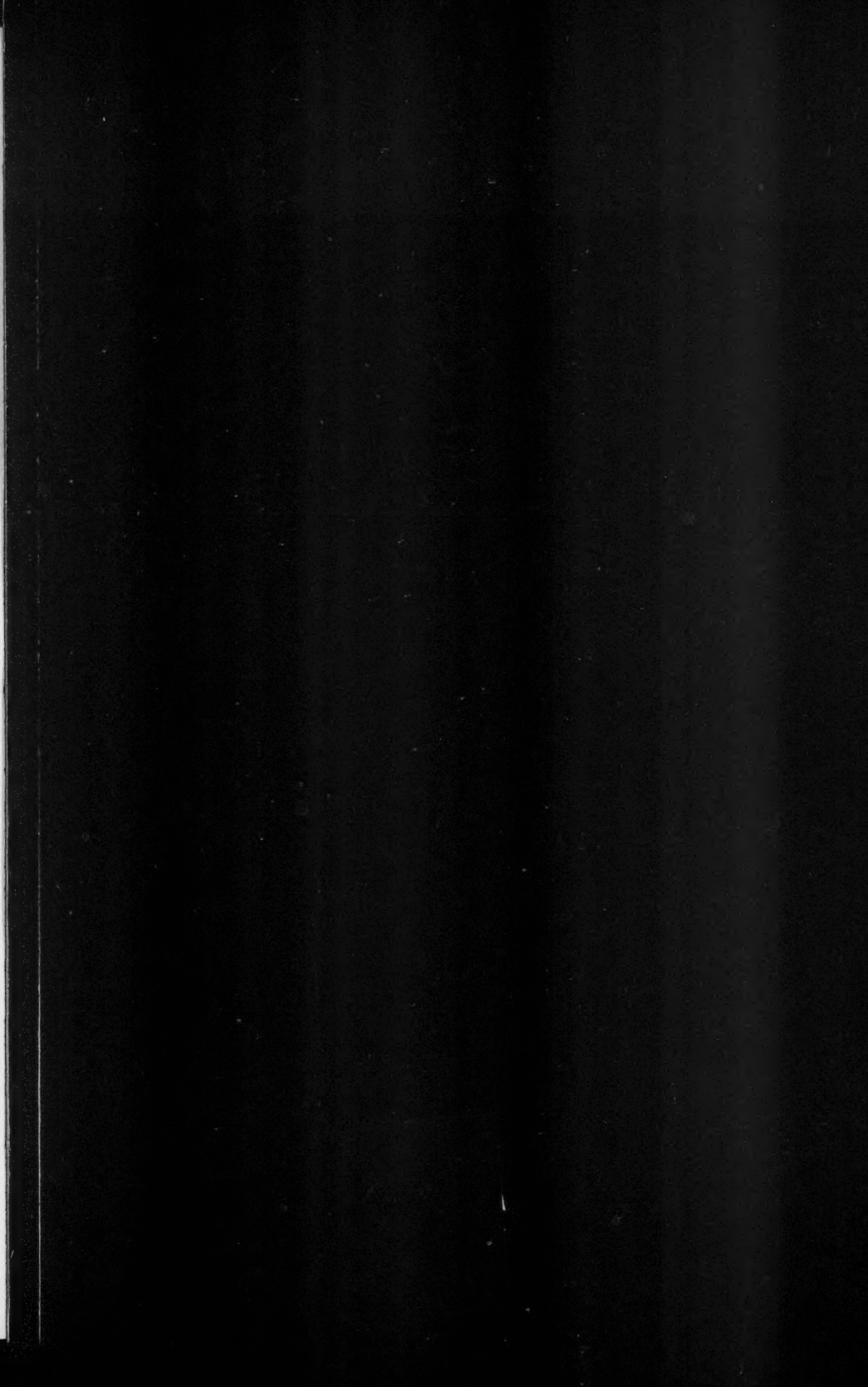
The man who could write thus, even though capable in sudden passion of cursing Caesar in his grave, was in no deep sense of the word embittered by life. What is the *Amicitia* but a deliberate and splendid tribute, where personal emotion continually burns through the stately phrases attributed to a *Fannius* or a *Scævola*, to the faithful devotion of *Atticus*? "Friendship, united with kindness and charity,"—in this consists the consummation of all things human and divine. It is the best gift of the immortals to men. I know not even if we should except wisdom. . . . That life is not life, as *Ennius* says, which rests not on mutual affection. What can be sweeter than to have one with whom you dare say all, as to your very self? What would be the worth of prosperity without a friend to share it? And hard indeed would it be to endure adversity, were there no one to feel it on your behalf yet more keenly than you feel it on your own."

In the playful tenderness of the messages which he sends to the family of *Atticus* at this time, and the zeal with which he labors to have the property of his friend in *Epirus* protected from the lawlessness of *Antony's* soldiery, *Cicero* surpasses himself. He is naturally rather skeptical when he first hears that his nephew *Quintus*, after winning for himself in the early spring the appellation of "*Antony's* right hand," has suffered

a conversion to republicanism. Since the tardy divorce of the elder *Quintus* from *Pomponia*, the father and son had been living together at Rome; and the former now offers earnest pledges of fidelity to the party of his brother, while the latter, as *Cicero* dryly remarks to *Atticus*, "proposes to be a perfect *Cato*. . . . Heaven send he may; it would be good news for all of us; but—I will say no more." A little later, however, we find the young man received at *Pozzuoli* by his "*facile*" uncle; and however free from the bitterness of age, I think we must own that our friend betrays symptoms of its weakness when we find him writing on the 10th of July, "*Quintus* remained with me several days, and would have stayed longer if I had asked him. I cannot begin to tell you how agreeable he made himself in all sorts of ways, and especially in those in which he used to be least satisfactory. He seemed to have experienced a total change through the influence of *certain books of my own*, which he had constantly in his hand, as well as of my serious conversation and counsels; and his attitude toward the republic will henceforth, I think, be all that we could desire."

However ostentatiously studious when his uncle was by, we are constrained to believe that *Quintus*, junior, lifted his eyebrows and indulged in a yawn when the venerable back was turned. Yet all unstable and incorrigible as he was, the youth did indeed prove himself in the end that nobler son who said, I go not, but afterwards repented and went. He held fast his allegiance from this time forward, and by selling his own life dear in the gallant defense of his father's must be held to have expiated many sins.

Two days before the date of the last letter, *Cicero* had visited *Brutus* on the island of *Nesis* (now *Nisida*) in the bay of *Naples*, where the latter appears to have had a residence. *Cassius*, then





lying off Naples with the ships and the troops which he was taking with him to Syria, was also present, but their talk ran chiefly on the Apollinarian games, which Antony's brother Caius had just exhibited in Brutus's name at Rome. Brutus, whose inveterate foible it was to be strenuous on unimportant points and apathetic about the main issue, was deeply chagrined that the games had been advertised for the Nones of *July*; that is to say, by the significant new name of the midsummer month, which had replaced the time-honored *Quinctilis*. "And it is indeed rather humiliating," observes Cicero, "for Brutus to be dating from *July*." The titular head of the republicans was, however, sedately satisfied with the popular applause which had greeted certain passages breathing hatred to tyrants in the plays which had been given, while the cooler commentator cannot refrain from remarking to his other self, "Yet it vexes and angers me to see the Roman mob wearing its hands out in clapping rather than in defending the republic."

The understanding had been that Cicero was to leave Italy, for his visit to Athens, in company with Brutus, when the latter should set out for his province. But Brutus continued in the most unaccountable manner to find reasons for delay, and Cicero finally departed alone, and proceeded by sea as far as Vibo, in the south of Italy, where he landed to pay his respects to the same Sicca who had entertained him in his exile, and whence he sent back to Atticus, on the 24th of July, a letter which showed plainly enough how many lingering doubts he yet had about the policy of making the voyage: "As I live, my friend, I am incessantly asking myself why on earth I have come hither. Why have I left you and those jewels of Italy, my own little villas? But the parting from yourself is the main point. And what am I running away from? Danger? I do not seriously believe

that there is any for me; and if there were, you are doing your best to recall me to it, when you say that my going will be highly applauded, if only I come back before the 1st of January. This, indeed, I shall strain every nerve to do, for I very much prefer living at home in jeopardy to dwelling at my ease in that Athens of yours. Do you, however, keep a sharp eye on the aspect of affairs, and write me how they are tending; or, better still, come and tell me. . . . Greeting to Pilia and to my love and darling, Attica."

That his mind was really free, at this moment, from any special apprehension or preoccupation about his own fate appears equally from the cheery tone of another letter, written on the same abortive voyage. Before reaching Vibo he had landed at Velia, near which place was the ancestral estate of his and our old friend Trebatius. The lawyer was not there, but had placed his house at the disposition of Cicero, who was charmed with the situation, and wrote him from the spot: "I liked Velia none the less when I found how much you were beloved there; although what does that signify? You are always popular. . . . But if you take my advice with your customary docility, you will hold on to these paternal acres, — the Velienses, for some reason or other, seem to fear that you will sell, — and never desert the noble river Heles and the house of Papirius. The lotus-trees about the latter are, I know, a great attraction, even to strangers, but if you were to cut them down you would get a much freer view; and, in short, I think it a very good thing, especially in times like these, to have, not merely a refuge of some sort in a city where you are known and loved, but a house and field of your own in a remote and lovely spot. I may like, my dear Trebatius, to avail myself of this haven yet."

In another letter to the same friend, written a week later at Rhegium, now



Reggio, opposite Messina in Sicily, Cicero says that he had occupied himself on shipboard with writing a little treatise on the Topics of Aristotle, which book he now sends back to Trebatius. From Reggio he did actually cross to Sicily, and after passing one night at Syracuse put out to sea, but only to be driven back to the mainland of Italy by bad weather. He never had the *pied marin*, and now, on disembarking at the promontory of Leucopetra, he was met by intelligence which altered all his plans. "While waiting there," he writes to Atticus on the 18th of August, "until the wind should favor me (I had been welcomed and made delightfully at home in the villa of my friend Valerius), there came some of the prominent citizens of Reggio, just arrived from Rome, one of whom had been staying with Brutus at Naples, and had left him there. They brought news to this effect: Brutus and Cassius have published an edict;<sup>1</sup> there will be a full meeting of the Senate on the 1st of September, private letters having been sent by Brutus and Cassius to all men of senatorial and praetorian rank, urging them to be present; the general expectation is that Antony will make concessions, that affairs will be arranged, and that our people will return to Rome. They added that I too was wanted, and that there were some unpleasant remarks about my absence. Of course I instantly abandoned all thoughts of the voyage, which had never, by Jove, altogether smiled on me. I must say, however, that when I came to read your letters I was rather surprised at your tremendous *volte-face*. It is all right, of course, though, if you did not positively suggest my going, you certainly highly approved it, provided only I were back at the New Year; that is to say, I might

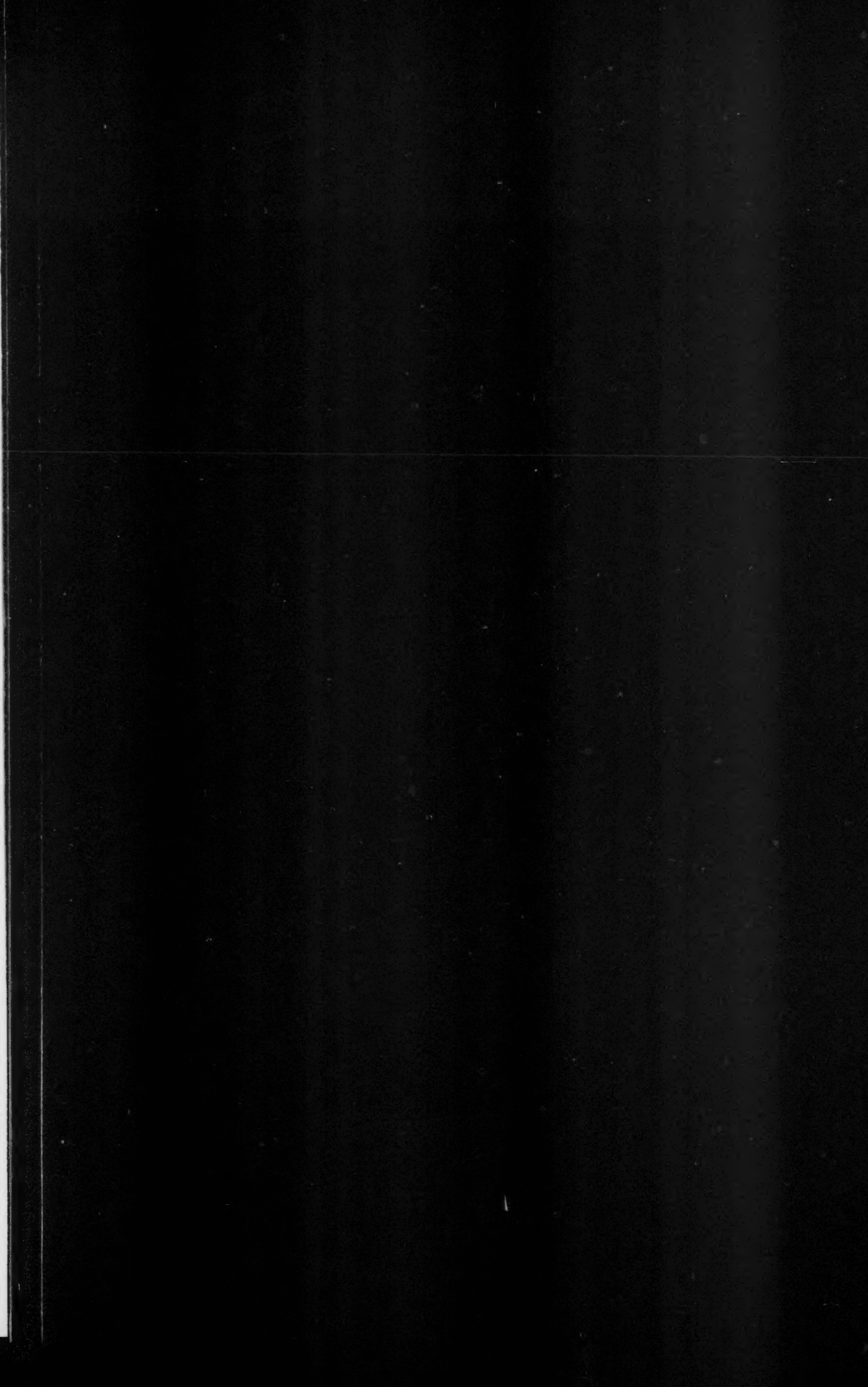
avoid the lesser danger, but must be ready to leap into the flames. However rash such a course, no exception can be taken to it: first, because it approves itself to my own judgment; and secondly, because, even if I were acting on yours, no real responsibility rests on an adviser beyond that of being consistent with himself. What did amaze me very considerably was this remark of yours: 'Come, then, you who desire an *euthanasia*, will you abandon your country?' As if I ever did abandon, or had any thought of abandoning it!"

Cicero goes on for several pages, as we are all apt to do when once started in this strain, and he certainly had some excuse for his testiness. Atticus thought so, at all events, for there is no trace of a lasting cloud upon their grand cordiality. Cicero mentions, toward the end of the same letter, having seen Brutus at Velia. When the latter arrived with two transport ships off the mouth of the little river on which the villa of Trebatius stood, and heard of Cicero's presence, he came ashore for an interview which proved their last. Brutus passed on with his command to meet the shade of Cæsar at Philippi, and Cicero repaired to Rome.

Once again, in spite of the overshadowing predominance of Antony, he was welcomed on his arrival by a certain show of popular enthusiasm. The Senate met on the day assigned, and the republican opposition was organized. Calpurnius Piso, the father-in-law of Cæsar, made a patriotic address on the 1st of September; Cicero followed him on the morrow with a very noble speech, containing an elaborate review and criticism of Antony's course during the last five months. This address came afterward to be classed as the first Philippic; but in truth its tone was studiously mod-

<sup>1</sup> In the form of an open letter to Antony, denouncing his course, at last, with what Cicero calls on another occasion *igniculus viriles*, — some sparks of spirit. "It is a well-written

document," he remarks to Atticus of the letter, "but I do not exactly see what it amounts to or whither it tends."







erate in comparison with that of the terrible diatribes which followed. Such as it was, however, the speech of September 2d sufficed clearly to reveal to Antony the person of his most dangerous foe, and to concentrate upon Cicero his deadliest purposes of revenge. Antony retired to Tivoli, and spent six weeks, with all the assistance he could command, in working up, and rendering as insulting and stinging at all points as possible, his reply to the attack in question. Not an inconsiderate speech, not an inconsistent act, not a reckless *bon-mot*, of Cicero's was forgotten. He was even accused of having been privy to the great conspiracy: but neither then nor at any subsequent time has this charge been considered worthy of serious attention, and Cicero's manner of disposing of it, though not conciliatory, must be held conclusive: "If I had been invited to the 15th of March banquet, there would have been no leavings."

The duel between the two merciless antagonists was now fairly engaged, and the spirit of the old wrestler rose with every round. The second Philippic was merely written out in the study, and afterward published as a sort of pamphlet, but the remaining twelve were delivered in the Senate as occasion arose during the winter sessions of 710-711 (44-43 B. C.); Antony being by this time in open rebellion, and civil war raging both in Lombardy and the East. The fourteen Philippics, which might much better be called, as at first they were, the Orationes Antonianæ, will not only remain famous to the end of time as vehicles of ferocious invective, but more nobly famous for the passion of love and loyalty to the old Roman state which throbs through their long periods in pulses of fire, for the resistless force and the consummate splendor of the language in which they are embodied. Their analysis, however, like that of the other public speeches of the great orator, lies outside the modest scope of my

own endeavor, which has merely been to obtain a just insight into the character of the man Cicero, through a sympathetic study of his private correspondence.

He left the city in October for one more autumn *villeggiatura* in those realms of Paradise that lie south of Rome, and the last letters to Atticus belong to this period. There are frequent allusions to Octavian, who at this time was literally at swords' points with Antony, being in command of a large detachment of republican troops. "*Valde puer*" — He is nothing but a boy — is the key-note to Cicero's comments upon the man of destiny, whose imperial airs merely amuse the gray-haired statesman; whose confidence and friendship he cultivates as a matter of policy; for whom he expresses in public a ceremonious regard, but whose suggestions he is apt, in the intimacy of his letters to Atticus, to treat with a sort of fretful indulgence. "Last evening," he writes from Pozzuoli on the 2d of November, "I got a letter from Octavian. He has great projects. He has quite won over the legions of Casilinum and Calatia, which is not so very wonderful, since he has given the men five hundred denarii a head.<sup>1</sup> He now proposes to try the other colonies. His evident intention is to conduct a campaign against Antony, and, for all I can see, hostilities may break out any day. Who then is to be our leader? Think of Octavian's name and of his unripe years! Fancy his requesting me to give him a private interview at Capua or thereabouts! So puerile to imagine that such an interview could be private! I replied that it seemed to me both impracticable and unnecessary. What would you have? He proclaims himself our head, and expects our support. I have urged his going to Rome, where I think he is already popular with the lower orders, and will, if he prove stanch, have the

<sup>1</sup> About eighty dollars.

Boni with him also. But, O Brutus, where are you? and what a glorious opportunity you have let slip!" "He has courage enough, that stripling," he writes from Arpinum a week afterward, "but so little authority!" Three months later, however, even Cicero has dropped the name of Octavian, and is talking of the "boy *Cæsar*."

He must have remained at the old homestead very nearly a month, for his last letter to Atticus is dated there early in December. There had been several notes, written at intervals of a few days, and containing clear and minute directions for the final adjustment of his affairs, the settlement of all claims against his estate, and the regular payment of the boy Cicero's allowance. And finally: "To return, then, to the republic. You have made many sagacious political observations in your day, dear Atticus, but nothing wiser than this in your last letter: 'The youth's power is great, and just at present he is pushing Antony hard; nevertheless we must wait the event.' . . . Here goes, then, for the hottest of the fire! It is baser to fall in private than in public, . . . and could I stay away when Marcellus is there? Not that I care about this, or that it signifies. What I do care for you will presently see. *Assum igitur*."

It was thus that Cicero answered to his name upon the roll-call of honor, gathered his robe about him, and stepped proudly down yet once again into the arena of his true victories. We shall miss henceforth his unlimited and uncalculating confidences to Atticus, but we are glad to think that the two old comrades were together during that final winter of desperate fighting in the Senate and on the field. Not that the busy pen had fallen idle. There are

letters in abundance,—more than we can conceive his finding time to write: letters of brisk encouragement and vehement faith to Decimus Brutus and Cassius in the field; letters of eloquent reasoning and earnest, even pathetic exhortation to Lucius Plancus, the child of an early friend, who held a command on the Riviera, in Transalpine Gaul, where it was hoped he might offer a successful resistance to Lepidus,<sup>1</sup> and who, with Decimus Brutus, had been designated by Cæsar as consul for that year 712 which Cicero would never see. After thanking Plancus very graciously for the profuse expressions of personal regard contained in a letter just received from him, Cicero writes on one occasion: "On the other hand, your profession and promise of loyalty to the republic afford me a far more exquisite pleasure than did the private protestations which preceded it. And so once more, dear Plancus, as in the letter to which you have so handsomely replied, I do not merely exhort, but as a suppliant beseech you to throw yourself with your whole soul and all the force of your being into the cause of the republic. There is no such harvest of glory to be gathered elsewhere; nor is there in the whole range of human affairs aught brighter and nobler than to have deserved well of your country. For up to the present time—the remarkably sound sense and good feeling which you have shown encourage me to speak freely—your success appears to me to have been somewhat a matter of luck; not won without merit on your part, certainly, but largely helped by fortune and opportunity. But if you are able to succor the state in these most critical days, it will be essentially and entirely your own doing. Words

<sup>1</sup> Lepidus, the future triumvir, was Master of the Horse at the time of Cæsar's death. In former days he had been intimately connected with Brutus and Cassius, having, like the latter, married one of Brutus's sisters. But he

was Antony's first important conquest. An arrangement was concluded between them within three days after Cæsar's death, whereby Lepidus was made Pontifex Maximus, and his daughter betrothed to the son of Antony.

cannot express the loathing in which Mark Antony is held by all save the lowest rabble, nor the hopes which rest upon you and your army; for the sake of which and of your own renown, God grant you may lose no time in fulfilling these high expectations. I admonish you as I would my son; I reason with you as with myself; and, as the truest of your friends, I plead with you on behalf of our common country."

There are a half dozen other letters no less fervent than this, but the replies of Plancus, though deferential and well worded, are ominously lukewarm. He did, indeed, fire up a little in the course of the spring, when, after the relief of Mutina (the modern Modena), where Decimus Brutus had been besieged, all things during a little while looked well for the republican arms; but his conversion to the winning cause was a foregone conclusion, and as early even as the anniversary of Cæsar's murder we detect without surprise an undertone of sternness in the untiring counsels where-with Cicero continued to ply him.

"It is your duty," he writes on the 19th of March, "first of all to repudiate all commerce — distasteful to you, I am sure — with the men who blaspheme the state; then to stand forward as head, leader, helper, to the Senate and all the Boni; finally, to hold that peace consists not in the mere laying down of arms, but in destroying once for all the fear whether of war or slavery. If you think and act thus, you will be not simply a consul and a consular, but a great consul and a great consular; if otherwise, there will be no dignity in those most illustrious titles, but rather a deep disgrace."

It was the same story over again with Asinius Pollio, an accomplished gentleman of republican, that is to say aristocratic traditions, who was stationed at Cordova, in Spain, and wrote thence to Cicero how he longed for peace, if only that they might be free to pursue their

favorite studies together. For him there were in store long years of literary leisure under Augustus; and he gave little suppers to Vergil and Horace, while Cicero slept in his bloody grave at Formiæ. To Pollio, however, and to Cornificius, the governor of Africa, no less than to the more distinguished generals in the field, Cicero continued to send words of solemn urgency, until the last gleam of hope for the old cause — the cause, indeed, as we now know, of a by-gone order — was completely eclipsed. "*Vale et vince*" — Farewell and conquer — is the terse formula with which the letters of this period oftenest end.

Unquestionably, too, Cicero wrote often to Brutus, and one would naturally expect this correspondence to be the most interesting of all; but such is by no means the character of the fifteen letters, with about half as many supposed replies, usually published in two separate books, under the head of *Epistolæ ad Brutum*. They are trite and tame, and shed no new light on the events of the year, which it would seem that the letters of those two men must have done. Their authenticity has indeed been strenuously disputed, and the critics were at one time almost unanimous in rejecting them. Over and above their stiff and colorless character, learned Latinists have found them full of un-Ciceronian expressions, which would be a stronger argument if Cicero had not freely allowed himself such in some of the brightest and most characteristic of his informal writings. Of late, however, like most things once under the ban, these letters to Brutus have found earnest defenders, and I think that the balance of critical judgment may now be said to incline a little in their favor. I do not myself see why their *fond* may not be genuine, the trouble with them being that, precisely because of their peculiar significance, they were too much revised by Tiro. In June of the previous year, when he was putting his

affairs in order. Cicero had written, in reply to an inquiry of Atticus: "There is no collection of my letters. Tiro has about seventy, and you could furnish a certain number; but these I ought to go carefully over and correct. Some day, I suppose, they will be published." The letters to Brutus could not have been among the seventy which Tiro possessed at that time, for the most of them bear a later date, but they would have been likelier, perhaps, than any others to fall into the hands of the trusted freedman after his master's death; and, acting on the hint given above, he and young Marcus, as the executors of Cicero, may well have thought themselves justified in pruning and softening them a good deal before giving them to the imperial world. That the existing letters to Atticus passed through no such process is plain, and we may be very thankful for it.

Modena had been relieved, and the day the news came there was rejoicing in Rome, and the mercurial mob, as in times gone by, escorted Cicero from the Senate to his house with shouts of triumph. But the military advantage was not followed up, and, by a singular fatality, the consuls Hirtius and Pansa, who had finally assumed their proper posts of command in the republican army, both fell in battle during the last week of April. In writing to Cornificius in Africa of the double calamity, Cicero lets fall the first word which looks like discouragement on his part: "The loss of our colleagues, Hirtius and Pansa, in whose consulate lay the hope of the republic, is especially ill-omened, coming at this time. The pressure of Antony's villainy has been lifted from the state for a moment, but is by no means wholly removed. I shall defend the republic after my own fashion as long as may be, though my strength is well-nigh spent. But weariness must not stand in the way of duty and of faith."

After this the tidings of disaster came thick and fast. Octavian, who had been relied upon to cut off the retreat of Antony toward the Riviera, refused to move. Antony and Lepidus effected a junction. Decimus Brutus was in retreat across Piedmont; his troops were deserting to the enemy; he was reduced to three hundred followers. Decimus Brutus was dead. Marcus Brutus was indeed master of Greece, and Cassius had starved out Dolabella, and driven him to suicide in Laodicea; but these two captains were far away when Octavian at length flung off the mask, and seized the citadel of the republic.

In the month Sextilis, which was hereafter to be called August, four hundred of Julius Cæsar's veterans appeared at Rome, demanding the consulate for the grand-nephew, or, as he now chose to designate himself, the son, of the great Dictator. The aggression was at first resisted, but when one of the deputation which had appeared before the Senate struck his sword upon the floor, with the remark, "If you do not give Cæsar the consulship, *this* will," Cicero was ready with the retort, "Oh, if he makes his claim in that form, no doubt he will get it." "These were the words," says Dio Cassius, "which cost him his life;" but in truth his life was a hundred times forfeit. The last hour of the old cycle had come, the last leaves of the forest were falling, and it was time for the Father of his Country to be gone.

Octavian now repaired in person to Rome, and on the 23d of September was elected consul by the Senate, and his right to the name of Cæsar confirmed. He then marched forth at the head of eight legions, ostensibly to continue the war against Antony, but in reality to meet the latter and Lepidus at Bologna and arrange terms with them. The celebrated conference which issued in what is known as the Third Triumvirate assembled on the 27th of November; and as a preliminary to a more cordial

understanding between the parties, Octavian, whom we may now begin to call Augustus, accepted the hand of Antony's daughter Claudia. The little maiden, who could not have been above ten years of age, bore the name of another implacable foe of Cicero's; for that furious tragedy-queen, her mother Fulvia, had been the wife of Clodius Pulcher before she married Antony.

Yet there is no need to ascribe, as some have done, to feminine influence the fact that the objections of the youthful Cæsar were quickly overruled, and the name of Marcus Tullius Cicero put first upon the fatal roll of the proscribed. The name of Quintus was also there, and the two old brothers, all their differences forgotten, were together at the Tusculan villa when the list of the condemned appeared. It seemed worth while making the attempt to escape by sea and join Brutus in Macedonia, and to this end the pair set forth down the Alban hills, carried side by side in two litters, and conversing earnestly all the way. It appeared, however, before they reached the Campagna, that they had not nearly money enough between them for the journey, and Quintus took the risk of returning to Rome for ampler supplies. They did not linger over their parting, nor need we. The hired assassins of the triumvirs were already at work in the city when Quintus arrived; he fell at once into their hands, and he and his son died bravely together, fighting side by side.

Meanwhile, our Cicero pushed on to Astura, seeing once more, as in a dream, the spot where he had first clasped death to his heart, when he paced its deep shades beside the clinging ghost of Tullia. There he embarked, and coasted along as far as the Circæan cape, where, the weather being very threatening, he landed and slept. In the morning he had half abandoned the voyage. He even walked a little way along the road toward Rome, as though impatient to

meet his murderers and anticipate the end. But his attendants, resolved, if possible, on saving their beloved master, persuaded him to reembark; and struggling still against contrary winds, they rounded the point of Gaeta. Formiæ now lay before them, — exquisite Formiæ, embraced by its guardian capes, one of the sweetest of Cicero's Italian homes. But the December skies were dark above the villa to-day, the Volscian peaks on the horizon dim, and even the Tyrrhene waves discolored. Here, however, being faint with seasickness and spent with fatigue, the reluctant fugitive would absolutely land, and, flinging himself upon a couch under his own roof once more, he sank into a heavy slumber. From this he was presently roused by his slaves, who, reporting in agonized panic that soldiers were in sight, hurried him almost by force into a litter, and plunged into the thickest of the shrubbery between the villa and the sea. Half-way down the slope they encountered the troop, when Cicero, hearing the clang of arms, looked out, and ordered his men in a loud, clear voice to set down the litter, and offer no resistance. Laying his left hand on his chin, with an unconscious gesture very common to him while speaking, he fixed his eye steadily for a moment on the captain of the band, one Herennius, whom he recognized and called by name. "Come, then, old soldier, if you know your duty, and strike quickly." He stretched forth his emaciated neck, the bystanders involuntarily covered their eyes, and the blow fell.

The severed head was set up above the rostra, according to the barbarous fashion not so long gone by, and Fulvia, "with half the wolf's milk curdled in her veins," drew out the tongue and pierced it with her bodkin, assailing the dead man with such invective as a Roman virago might compass. But the fickle people of the streets, who had sat so many times entranced under the

music of that lifeless tongue, lifted up their voices when they saw the ghastly relic, and wept without restraint.

It is a notable fact that no biographer of Cicero, I might almost say no student of his epoch, has ever yet succeeded in remaining indifferent to the man. Over and above the homage due to his transcendent gifts, his name has always retained the power of stirring emotion, of provoking partisanship, of moving to enthusiasm or anger, as though that brilliant, lovable, fallible human creature were still alive, and eloquent, and moving "in his habit as he lived" among men. What contradictory judgments have been passed on his course as a statesman, on the disinterestedness or the mere blind obstinacy of his adhesion to the republic! In how many ways almost ludicrously diverse has his character been conceived and illustrated, from the devout point of view of the quattro-cento humanist to the grotesque point of view of the nineteenth-century imperialist! This he owes in part, I think, to his own grand carelessness of consistency; to that very loyalty to the impulses of a rich and versatile nature which the Delphian god had the insight to enjoin upon him at the outset of his

political career. His art itself was natural, even when it appeared most consummate; for "art's highest works," as Goethe says, "are also the highest of nature, being produced by man in accordance with true and natural laws." I shall not therefore advance any theory or attempt any analysis of my own, but leave the unguarded correspondent of Atticus to speak for himself to others, as he has very intelligibly spoken to me. I will quote, however, since it seems to me in its own way conclusive, the briefest summary of his case on record; the late and perhaps remorseful admission of the man who might have saved him, but whose court we are glad, upon the whole, that he did not live to adorn. Plutarch tells us that a grandson of the Emperor Augustus was one day discovered by the latter poring over a volume of Cicero's works. The boy instinctively thrust the book under his mantle, but was ordered to produce it; and the emperor, taking it from him, opened it and began himself to read. He became absorbed; he turned leaf after leaf; and when at last he gravely handed the volume back to the relieved culprit, it was with the single remark, "That was a good man, and one who loved his country."

*Harriet Waters Preston.*

## GOING TO SHREWSBURY.

THE train stopped at a way station with apparent unwillingness, and there was barely time for one elderly passenger to be hurried on board before a sudden jerk threw her almost off her unsteady old feet and we moved on. At my first glance I saw only a perturbed old country woman, laden with a large basket and a heavy bundle tied up in an old-fashioned bundle-handkerchief; then I discovered that she was a friend of

mine, Mrs. Peet, who lived on a small farm, several miles from the village. She used to be renowned for good butter and fresh eggs and the earliest cowslip greens; in fact, she always made the most of her farm's slender resources; but it was some time since I had seen her drive by from market in her ancient thorough-braed wagon.

The brakeman followed her into the crowded car, also carrying a number of



packages. I leaned forward and asked Mrs. Peet to sit by me; it was a great pleasure to see her again. The brakeman seemed relieved, and smiled as he tried to put part of his burden into the rack overhead; but even the flowered carpet-bag was much too large, and he explained that he would take care of everything at the end of the car. Mrs. Peet was not large herself, but with the big basket, and the bundle-handkerchief, and some possessions of my own we had very little spare room.

"So this 'ere is what you call ridin' in the cars! Well, I do declare!" said my friend, as soon as she recovered herself a little. She looked pale and as if she had been in tears, but there was the familiar gleam of good humor in her tired old eyes.

"Where in the world are you going, Mrs. Peet?" I asked.

"Can't be you ain't heard about me, dear?" said she. "Well, the world's bigger than I used to think 't was. I've broke up, — 't was the only thing to do, — and I'm a-movin' to Shrewsbury."

"To Shrewsbury? Have you sold the farm?" I exclaimed, with sorrow and surprise. Mrs. Peet was too old and too characteristic to be suddenly transplanted from her native soil.

"'T wa'n't mine, the place wa'n't." Her pleasant face hardened slightly. "He was coaxed an' over-persuaded into signin' off before he was taken away. Is'iah, son of his sister that married old Josh Peet, come it over him about his bein' past work and how he'd do for him like an own son, an' we owed him a little somethin'. I'd paid off everythin' but that, an' was fool enough to leave it till the last, on account o' Is'iah's bein' a relation and not needin' his pay much as some others did. It's hurt me to have the place fall into other hands. Some wanted me to go right to law; but 't would n't be no use. Is'iah's smarter 'n I be about them matters. You see he's got my name on the paper,

too; he said 't was somethin' 'bout bein' responsible for the taxes. We was scant o' money, an' I was wore out with watchin' an' bein' broke o' my rest. After my tryin' hard for risin' forty-five year to provide for bein' past work, here I be, dear, here I be! I used to drive things smart, you remember. But we was fools enough in '72 to put about everythin' that we had safe in the bank into that spool factory that come to nothin'. But I tell ye I could ha' kept myself long's I lived, if I could ha' held the place. I'd parted with most o' the woodland, if Is'iah 'd coveted it. He was welcome to that, 'cept what might keep me in oven-wood. I've always desired to travel an' see somethin' o' the world, but I've got the chance now when I don't value it no great."

"Shrewsbury is a busy, pleasant place," I ventured to say by way of comfort, though my heart was filled with rage at the trickery of Isaiah Peet, who had always looked like a fox and behaved like one.

"Shrewsbury's b'en held up consid'able for me to smile at," said the poor old soul, "but I tell ye, dear, it's hard to go an' live forty-two miles from where you've always had your home and friends. It may divert me, but it won't be home. You might as well set out one o' my old apple-trees on the beach, so 't could see the waves come in, — there would n't be no please to it."

"Where are you going to live in Shrewsbury?" I asked presently.

"I don't expect to stop long, dear creatur'. I'm 'most seventy-six year old," and Mrs. Peet turned to look at me with pathetic amusement in her honest wrinkled face. "I said right out to Is'iah, before a roomful o' the neighbors, that I expected it of him to git me home an' bury me when my time come, and do it respectable; but I wanted to airm my livin', if 't was so I could, till then. He'd made sly talk, you see, about my electin' to leave the farm and go

'long o' some o' my own folks; but" — and she whispered this carefully — "he did n't give me no chance to stay there without hurtin' my pride and dependin' on him. I ain't said that to many folks, but all must have suspected. A good sight on 'em's had money of Is'iah, though, and they don't like to do nothin' but take his part an' be pretty soft spoken, fear it'll git to his ears. Well, well, dear, we'll let it be bygones, and not think of it no more;" but I saw the great tears roll slowly down her cheeks, and she pulled her bonnet forward impatiently, and looked the other way.

"There looks to be plenty o' good farmin' land in this part o' the country," she said, a minute later. "Where be we now? See them handsome farm buidin's; he must be a well-off man." But I had to tell my companion that we were still within the borders of the old town where we had both been born. Mrs. Peet gave a pleased little laugh, like a girl. "I'm expectin' Shrewsbury to pop up any minute. I'm feared to be kerried right by. I wa'n't never aboard of the cars before, but I've so often thought about 'em I don't know but it seems natural. Ain't it jest like flyin' through the air? I can't catch holt to see nothin'. Land! and here's my old cat goin' too, and never mistrustin'. I ain't told you that I'd fetched her."

"Is she in that basket?" I inquired with interest.

"Yis, dear. Truth was, I cal'lated to have her put out o' the misery o' chargin', an' spoke to one o' the Barnes boys, an' he promised me all fair; but he wa'n't there in season, an' I kind o' made excuse to myself to fetch her along. She's an old creatur', like me, an' I can make shift to keep her some way or 'nother; there's probably mice where we're goin', an' she's a proper mouser that can about keep herself if there's any sort o' chance. 'T will be somethin' o' home to see her goin' an' comin', but

I expect we're both on us goin' to miss our old haunts. I'd love to know what kind o' mousin' there's goin' to be for me!"

"You must n't worry," I answered, with all the bravery and assurance that I could muster. "Your niece will be thankful to have you with her. Is she one of Mrs. Winn's daughters?"

"Oh, no, they ain't able; it's Sister Wayland's darter Isabella, that married the overseer of the gre't carriage-shop. I ain't seen her since just after she was married; but I turned to her first because I knew she was best able to have me, and then I can see just how the other girls is situated and make me some kind of a plot. I wrote to Isabella, though she *is* ambitious, and said 't was so I'd got to ask to come an' make her a visit, an' she wrote back she would be glad to have me; but she did n't write right off, and her letter was scented up dreadful strong with some sort o' essence, and I don't feel heartened about no great of a welcome. But there, I've got eyes, an' I can see *how* 't is when I git *where* 't is. Sister Winn's gals ain't married, an' they've always boarded, an' worked in the shop on trimmin's. Isabella's well off; she had some means from her father's sister. I thought it all over by night an' day, an' I recalled that our folks kept Sister Wayland's folks all one winter, when he'd failed up and got into trouble. I'm reckonin' on sendin' over to-night an' gittin' the Winn gals to come and see me and advise. Perhaps some on 'em may know of somebody that'll take me for what help I can give about house, or some clever folks that have been lookin' for a smart cat, any ways; no, I don't know 's I could let her go to strangers.

"There was two or three o' the folks round home that acted real warm-hearted towards me, an' urged me to come an' winter with 'em," continued the exile; "an' this mornin' I wished I'd agreed to, 't was so hard to break away.



But now it's done I feel more 'n ever it's best. I could n't bear to live right in sight o' the old place, and come spring I should n't 'prove of anything Is'iah undertakes to do with the land. Oh, dear sakes! now it comes hard with me not to have had no child'n. When I was young an' workin' hard and into everything, I felt kind of free an' superior to them that was so blessed, an' their houses cluttered up from mornin' till night, but I tell ye it comes home to me now. I'd be most willin' to own to even Is'iah, mean 's he is; but I tell ye I'd took it out of him 'fore he was a grown man, if there'd be'n any virtue in cow-hidin' of him. Folks don't look like wild creatur's for nothin'. Is'iah's got fox blood in him, an' p'r'aps 'tis his misfortune. His own mother always favored the looks of an old fox, true 's the world; she was a poor tool, — a poor tool! I d' know 's we ought to blame him same 's we do.

"I've always been a master proud woman, if I was riz among the pastures," Mrs. Peet added, half to herself. There was no use in saying much to her; she was conscious of little beside her own thoughts and the smouldering excitement caused by this great crisis in her simple existence. Yet the atmosphere of her loneliness, uncertainty, and sorrow was so touching that after scolding again at her nephew's treachery, and finding the tears come fast to my eyes as she talked, I looked intently out of the car window, and tried to think what could be done for the poor soul. She was one of the old-time people, and I hated to have her go away; but even if she could keep her home she would soon be too feeble to live there alone, and some definite plan must be made for her comfort. Farms in that neighborhood were not valuable. Perhaps through the agency of the law and quite in secret, Isaiah Peet could be forced to give up his unrighteous claim. Perhaps, too, the Winn girls, who were

really no longer young, might have saved something, and would come home again. But it was easy to make such pictures in one's mind, and I must do what I could through other people, for I was just leaving home for a long time. I wondered sadly about Mrs. Peet's future, and the ambitious Isabella, and the favorite Sister Winn's daughters, to whom, with all their kindness of heart, the care of so old and perhaps so dependent an aunt might seem impossible. The truth about life in Shrewsbury would soon be known; more than half the short journey was already past.

To my great pleasure, my fellow-traveler now began to forget her own troubles in looking about her. She was an alert, quickly interested old soul, and this was a bit of neutral ground between the farm and Shrewsbury, where she was unattached and irresponsible. She had lived through the last tragic moments of her old life, and felt a certain relief, and Shrewsbury might be as far away as the other side of the Rocky Mountains for all the consciousness she had of its real existence. She was simply a traveler for the time being, and began to comment, with delicious phrases and shrewd understanding of human nature, on two or three persons near us who attracted her attention.

"Where do you suppose they be all goin'?" she asked contemptuously. "There ain't many on 'em but what looks kind o' respectable. I'll warrant they've left work to home they'd ought to be doin'. I knowed, if ever I stopped to think, that cars was hived full o' folks, an' wa'n't run to an' fro for nothin'; but these can't be quite up to the everage, be they? Some on 'em 's real thrifless; guess they've be'n shoved out o' the last place, an' goin' to try the next one, — *like me*, I suppose you'll want to say! Jest see that flauntin' old creatur' that looks like a stopped clock. There! everybody can't be o' one goodness, even preachers."

I was glad to have Mrs. Peet amused, and we were as cheerful as we could be for a few minutes. She said earnestly that she hoped to be forgiven for such talk, but there were some kinds of folks in the cars that she never had seen before. But when the conductor came to take her ticket she relapsed into her first state of mind, and was at a loss.

"You'll have to look after me, dear, when we get to Shrewsbury," she said, after we had spent some distracted moments in hunting for the ticket, and the cat had almost escaped from the basket, and the bundle-handkerchief had become untied and all its miscellaneous contents scattered about our laps and the floor. It was a touching collection of the last odds and ends of Mrs. Peet's housekeeping: some battered books, and singed holders for flatirons, and the faded little shoulder shawl that I had seen her wear many a day about her bent shoulders. There were her old tin match-box spilling all its matches, and a goose-wing for brushing up ashes, and her much-thumbed Leavitt's Almanac. It was most pathetic to see these poor trifles out of their places. At last the ticket was found in her left-hand woolen glove, where her stiff, work-worn hand had grown used to the feeling of it.

"I should n't wonder, now, if I come to like living over to Shrewsbury first-rate," she insisted, turning to me with a hopeful, eager look to see if I differed. "You see 't won't be so tough for me as if I had n't always felt it lurking within me to go off some day or 'nother an' see how other folks did things. I do' know but what the Winn gals have laid up somethin' sufficient for us to take a house, with the little mite I've got by me. I might keep house for us all, 'stead o' boardin' round in other folks' houses. That I ain't never been deamed to, but I dare say I should find it pleasant in some ways. Town folks has got the upper hand o' country folks, but with all their work an' pride they

can't make a dandelion. I do' know the times when I've set out to wash Monday mornin's, an' tied out the line betwixt the old pucker-pear tree and the corner o' the barn, an' thought, 'Here I be with the same kind o' week's work right over again.' I'd wonder kind o' feree if I could n't git out of it noways; an' now here I be out of it, and an uprooteder creatur' never stood on the airth. Just as I got to feel I had somethin' ahead come that spool-factory business. There! you know he never was a forehanded man; his health was slim, and he got discouraged pretty nigh before ever he begun. I hope he don't know I'm turned out o' the old place. 'Is'iah's well off; he'll do the right thing by ye,' says he. But my! I turned hot all over when I found out what I'd put my name to, — me that had always be'n counted a smart woman! I did ondertake to read it over, but I could n't sense it. I've told all the folks so when they laid it off on to me some: but hand-writin' is awful tedious, and my head felt that day as if the works was gone."

"I ain't goin' to sag on to nobody," she assured me eagerly, as the train rushed along. "I've got more work in me now than folks expects at my age. I may be consid'able use to Isabella. She's got a family, an' I'll take right holt in the kitchen or with the little gals. She had four on 'em, last I heard. Isabella was never one that liked house-work. Little gals! I do' know now but what they must be about grown, time doos slip away so. I expect I shall look outlandish to 'em. But there! everybody knows me to home, an' nobody knows me to Shrewsbury; 't wont make a mite o' difference, if I take holt willin'."

I hoped, as I looked at Mrs. Peet, that she never would be persuaded to cast off the gathered brown silk bonnet and the plain shawl that she had worn so many years; but Isabella might think it best to insist upon more modern fash-

ions. Mrs. Peet suggested, as if it were a matter of little consequence, that she had kept it in mind to buy some mourning; but there were other things to be thought of first, and so she had let it go until winter, any way, or until she should be fairly settled in Shrewsbury.

"Are your nieces expecting you by this train?" I was moved to ask, though with all the good soul's ready talk and appealing manner I could hardly believe that she was going to Shrewsbury for more than a visit; it seemed as if she must return to the worn old farmhouse over by the sheep-lands. She answered that one of the Barnes boys had written for her the day before, and there was evidently little uneasiness about her first reception.

We drew near the junction where I must leave her within a mile of the town. The cat was clawing indignantly at her basket, and her mistress grew as impatient of the car. She began to look very old and pale, my poor fellow-traveler, and said that she felt dizzy, going so fast. Presently the friendly red-cheeked young brakeman came along, bringing the carpet-bag and other possessions, and insisted upon taking the alarmed cat beside, in spite of an aggressive paw that had worked its way through the wicker prison. Mrs. Peet watched her goods disappear with suspicious eyes, and clutched her bundle-handkerchief as if it might be all she could save. Then she anxiously got to her feet, much too soon, and when I said good-by to her at the car door she was ready to cry. I pointed to the car which she was to take next on the branch line of railway, and I assured her that it was only a few minutes' ride to Shrewsbury, and that I felt certain she would find somebody waiting. The sight of that worn, thin figure adventuring alone across the platform gave my heart a sharp pang as the train carried me away.

Some of the passengers who sat near

asked me about my old friend with great sympathy, after she had gone. There was a look of tragedy about her, and indeed it had been impossible not to get a good deal of her history, as she talked straight on in the same tone, when we stopped at a station, as if the train were going at full speed, and some of her remarks caused pity and amusement by turns. At the last minute she said, with deep self-reproach, "Why, I have n't asked a word about your folks; but you'd ought to excuse such an old stray hen as I be."

In the spring I was driving by on what the old people of my native town call the sheep-lands road, and the sight of Mrs. Peet's former home brought our journey freshly to mind. I had heard from her last just after she got to Shrewsbury, when she had sent me a message.

"Have you ever heard how she got on?" I eagerly asked my companion.

"Did n't I tell you that I met her in Shrewsbury High Street one day?" I was answered. "She seemed perfectly delighted with everything. Her nieces have laid up a good bit of money, and are soon to leave the mill, and most thankful to have old Mrs. Peet with them. Somebody told me that they wished to buy the farm here, and come back to live; but she would n't hear of it, and thought they would miss too many privileges. She has been going to concerts this winter, and insists that Isaiah did her a good turn."

We both laughed. My own heart was filled with joy, for the uncertain, lonely face of this homeless old woman had often haunted me. The rain-blackened little house did certainly look dreary, and a whole lifetime of patient toil had left few traces. The pucker-pear tree was in full bloom, however, and gave a welcome gayety to the deserted door-yard.

A little way beyond we met Isaiah Peet, the prosperous money-lender, who

had cheated the old woman of her own. I fancied that he looked somewhat ashamed, as he recognized us. To my surprise, he stopped his horse in most social fashion.

"Old Aunt Peet's passed away," he informed me briskly. "She had a shock, and went right off sudden yisterday forenoon. I'm about now tendin' to the funeral 'rangements. She's b'en extry smart, they say, all winter,—out to meetin' last Sabbath; never enjoyed herself so complete as she has this past month. She'd be'n a vary hard-workin' woman. Her folks was glad to have her there, and give her every atten-

tion. The place here never was good for nothin'. The old gen'laman,—uncle, you know,—he wore hisself out tryin' to make a livin' off from it."

There was an ostentatious sympathy and half-suppressed excitement from bad news which were quite lost upon us, and we did not linger to hear much more. It seemed to me as if I had known Mrs. Peet better than any one else had known her. I had counted upon seeing her again, and hearing her own account of Shrewsbury life, its pleasures and its limitations. I wonder what has become of the cat and the contents of the faded bundle-handkerchief.

*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

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#### THE PROBLEM OF DISCIPLINE IN HIGHER EDUCATION.

A NUMBER of circumstances have served to arouse in the educated part of our American people an interest in the discipline of its colleges and universities. In England questions of this sort do not find much place in the public mind. Parents are content to leave their sons to the discretion of the school authorities. The moral and disciplinary condition of the universities is not often heard of in public debates. On the continent of Europe there is even less interest in the social quality of the higher educational establishments. The reason for this difference between the state of mind in the Old World and that in the New is probably in some measure attributable to the more active moral sense of our people; but it is doubtless in some part due to the fact that our institutions of learning are generally in the control of trustees chosen in one way or another from men who are engaged in other work than teaching. European universities, with rare exceptions, have no relations to the public which will permit their graduates, much less those

who have no relations with the schools, to influence the conduct of their authorities.

Owing to the essentially democratic condition of our population, the character of a young man has more effect upon his course in life than in the Old World. The greater dependence of the youth upon his own qualities for success in the world makes it of more importance that his habits should be such as to fit him for his career. Family influence can help him but little, and thus his personal qualities are of greater moment in the eyes of his natural guardians. It is therefore not surprising that parents watch with anxiety the conduct of their sons in our institutions of learning.

It cannot be denied that there is much reason for fear as to the effect of the influences which await a young man when he goes from the home to a great school. Whatever be the organization of the life in such an establishment, the youth is necessarily parted from all those circumstances which serve to

mould his character and control his conduct beneath the family roof. In place of those conditions he finds himself in a large and more or less free society, composed of his teachers and of the young men of his time. The ideals of his classmates are naturally somewhat peculiar. College society retains the average motives derived from a long past. These motives are unqualified by the experience of active life, and so remain archaic. However much the teaching body of the school may endeavor to affect the tone of the student life, it always abides singularly by itself, a creature of youth; not alone of the youth of our own day, for the traditions of other generations dwell there. It is indeed to this isolation of student life from the influences of the moment, to its separation from the active world, that we owe much of the good which it affords to those who partake of it. In it as in a stream a youth's intellectual frame is purified and strengthened by the motives of his kind. If he be strong enough to keep afloat, the effect is wonderfully bettering.

Though the influence of academic life is on the whole extremely advantageous, acting in a myriad ways to widen and deepen the better motives of youth, it brings dangers with it. At the age when young men generally resort to these schools, their propensities towards ill as well as towards good are strong, and are uncontrolled by habit. In all such assemblages of youth, like minds tend to form small societies, in which there may be moral gain or moral loss. No school, however small or however well watched, is free from the possible evils of such association. At most the system of government can only diminish the dangers. In no case can they be entirely avoided.

To meet the evils arising from the social effect of academic life, the managers of such schools have for centuries been framing systems of discipline. The ideal sought to be attained is the control

of the youth's action throughout his academic course, or at least during the term time of the schools. The ends towards which the discipline is directed are in the main as follows. In the first place, the design is to obtain such a control over the time of the student that there will be no room for evil. In the second place, the object is to develop habits of regular action, so that a good methodical routine of life may be induced. Last of all, there is an effort, at least in the schools which inherit the English custom, to turn the attention of youths to religious considerations, with the hope that the sense of moral obligations may be strengthened thereby. Our American colleges have derived their methods of discipline mainly from the English seats of learning. In the schools of the mother country, the ideal of discipline was first developed under the influence of the priests, and the system of disciplinary culture took an ecclesiastical form. To these earlier ideas of priestly training there has been added more or less of another ideal of discipline derived from military training; so that in a large part of our American institutions, in nearly all of those in which discipline has a place in esteem, the project of control of the students rests upon theories of training which have been found applicable to two very peculiar walks in life, — to the soldiers of the church and to those belonging to the arm of the secular law.

It is easy to see that the ideals of discipline fit for the needs of a school which is designed to train priests of the ancient pattern or to shape soldiers may be very far removed from the true purposes of universities. The aim of our academic culture at the present time is to make a man of varied, elastic mind, who can readily turn himself to any of the multifarious duties of ordinary life. The discipline to which candidates for the army or the church are subjected is intended to breed certain very particular habits. If they are to enter the priest-

hood, they need in a way to be withdrawn from the tide of the world's life, to be elevated to a peculiar intellectual and moral plane. In the old theory of the priestly function which prevailed in the times when our schools took their discipline from the church system, the candidate for orders was supposed to be even more removed from secular influences than he is at present. He was expected to enter on a very formal habit of life; to acquire a tone quite different from that which should characterize men of the world, even in the better sense of that term. The training of the soldier, which has much affected the ideals of American schools, is even more special than that of the church. The first object of the discipline which fits a man for military life is to instill the habit of prompt and unquestioning obedience to the orders of a superior. The aim is not to develop the individual initiative, but rather to suppress that quality. It is not to be denied that the ideals of military discipline afford very much which is of value in the walks of civil life. The sense of honor and of duty, the obligation of personal sacrifice, are among the highest ideals which any training can give. Nevertheless we must hold that the education of the soldier is not that to which we would willingly subject the body of our youth, for the reason that the motives of a military system are not such as can be made to fit in the system of civil life.

Resting upon these somewhat peculiar ideals of control, the system of discipline in our academic institutions has undergone a very gradual development. Slowly and imperfectly it has been adjusted to the needs of our ordinary society. The motives of our college life are almost necessarily behind those of the age. It is a fact well recognized by those in the tide of the world's affairs that some of the influences of a disciplinary sort which affect the college boy are not such as to prepare him for the career

upon which he is to enter. Every year we hear from the public press, or privately from the spokesmen of the various professions to which the graduates of our schools resort, that the young men have to learn new ways of action, and with difficulty adapt themselves to the ordinary work of secular affairs.

This doubt as to the fitness of college-bred youths for the work of the world finds a practical expression in the determination of many narrow-minded business men not to receive such youths into their offices. They prefer to take untrained lads as office boys, and bring them up to their trades, rather than to break down the habits which have been formed in the very remote field of academic life.

This criticism from the outer world has reached even the cloistered life of some of the colleges. It affects the students even more than the teachers, though both are accessible to its influence. The young men who are wise enough to foresee their trials in the world are apt to become restless, from the sense that their academic life is not one which will fit them for the paths into which they are to enter. They either work in a discontented manner, or they look upon college life as a time of frolic, an interlude between childhood and the duties of the world, which is to be taken to its utmost as pure enjoyment. The result is that in our American people, who are more given to care for their children than the parents of any other country, we find that year by year there is a lessened eagerness to send their boys to our higher institutions of learning. Most of our colleges gain slowly in numbers of students, if they are so fortunate as to escape a decrease in attendance. But few of the greater schools are prosperous, as regards the numbers in their classes, up to the measure of increase of our population. Clearly the meaning of this is that the people doubt the fitness



of our colleges to serve the purposes of introducing their sons to the work of the world. They do not undervalue the profit which learning may give; they question, however, the policy of committing a youth for four years of his life to institutions which maintain ancient ideals of action, when he should be in training for the world duty.

The peculiar separation of our colleges from the life of the world, indeed from any consciousness of that world, is due in the main to the fact that the teachers of the schools are usually men who know only the life the scholar ordinarily leads. In the greater part of our colleges and universities the clerical element in the government is large. Indeed, it seems to be supposed by men of the world that a professor is as a matter of course a clergyman. I find myself frequently addressed by strangers by the title of Reverend, and I believe it to be a tolerably common experience with other college teachers. Trained in schools where the clerical motive predominates in the discipline, going in most cases directly from the life of the student to that of the college teacher, the instructors of our collegiate institutions have generally little chance for making acquaintance with the affairs of the outside world. The ordinary experience of citizens in

the world does not serve to increase their confidence in the value of clerical training as a preparation for the ordinary work of society. Decade by decade, as the public and private business of men becomes more complicated, practical life separates itself more and more from the influence of all priesthoods. Much as we may lament this separation of the body of the world's work from the influence of those who are appointed its religious guides, we have to face it as a great social fact, and we must find in it one of the reasons for the increasing isolation of our colleges.

To illustrate the relation of our higher schools to the work of the world, and to secure a basis for further discussion of our problem concerning the relation of such schools to practical life, I propose to consider the history of the disciplinary system in Harvard College from its foundation to the present day. I select this school for illustration because it is not only the institution of the greatest age and of the largest average attendance of any in this country, but is the one which has been most influenced in its system by contact with men of the world, and has been subject to more modifications by virtue of this reaction which society has effected upon it.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As I propose to offer myself as a witness concerning the history of the disciplinary methods in the college during the last thirty years, it seems fit that I should state my opportunities of acquiring information as to the conditions of the university during the most eventful years in the development of its motives. I entered the school in 1859. I was a student within its walls for the four following years. In 1864 I became a teacher in the university. During my term as an instructor my tasks as a teacher of geology have served to bring me into very close association with the students. In term time, my day, from early morning until late in the evening, has usually been passed in a public office of the university, to which students have had the freest access. During the vacation period I have generally been employed in state or government surveys, and in connection with my work it has been my habit

to take into the field each year a considerable number of students from the college classes. These camp schools have occupied numerous stations in a dozen different States, and have brought me into singularly close relations with several hundred students. Even in term time it has been my habit for years to spend many days in the field with my classes. I have thus personally known, in a more intimate way than it often falls to the lot of a teacher to know his pupils, more than a thousand students of the college, and I have had opportunities of acquaintance with about two thousand other young men who were in my classes.

I count it a piece of great good fortune that I have known so much of the youth of my time. It not only affords me an opportunity to bear testimony as to the facts I am to detail with an assurance which would not otherwise

Harvard College was founded by graduates from the Emanuel College of Cambridge. The parent school was the centre of the Puritanic motive in the university of Cambridge. In building Harvard College its founders sought two ends: in the first place, they desired to train up a body of Puritan clergymen, who should be the moral and intellectual masters of the colony; in the second place, they hoped to educate the Indian youth, so that they should disseminate the gospel among the heathen aborigines. Thus the motive which guided the directors of the institution in its beginning and for a century afterwards was almost purely clerical. The scheme of the Puritan commonwealth provided that the clergyman should be the intellectual and moral leader in each parish. The churches were the units of the political and social system, and the clergy were intended to be the masters of those units. For the first century of its history, this ideal of a college system was substantially maintained. It is true that with the increase in the wealth and the consequent diversification of the society many sought a college education who were not intended for clerical employment. Nevertheless, the prime object of the school was the education of clergymen.

Only during the second century of the institution did it become apparent that the college proper could no longer accomplish the clerical training, and that the final preparation for the priestly office must be attained in a school specially organized for that purpose. It is therefore with no surprise that we find the system of discipline in the college during the first century of its develop-

ment far more rigorous than that which existed in any of the more secularized schools of Europe. The order of the students' life was monastic in its severity and in its limitations. The methods of punishment were curiously clerical in their form. During the time when the students were whipped for grave offenses the punishment was preceded by prayer. In the purely clerical time of the college history the ideal of discipline was extremely formal and severe. The elevation of the youth was sought by compelling him to walk in very narrow paths. From the moment he arose in the morning until he went to bed he was supposed to be under a constant and rigorous control. Offenses were special, and the punishments equally so. Through the greater part of the clerical period of the college the punishments were largely in the shape of fines, assessed according to a specified list. We find in Quincy's *History of Harvard University*, vol. ii. p. 499, the following list of "pecuniary mulcts" for misdemeanors down to 1761:—

	£ s. d.
Absence from prayers,	0 0 2
Tardiness at prayers,	0 0 1
Absence from professor's public lecture,	0 0 4
Tardiness at professor's public lecture,	0 0 2
Profanation of Lord's Day, not exceeding	0 3 0
Absence from public worship,	0 0 9
Tardiness at public worship,	0 0 3
Ill behavior at public worship, not exceeding	0 1 6
Going to meeting before bell-ringing,	0 0 6
Neglecting to repeat the sermon,	0 0 9
Irreverent behavior at prayers or public divinity lectures,	0 1 6
Absence from chambers, etc., not exceeding	0 0 6
Not declaiming, not exceeding	0 0 6

have been afforded me, but it has given me a growing confidence in the quality of the educated young American, which is one of the most precious results of my life.

I should state furthermore that my life has not been by any means purely academic. My service in the government surveys for years, during the vacation period, in the mining dis-

tricts, has afforded me a large measure of contact with all sorts and conditions of men, from legislators to those who delve underground. I have felt the influences of this contact with the outer world of great value in my teaching work, and I am sure that it betters my judgment as to the condition and needs of the institution I am about to describe.



Not giving up a declamation, not exceeding	0 1 6
Absence from a recitation, not exceeding	0 1 6
Neglecting analyzing, not exceeding	0 3 0
Bachelors neglecting disputations, not exceeding	0 1 6
Respondents neglecting disputations, from 1s. 6d. to	0 3 0
Undergraduates out of town without leave, not exceeding	0 2 6
Undergraduates tarrying out of town without leave, not exceeding per diem	0 1 3
Undergraduates tarrying out of town one week without leave, not exceeding	0 10 0
Undergraduates tarrying out of town one month without leave, not exceeding	2 10 0
Lodging strangers without leave, not exceeding	0 1 6
Entertaining persons of ill character, not exceeding	0 1 6
Going out of college without proper garb, not exceeding	0 0 6
Frequenting taverns, not exceeding	0 1 6
Profane cursing, not exceeding	0 2 6
Graduates playing cards, not exceeding	0 5 0
Undergraduates playing cards, not exceeding	0 2 6
Undergraduates playing any game for money, not exceeding	0 1 6
Selling and exchanging without leave, not exceeding	0 1 6
Lying, not exceeding	0 1 6
Opening door by picklocks, not exceeding	0 5 0
Drunkenness, not exceeding	0 1 6
Liquors prohibited under penalty, not exceeding	0 1 6
Second offense, not exceeding	0 3 0
Keeping prohibited liquors, not exceeding	0 1 6
Sending for prohibited liquors, not exceeding	0 0 6
Fetching prohibited liquors, not exceeding	0 1 6
Going upon the top of the college,	0 1 6
Cutting off the lead,	0 1 6
Concealing the transgression of the 19th law,	0 1 6
Tumultuous noises,	0 1 6
Second offense,	0 3 0
Refusing to give evidence,	0 3 0
Rudeness at meals,	0 1 0
Butler and cook to keep utensils clean, not exceeding	0 5 0
Not lodging at their chambers, not exceeding	0 5 0

Sending freshmen in studying time,	0 0 9
Keeping guns, and going on skating,	0 1 0
Firing guns or pistols in college yard,	0 2 6
Fighting or hurting any person, not exceeding	0 1 6

It will be observed that this system of fines has a laughable as well as a serious aspect. Drunkenness and lying were less important than opening doors with picklocks in the ratio of 1s. 6d. to 5s. "Going to meeting before bell-ringing" seems an inexcusable offense. The punishment for "going upon the top of the college" is likewise remarkable. My first conjecture was that this surely must mean knowing more about any given subject than the greatest dons, but on due exegesis I found that it consisted in making midnight attacks on the college bell. The serious part of the affair lies in the fact that such a system of punishment set mere goals of profit and loss in place of the ideal pertaining to a career.

Although the American Revolution was for a time disastrous in the effect upon the college in many ways, it appears to have led to a great enlargement in its motives. With that period the institution seems to have passed from the grade now occupied by many of our academies to the status of an institution of wider learning. One after the other professional schools emerged from the college. Within a third of a century after the final separation from Great Britain, the department schools of divinity, law, and medicine were organized. Under the influence of Mr. George Ticknor, a man of rare culture and discernment in matters of education, the college proper made great gains between 1819 and 1835 as regards the system of instruction and the tone of discipline as well. Nevertheless, until near the middle of the present century the ecclesiastical humor in the management and the schoolboy quality of the students were not much changed. The foundation of the Lawrence Scientific School in 1847

brought about an improvement in the system of instruction as well as in the relation of the pupils to the teachers of Harvard University. It was a great good fortune that two of the first instructors in this school were men who had been trained in the German universities, and who brought thence a sense of the peculiar freedom of students, as well as the close relation between teacher and pupil which has long marked certain departments of the Continental schools. The pupils of Louis Agassiz and Eben Horsford received a training utterly unlike any which had hitherto been given to students in the university. These pupils, in some cases graduates from colleges, in other instances men of very little previous schooling, were practically exempt from all disciplinary control. They knew no proctors and no dean. The hold upon them consisted in the sense of devotion to their work for the world to which they were to go forth, and above all in the sense of allegiance to their masters. It was my privilege, in the years from 1859 to 1862, to know this group of students, numbering more than a hundred, in a very intimate way. I knew at the same time almost an equal number of students from the academic department. The difference in tone between the two groups was singularly to the advantage of the students in the Lawrence School, though the college was then a model in discipline. Louis Agassiz's influence on his special students continued from the beginning of his service in 1847 to 1864, when his increasing ill health and many cares compelled him to withdraw from regular service as a teacher. During the seventeen years of his activity he drew about him over a hundred young men, who remained long enough under his influence to partake something of his enthusiasm. The greater portion of these persons had received no disciplinary training of any importance. At least half of them may be regarded as

having been without any such influence whatever. It may be said, indeed, that all the graduates of the school, those from the department of engineering as well as those from the chemical and natural-history schools, were exempt from disciplinary regulation. Agassiz was never known to chide a student. He would frequently leave him alone for months while they were about their appointed tasks; and if, when the day of reckoning came, the account which the youth had rendered was not satisfactory, his worst remark was, with a sorrowful shake of the head, "It will not do." The outcome of this system has been that, so far as I have been able to ascertain, not one of Agassiz's pupils has ever made a failure of life. They have generally proved self-reliant, painstaking men, ready for any occupation in war or peace, able to control themselves and to manage others. I have sought in vain in the list of these men for any who have shown a lack of order in their lives, such as might be expected to come from a want of careful training in the habit of keeping appointments or of doing duty in a systematic manner. On the other hand, as I look over the list, I find in it some of the greatest workers and most orderly laborers in this country or any other. Measured by their performances in life, it may be safely stated that the men bred in this utterly unsystematic manner have surpassed in their accomplishment any equal number taken at hazard from the rolls of the college. The catalogue includes not only naturalists, but soldiers and men of affairs as well.

It will be assumed, perhaps, that these men were persons of more than usual capacity, or with a quality of enthusiasm which gave them an advantage in the world. I am satisfied that this is not the case. I am convinced that as a class the students of the Scientific School were not in those days more able than the men of the college, though on the

average they have, I believe, surpassed their better trained mates in the race for the goals of life. I think, on the whole, they were persons of rather less ability than the college students, differing from them in that they had a distinct object in life, which was kept clearly before them.

I would not be understood as in general commending the system of the Scientific School in those its best days. The methods of instruction were in many regards faulty. The tendency was to breed men of special learning, leaving them uninformed in many subjects which are necessary to an education. I wish, however, to draw from the history of the school one perfectly legitimate and most important conclusion. This is that the mechanically administered system of the dean's office was at that time and is now entirely unnecessary to secure orderly labor from young men, provided they are in close and friendly relations with their masters and have a distinct purpose before them; that is, when they feel that their work has reference to definite accomplishments in life. We shall find good reason to make use of these facts in a later stage of our discussion. We must now turn again to the further history of discipline within the walls of the college.

The war between the colonies and the mother country had a certain measure of effect in enlarging the scope of Harvard College. With the changes which attended the American Revolution the idea which made that school a place of training for ministers of the gospel in good part disappeared. Future historians of the college will note that with the development of the national motives which came about in consequence of our civil war the university made another step forward. How far the advance in the period of time between 1865 and 1888 has been due to the secondary influences of the war between the States it is yet too early to determine. It is

impossible for men to read the history of their own times aright, and I may be much in error in measuring the causes which have led to the enlargement in the motives of the university which has taken place in my own time. It is clear, however, that the most characteristic change in the theory of training which marks the development of Harvard College in this period is found in the fact that a very much larger measure of personal liberty has been granted to the students. The way in which this change has come about is not easily discerned. It has probably been due to many causes.

In the first place, the experience derived from Agassiz's method of teaching has not been without influence. His scheme of training has been represented in the college faculty and in the methods of instruction by two of his pupils.

The close personal relation which the elective system tends to bring about between the teachers and the pupils has served in a measure to elevate the position of the students in the minds of the instructors. The students have to a great extent in the higher electives become collaborators with their teachers rather than mere pupils. Furthermore, we have to note an influence which has tended indirectly to advance the ideal of student liberty. For a very long time—certainly for more than half a century, and perhaps through the whole history of the college—the officers of the institution have been in a position of singular freedom as regards the conduct of their work. It is a tradition of the college that no teacher is commanded to do anything; his work is only suggested to him by his superior officers. The controlling boards, the faculties, the corporation, and the board of overseers never assume a mandatory relation to each other or to the individuals who compose them. Throughout the system the responsibility for the proper execution of duties is left to the individual of-

ficers. Probably in no other institution in this country is there a similar case where service is such perfect freedom. The increase in the number of graduate students which has taken place during the past twenty years has brought about the contact of most of the officers with men of somewhat ripened judgment, who are manifestly to be trusted with the conduct of their academic life. These men have generally shared to a great extent in the instruction given to undergraduates. Naturally, these graduate students have enjoyed some measure of the independence which the officers feel in their own work, and in an equally natural manner this relation has been propagated downward to the younger men of the university. The extension of freedom has gone on the faster because every instructor has found a great moral and intellectual gain, both to himself and his pupils, arising from the liberty which he has granted to those for whom he is responsible.

The development of the elective system has doubtless had a most important effect on the position in which students are placed with reference to the instructors. Of old, when the system of education was essentially uniform, the instructor felt that the faithful execution of each task was the result to be attained. A certain number of lessons in certain definite subjects were to be fixed in the memory of each student. Thus the pupil became a getter of lessons, and the instructor an agent for enforcing routine duties. In the new system, the student is tacitly, and in most cases properly, assumed to be in pursuit of a training which seems to him and to his advisers fitted for the ends which he seeks to attain in life. He thereby acquires a more dignified position in the eyes of his teacher: when he is questioned as to the methods of his work, the largeness of his explanation, the general reference to his plan of study and to the ends he has in view, make it im-

possible to persist in a narrow critical treatment of his conduct.

Yet another influence upon the university — one of great importance — is due to the intimate contact between the teaching body of the university and the educated people of the large population which lies immediately about it. Naturally, the greater part of the instructors have extended social relations with men who are in the active world. Few of them there are who do not know more or less intimately a score of successful men in mercantile or other affairs, who constantly bring the criticism of the world to bear on the system of the college. In my own experience I have found this contact with the men of affairs whom I am so fortunate as to know of much value in determining my ideas concerning the objects and methods of the university. In a less but still considerable degree, the same contact exists between the students and the intelligent public of Boston and its neighborhood.

As a result of these several influences, and perhaps also of others which are not yet discoverable, the ideal of personal liberty which is to be granted to students of all grades in the university has been advanced with remarkable, we may say, indeed, with almost startling rapidity. The change has been made not on a theory of education or with any idea of experiment, but as the result of perfectly natural impulses, which had to a great degree been derived from the influences of the outer world. The motives which have led to the new ideals of education in Harvard College are in no limited sense academic; they result from the development of the civilization in which the university is lodged, and they represent the advance in the educational and other social influences of that body of people in what seems to me a more perfect manner than is the case with any other of our American higher schools.

A number of teachers, including some who were by nature and conviction much in favor of enlarged liberty, have endeavored to diminish the swiftness with which this change has been brought about. I for one, though at heart devoted to the cause of academic freedom, have been more than once alarmed by the speed with which these spontaneous motives were urging the university into untried fields; but the result of each extension of freedom has appeared to me, on close study as to its effects, so satisfactory that nearly every year I find myself defending some change which I opposed but the year before.

If these changes have served at times to surprise the conservative members of the college faculty, it is not a matter for wonder that they have startled and alarmed many graduates of the college and other well-wishers of the university, who may have had no opportunity of watching the effects on students arising from the new ideal of education. The best assurance which can be given to these anxious persons is in the statement that all academic bodies are by nature and tradition conservative, and that no succeeding step in the series of changes which have led to the new form of freedom would have been taken had not the preceding stages in the development commended themselves to the faculty, in which body the change-resisting forces are extremely strong. It cannot be too plainly stated that these innovations are not the work of any one man nor of any small coterie in the teaching body of the college: there is a substantial unanimity of opinion in the faculty as regards the goodness of the results which have been attained. The essential element of the result consists in the change of view as to the object of collegiate training on the part of both teachers and students. Without in any way diminishing the ideals of education for enlargement's sake, the system of instruction has been made such that the youth, while gaining

the spirit of culture which it is above all the function of higher education to develop, may at the same time fit himself for some tolerably definite place in the work of the world. With the young men this idea is appreciated and kept in mind quite as much as it is with the teachers. The student tradition is to the effect that while each is to secure a general intellectual development, he is also to shape his course in such manner as to prepare himself for his place as a man of the world; that is, as a worker among men.

Duty among all the abler members of our race has always been correlative with liberty, and there is no occasion for surprise at the fact that with the enlargement of opportunities to plan for a career there has grown up a remarkable disposition on the part of nearly all the students to look forward to their duties as men. Even among those who resort to Harvard College with the expectation of inheriting large fortunes there is at present a curious desire to study the organization of charity, and in general to make themselves acquainted with wise methods of using money for the public good. An elective where the students are instructed in a very practical way concerning the subject of charity is mainly attended by such persons. I have been in intimate personal acquaintance with many of these young men, and know that they are full of plans concerning the responsibilities to come upon them as administrators of fortunes. Each year more and more of my time is given to the consideration of the projects for active life which young men ask me to criticise and help them in following out. This is not an individual experience: a score or more of my colleagues are equally beset with these difficult questions. Fifteen years ago my chronic lament was that the students had no purpose in life; that they were as a rule spending the years of preparation for society in merely fulfilling tasks. I now



begin to fear lest the gravity which the sense of duty has imposed upon many of the young men is not on the whole too serious.

It is not to be supposed that the faithfulness and probity of purpose which characterize the great part of the students of Harvard College in the new system of education take any considerable hold upon the unfaithful or foolish students. The dutiful sense fails to affect a considerable minority of the students. From my own observations, I am inclined to believe that about four fifths of the whole number are stimulated to orderly faithful labor to the measure of their intellectual or moral possibilities. Of those who are not so affected, the greater number are found in the two lower classes. The weight of the college sentiment and the discretion of increasing age serve to diminish the proportion in the two higher classes. In the senior class perhaps ten per cent. have not been influenced by the combination of liberty and counsel to which they have been subjected. So far as the disciplinary system of Harvard College needs adjustment, it is with reference to this remnant of unawakened young men. It is undoubtedly the duty of the authorities to maintain some adequate control over that element of the classes; to keep them under the check of disciplinary measures at least until it is evident that they cannot learn to serve the university and themselves under the system. In many cases it will be the interest of the college as well as of the young men that they leave it. Many such youths, who have not a sufficient measure of imagination to foresee the work of manhood, can be brought to a dutiful sense and made valuable men if they are put into places of actual daily labor. There are at the present time in Harvard College many students who are laboring under various forms of moral and intellectual disability which unfit them for an academic education, though in most cases

they may do well in business pursuits. Such persons might well, in their own interests as well as those of the college, leave it for active life. There are others, fewer in number, perhaps at the present time a total less than a score, who, from thorough-going ill-breeding in early youth or from essential moral defects, are unfit persons for academic training. Of these, also, a large part may under the stern castigation of the world attain to usefulness. They cannot be corrected by the kindly criticism to which they are subjected in an institution like Harvard College. In the present disposition of the faculty, all such persons will be given their passports as soon as their character is ascertained. The difficulty is to determine the measure of their resistance to the help the college affords them.

Since the time — some twenty years ago — when I became conscious that I was taking part in one of the most interesting educational experiments which has ever been carried on, I have endeavored to determine in what I may perhaps call a scientific way the results of the series of essays in the management of youth which we have been considering. Each year I have tried to secure an account as to the condition of the graduating class, and to compare it with my memory of the classes before. In most cases I have had some personal knowledge of about two thirds of the number, — a knowledge apparently sufficient to justify me in making an estimate as to the status of each student, his moral tone, in part at least, and his intellectual fitness for the work of men. I have endeavored to reinforce this judgment by asking, in the case of almost every class, some graduate with whom I had been on intimate social relations to go over the list of his classmates, and tell me, not of course by name, but in a numerical way, how many of his fellows had morally suffered from their residence at the university. On the basis of these



inquiries I have come to the conclusion that year by year, for two decades, the college has gained in its moral as much as in its educational tone. In the later classes, the cases of degradation, the instances in which the student has gone down during his college career, have been very rare. In the three last classes the estimates did not show more than from two to three per cent. of such failures.<sup>1</sup>

It must be confessed that the rapid development in the principle of academic freedom in Harvard has caused the college authorities to overlook certain dangers of the system. The entering classes are at present so large that it is impossible for the instructors to make that speedy acquaintance with individual students which is in all cases desirable and most necessary where the object is to permit the student to have a large measure of liberty, unhampered by mere disciplinary regulations. Some years ago it became evident to a number of the teachers that this defect should be corrected; it fell to me to undertake an experiment as to the means whereby it could be avoided. The trial was made in the class known as "special students." In 1873, the college opened its teaching to persons unfitted to pass the entrance examinations as a whole, but who might wish to profit in some measure from the instruction given within its walls. The supposition was that the student of mature age, intending to pursue particular studies, could make avail of this opportunity. It in fact turned out in the course of a few years that many youths, including a number of unsatisfactory

character, entered by this easy path into the life of the college with prejudicial effects to themselves and to the students in general. To remedy this evil the class of special students was put in charge of five college officers. That committee devised a simple and, as time has proved, very effective method of managing the miscellaneous assemblage of one hundred and fifty young men who at the present time are enrolled in this class.

Before the applicant is admitted to the privilege of a student in this department of the school, he is required to give a sketch of his work in other schools or with other teachers, and also a list of references chosen from men of more or less distinguished position in his community. Correspondence with these teachers and the other persons to whom the candidate refers brings the student before the committee at the outset of the term with a considerable body of information concerning his past history. He is also required to set forth his purposes in the way of an education. On the basis of this record the student is then delivered to the care of one of the members of the committee. The adviser has a friendly talk with him, considers the project of his studies, and arranges with him concerning his first year's work. In the subsequent meetings, which, if necessary, are numerous, this officer obtains as definite an idea as possible as to the quality of the youth. In many cases it soon becomes clear that the student is fair-minded and discreet, so that the instructor may cease to have any grave anxieties concerning him. If supposed there were around the camp. Grant reckoned as few as seemed possible, and put the number at several hundred. At the suggestion of his companion, they crept out, and in the moonlight saw that the noise came from two wolves. Half a dozen disorderly students from Harvard College may in any one year carry alarm into the households whence come some twelve hundred normally well-behaved young men.

<sup>1</sup> The reader may ask how it is that there is so much public remark as to the evil behavior of Harvard students. To this I may make answer by reciting a story which is attributed to General Grant. When a young soldier in his first campaign on the Western plains, he was startled out of his sleep by the yells of a vast pack of wolves, which appeared to him to be surrounding the camp and likely to tear it to pieces. An older campaigner, observing his anxiety, asked him how many wolves he

he seems to need management, he is often seen; the opinions of the instructors in the electives he pursues are carefully gathered by a clerk and forwarded to the adviser. If it appears in any way that the career of the youth is doubtful, he is subjected to such exhortation as it is possible to give him. Whenever, in the opinion of the adviser, the further residence of a student at the college is undesirable, on his own account or that of others, he is, on the recommendation of the committee, deprived by the faculty of his privileges as a student. There are no public admonitions, no suspensions, neither dismissal nor expulsion, but the simple vote that A B is "deprived of his privileges as a student."

Not the least advantageous part of this system, which has proved to be thoroughly good, is that in almost all cases it at once brings about a friendly relation between the teacher, chosen for his capacity to make friends with youth, and the student at the moment when he comes into the field of his academic life. My own experience shows me clearly that, despite the shyness which to a greater or less extent affects all such young men at this critical period of their life, they welcome a friendly word from the appointed counselor, and give him a gratifying measure of their trust.

It is now proposed to extend the above-described system to the freshman class; to have each student welcomed at the beginning of the college term by some one who is competent to advise him as to the method of his work, and to follow him through at least the first year of his probation, not as a watchful mentor, but rather as a friend who is ready to help him in his plan of life. In this way we may hope to have the flightier youths brought to a sense of their responsibilities at the very outset of their academic career.

One of the most important consequences of the elective system is that

the student's presence in each of his classes is due to his own voluntary act. He is there because he wishes for instruction in the given subject, or because he desires the general intellectual or moral support of the teacher. The result of this element of choice has been that at least in the later years of his college course nearly every student is personally well acquainted with some instructor, and nearly every instructor has a large number of youths who are as familiar with his fireside as though they were his kinsmen. But this relation, good as it is, — and it is almost the best feature in Harvard College, — comes about too late in the career of the student. The greater part of the freshmen are known only officially to their teachers. They have no other relation with them than that made in the class room, which is, from the humanized point of view, hardly to be called a relation at all. The greatest advantage which will surely arise from the system of advisers who are to meet the students at the beginning of their college course will be that every man will be well known to some member of the committee, because it is his duty to know him, — a duty which will be enforced by the constant questioning which will go on in that board, list in hand, as to the condition of the students. From my experience as the chairman of the committee of special students, I am convinced that when this system is well under way we shall have that measure of friendship as a correlative of academic freedom which is necessary to perfect the present method of control that has grown up in Harvard College.

An objection frequently directed against the larger colleges is to the effect that students are overlooked in the thronged classes. Until supervision is reduced to a system, this is undoubtedly a valid objection; but if the plan pursued in the case of special students is adopted in the general management of

the college, we shall find that a large college is better fitted to look after young men than a smaller institution of the same nature, and this for the following reason. In a faculty as large as that of Harvard College, where there are at present sixty-five members, it is possible to select a sufficient number of persons who can do the extremely varied work which is required in the system which we are considering. Probably less than half of any body of academic teachers are well suited for such a task as I have described. Some are too old, others too young, yet others lack the spring of sympathy with youth without which such work cannot be done. Some fail in the experience as to the character of the outer world, which is to be desired in persons who are to give counsel to young men who are fitting for active life.

The faculty of Harvard College contains many men of large experience in the world. A rapid glance at the list shows me the names of eight persons who have served in armies, — five in

the Federal army during the civil war, one in the ranks of the Confederacy, one in the French and one in the German army. Many others employed have been in other walks of life than that of the teacher. From such a list it is easy to select a body of counselors who will be fitted to help youths of a great variety of purposes and of very diverse characters. In practice it has been found in the committee on special students that a youth who cannot be helped by one member of that committee may receive valuable aid from another, who may arouse his latent motives, or in some way gain that control over him which will better his conduct of life. When this system is completed, — and it is past the stage of experiment, — we may feel sure that a vast gain will have been made in the methods of academic training. The institution will be different from any that now exists; one in which freedom and friendship may together aid the youth to acquire the strength and the skill which he will need in the work of the world.

*N. S. Shaler.*

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### THE OLD MASTERS IN NEW YORK.

WHAT must be the sensations of one who has never stood before a portrait by Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Hals, or Velasquez, a landscape by Ruysdael, Turner, or Constable, — one who, perchance, has never given a thought to the old masters save as a subject of derision, — what must be his sensations when he steps from the noisy streets of New York into the sacred little corner gallery where these canonized saints of the painter's paradise confront him with their immortal works! Let us hope that there may be some visitors to the Metropolitan Museum who can paraphrase William Hazlitt's rhapsody,

and say: "I was staggered when I saw the works there collected, and looked at them with wondering and with longing eyes. A mist passed away from my sight; the scales fell off. A new sense came upon me; a new heaven and a new earth stood before me. I saw the soul speaking in the face, hands that the rod of empire had swayed in mighty ages past, — a forked mountain or blue promontory,

'with trees upon 't  
That nod unto the world, and mock our eyes  
with air.'

Old Time had unlocked his treasures,  
and Fame stood portress at the door.

We had all heard of the names of Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Van Dyck, Rubens, but to see them face to face, to be in the same room with their deathless productions, was like breaking some mighty spell, was almost an effect of necromancy! From that time I lived in a world of pictures. Congress, Wall Street, presidential elections, seemed mere idle noise and fury, signifying nothing, compared with those mighty works and dreaded names that spoke to me in the eternal silence of thought."

Until lately the untraveled and unlettered American citizen has not been without some excuse for regarding the old masters as humbugs, and admiration of them as affectation. When the Metropolitan Museum was opened, not so very long ago, there was a queer assortment of Things in one of the galleries, dark mysteries, without form or color, which purported to be pictures, and which the catalogue coolly asked us to believe were painted by the greatest artists in the world. Of course no one was deceived unless he wished to be. No doubt the exhibition of such hoaxes leads many people to suppose that what they call high art is an occult affair, or, worse yet, to conclude that it is an organized system of pretense and hypocrisy. But whatever may be said of the American people, they are always open to conviction by evidence; and since Mr. Henry G. Marquand's noble gift of thirty-five old paintings was made to the museum, no one who lives in New York or who can afford to go thither has any excuse for ignorance relating to the old masters. At least it is no longer necessary to go to England and Holland to see the best that those two countries can produce. Mr. Marquand's gift is of signal importance in its bearing upon the history of the art of painting on this continent, and will cause his name to be indissolubly associated with the elevation of the museum in Central Park

to a position of eminence among the great galleries of the world. For though museums of art usually have been plants of slow growth, the Metropolitan is a remarkable exception; and no Old World monarch ever created a vast public collection with a rapidity equal to that with which the New York institution has sprung into maturity within a few years.

Of the twenty-five artists represented in the Marquand collection, fifteen are Dutchmen and Flemings, six are Englishmen, two are Spaniards, one is an Italian, and one is a Frenchman. The Dutch and Flemish painters are Jan Van Eyck, Hals, Van Hoogstraten, Jansen, Lucas Van Leyden, Jan Van der Meer, Netscher, Ovens, Rembrandt, Rubens, Ruysdael, Teniers, Terburg, Van Dyck, and Zorg. The English painters are Bonnington, Constable, Crome, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Turner. The Spaniards are Velasquez and Zurbaran. The Italian is Masaccio, and the Frenchman Prud'hon. The gallery which contains this collection also contains three portraits by Rembrandt belonging to Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer. In an adjoining gallery there are some old pictures, among which an important example of Sir Joshua Reynolds and a Rubens claim our attention. The portraits predominate, as may be inferred from the list of names. That prince of art critics, Eugène Fromentin, mentions eight great portrait painters,—Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, Holbein, More, Sebastia<sup>n</sup> del Piombo, Van Dyck, and Velasquez,—and three of these masters, with Frans Hals besides, are represented here by characteristic canvases. The portraits by Van Dyck and Rembrandt are of the first importance and quality; those by Velasquez and Hals are of secondary importance, but of sterling quality. In contemplating these works the persistent old question comes to mind, What is it that constitutes the immeasurable superiority of the old por-

trait painters over the new? Is it their method of execution? Is it their inspired good taste? Or is it a combination of qualities, both inherent and cultivated, of sense and sensibility, of skill, intelligence, and true feeling for the art? When we compare the best modern portraits with those of Van Dyck and Velasquez, I do not think that we find so much difference in the external as in the internal characteristics of the work. The conception of a Van Dyck is even a more wonderful thing than its execution. That ease, repose, and air of gentleness, that unspeakable refinement, dignity, and grace,—is it not harder to match these essentials than to rival a felicitous touch, a good harmony of tints, or the movement of a supple hand? The conclusion, then, must be that the old masters were greater men, as well as greater painters, than our esteemed contemporaries. Their superiority is an affair of temperament as well as of training, and is not wholly due to the artistic age in which they lived. Marvelous as Hals and Rubens and Velasquez were, considered simply as craftsmen, we must surely look deeper than the surface of their paintings for the qualities that insure their immortality. They were men of exceptional powers of mind, who would have made their mark in any profession. We remember Rembrandt, not so much as a past master of the craft of painting, but as the creator of a new kind of poetry,—one whose hand, whether slow, timid, and heavy, or swift, free, and superbly confident, obeyed constantly the inspirations of a mighty imagination, and expressed the aspirations of a lofty spirit.

Of all the portraits painted by Rembrandt, that of the unknown man with the hat, from the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection, is the most pathetic. Stern, manly, and dignified as is this face, there is not a line in it which speaks of the faintest hope of joy or consolation in this life or in the life to

come. The expression is of a habitual, lifelong, and ingrained sadness, bravely and uncomplainingly borne, as a valiant soldier bears a mortal hurt. In this afflicting vision Rembrandt displays his knowledge of and sympathy for the sorrows of men. No biography is needed to tell us that he had himself suffered. The catalogue assures us that this portrait represents a man about thirty-six years old, but he looks older than that. He is at all events a personage of a very memorable appearance, whose history must have been extremely interesting, and whose severe countenance is a fascinating study. The more celebrated portrait called *The Gilder*, and the portraits of the Burgomaster of Delft and his wife, offer a complete and almost startling contrast to the foregoing dismal unknown. Nothing could be more real, more absolutely lifelike, than these three portraits, which are not so much paintings as living and breathing individuals. Christian Paul Van Beeresteyn and Volker Nicolai Knobert are perfect types of the well-fed, comfortable, contented, and phlegmatic Dutch folk, enjoying excellent appetites, irreproachable digestions, sufficient incomes, good clothes, cheerful dispositions, and even tempers. Respectability is written all over their plump *bourgeois* figures, seen at half length on canvases forty-three by thirty-three inches in dimensions. *The Gilder*, painted a few years after *The Night Watch*, is a three-quarters-length painting of a man who wears a black hat, a ruff, and a suit of brown cloth. The light, falling from one side, produces a strong contrast between the illuminated and the shaded sides of the head. As a perfectly sound specimen of Rembrandt's art, this is a work of the highest value. It was painted when he was painting his best, and is a splendid illustration of his mature genius. The reality of life in the head, the reality of light and atmosphere around it, are perpetual subjects of marvel, yet

the breadth and simplicity of the workmanship are complete. The colors are few and pure, the tone is exquisite, the characterization absolutely truthful and profound. A small night scene by Rembrandt, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, is similar to the picture of the same name in the National Gallery, London. In the darkness of the stable interior a bright light radiates from the infant Saviour, as in the *Notte* of Correggio. The greatness of Rembrandt is amply indicated in the five works alluded to. On the one hand, we perceive his strong, direct, and robust manner of presenting the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of nature, in a manner marked by great learning and sincerity; on the other, we cannot fail to recognize his unequalled moral grandeur among artists, his insight, his true feeling, his exalted taste for spiritual nobility,—in a word, his magical command of expression.

It would be impossible to select a single portrait by Van Dyck which should give a better idea of his style than the full-length portrait of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. On a canvas seven feet high by four feet and one inch wide, this typical aristocrat is represented standing, with his elegant left hand on his hip, the right resting on the upturned head of a handsome and equally aristocratic greyhound. The left side of the figure is turned towards the spectator, but the nobleman's face is turned front, and his waving blonde hair falls on his shoulders, which are almost covered with a broad and richly worked frill; his dress is of black figured silk, with white silk stockings and large bows on the shoes. A medal attached to a blue ribbon is hung at his breast, and his mantle is embroidered with a sumptuous decoration in the form of a star. This portrait was bought by Mr. Marquand in 1886 from Lord Methuen, is described in Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné*, and has been engraved in

mezzotint by Earlom and in line by Houbraken. Van Dyck never had a subject more congenial to him than the Duke of Richmond, nor did he ever execute a full-length figure with more entrancing ease and *aplomb*. The Duke of Richmond, in fact, was one of those born gentlemen, who so naturally take their social superiority for granted that nothing can shake their serene consciousness of their own excellency. It goes without saying that no one could paint such a gentleman in such a high-bred way as Van Dyck; his own instincts enabled him to read the patrician heart. Now that I think of it, all Van Dyck's portraits have a certain resemblance to himself. His fine hand was incapable of painting an awkward or ugly hand. If he had posed for a full-length picture, is it not more than probable that he would have placed one hand on his hip, in the same way that the Duke of Richmond and Charles I. do, and that he would have turned his head thus also? The painter inevitably expresses himself.

The Duke of Richmond had a handsome and mobile face, which indicated an amiable, sensitive, and refined character, perhaps a trifle inclined to effeminacy. His bearing reveals his familiarity with a life of leisure, of elegance, and of pleasure. The relationship between a man and his clothes is a subject which has ever interested philosophers; and to be supremely well dressed and then to forget it, as this chevalier succeeds in doing, is almost a lost art among males. There is even a slight touch of carelessness in the wrinkled hose which is the very essence of modish elegance. How nicely the style of the painting is suited to the style of the thing painted! The carriage, the *allure*, of a Van Dyck figure is a lesson in manner. It is impossible to dissect or analyze this sort of picture. How shall we find the dividing line between the technique and the sentiment of the thing? That is a waste of effort and a vain splitting of



hairs. A masterpiece is a unit, and all its elements are congruous.

Near the great Van Dyck there hangs a half-length portrait of two gentlemen, probably brothers, by Frans Hals, a painter who is vastly admired by all painters, and not without reason. The coloring is sober and very rich at the same time, the style suave and distinguished, the expression of life and character incomparably vivid and natural. Any one would be glad to know these two persons, who are about forty years of age, and are dressed alike, wearing linen collars with embroidered edges and tied with tassels, falling over their black habits. Black mantles cover their shoulders. The slight gesture made by the man on the right with his left hand is indescribably graceful. This excellent painting, forty-three by thirty-six inches, was formerly in the Gsells collection. There is another example of Hals, a rapidly painted, loose sketch of *The Smoker*, of no great value. The portraits by Hoogstraten, Jansen, and Ovens have the merits of their school, — substantial merits, which would be more keenly relished were they not overshadowed by Rembrandt's. The landscape by Ruysdael is not one of his best, and strikes the observer at first as rather tame; but it is after all a genuine Ruysdael, in subject, design, and sentiment, even if it does not give as adequate an idea of the man as could be desired. Teniers is represented only by a small landscape and a couple of his copies.

*The Virgin and Child*, by Jan Van Eyck, painted on a panel, twenty-one by eleven inches, came from the collection of the king of Holland, and is in perfect condition. The Virgin stands in a gothic niche richly ornamented with carvings. She wears a scarlet mantle, and, holding the Child against her breast, looks down at him tenderly. On a band of the canopy above her head are the words "*Domus Dei est et porta cæli*;" beneath is the inscription "*Ipsa est quam preparavit*

*Domus filio Dei mei.*" *The bambino* is a delicious little morsel. The quaint stiffness of the painting is far from unpleasant, and the pure, dense, brilliant colors are solidly and smoothly laid on as in an enamel. The minute finish of all the details and its excellent state of preservation give to this bright little panel, now nearly five hundred years old, an immense value. Very piquant and interesting is the smaller of the two works by Lucas Van Leyden, a canvas eleven by eighteen inches, representing *Christ Presented to the People*, a replica or copy of which is in the Belvedere at Vienna. The large water-color by the same artist, from the Methuen collection, is dilapidated, but must have been handsome in its prime, and even now is decorative after the manner of an old tapestry. I pass by the two Rubens in the Marquand collection, and call attention to the *Portrait of the Artist's Wife*, in the adjoining room, presented to the museum by F. E. Church, the artist. This very characteristic canvas also has its counterpart in the Vienna gallery. It represents a half-length figure, nude and fat. "*Il déshabillé, d'un pincean orgueilleux, le corps opulent de sa femme,*" says M. Lucien Solvay, "*et la livre nue aux regards de tous, fière d'elle-même et provocante.*" To be sure, she sits there as comfortable and unabashed as a tabby cat dozing in front of a good fire. The quality of the flesh tones is magnificent.

The two portraits by Velasquez in the Marquand collection are of Queen Mariana of Austria, the second wife of Philip IV., and of Philip's son Baltasar Carlos, the adorable young prince whom Velasquez painted so often and in such a variety of poses. The latter is only a bust-length portrait, but we recognize in it at once the same expression of all that is most lovable in the boyish character as is seen in the equestrian portrait and in the full-length likeness of the prince in hunting costume. Baltasar Carlos was about ten years old when

Velasquez painted him. He wore a wide stiff linen collar over a black garment embroidered with silver. The ingenuous and amiable look of this boy, who was probably fortunate in dying too young to ascend the throne of a decadent state, is preserved for us by Velasquez with all that simplicity and rectitude for which he is famous. The prince's Austrian cousin, whom he was to have married, is represented in mourning dress, with silver ornaments, and wears one of those astonishing head-dresses, composed of her own hair arranged in ringlets and tied with red ribbon, — a huge and unbecoming coiffure, which may be seen in several of the Velasquez portraits in Madrid.

Among the English pictures, the pair of large upright landscapes by John Constable are conspicuous. The Valley Farm, four and a half feet high by about four feet wide, is a replica of the picture in the National Gallery, London, with some insignificant differences in the details. The central object in the composition is the farmhouse known as Willy Lott's house, which stands on the bank of a stream called the Stour, very close to the water. Several cows are seen in the shallow part of the river, not far from the house, and at the right is a boat, in which are a man and a woman. A thick group of tall trees fills the right side of the foreground, and casts a deep shadow over the water. This subject was painted several times by Constable, whose father's mill was situated a short distance from the Valley Farm, on the Stour, near the village of East Bergholt. This modest stream has been immortalized by the pencil of Constable, who loved it as Daubigny loved the Oise. One of his early friends and his first patrons, Sir George Beaumont, who was in his day regarded as an authority on the fine arts, had a theory that "a good picture should be the color of a good fiddle, — brown ;" and, though Constable rightly refused to be guided by any such

inflexible dictum, it can be seen that he did not fail to appreciate the beauty of browns, for *The Valley Farm* is distinctly a brown picture. It reminds us also of an expression used by Constable in one of his letters: "I have done a good deal of skying" (making studies of skies). His conviction of the very great importance of the sky in a landscape needs no testimony apart from his paintings. The gray and moving sky which bends over the Valley Farm is the life of the picture, and is brushed in with amazing breadth and vigor. The foreground is roughly executed, and the whole composition has more rugged force than charm. It looks its best at some distance. Perhaps it is a bit disappointing at first, but it grows on the observer mightily, by its largeness and originality. Willy Lott, says Leslie, was born in this house, and "passed more than eighty years without having spent four whole days away from it." It must have been a great event for him when Constable set up his easel there. How placidly the years, like the silent Stour, must have glided by! There is an aspect of permanency and peace about this rustic abode; the very trees have an uncommonly solid, enduring, English look. We feel that the spot is one that we have always known; that it is rich in goodly human associations; that it is a home, and not a mere house. "Intimate" the French writers would call it. Constable's affection for the familiar stiles, stumps, and lanes of his native village, which he vowed he would never cease to paint so long as he could hold a brush, was one of the characteristics which made him the most national of English landscapists, and it explains why the French artists of his time were among the first to recognize his genius. Ruskin upbraided him for the lowness of his subjects, but Leslie, with a truer instinct, pronounces him the most genuine painter of English cultivated scenery.

The Lock on the Stour, the companion piece to The Valley Farm, is as like it in color and style as it is in size and form. On the right is a heavy mass of old trees, beneath whose limbs a stream passes across the composition. The lock, an interesting object in a pictorial sense, is near the centre of the canvas, and two men are laboriously engaged in passing a boat through it. At the left we see a flat expanse of meadow land, and in the distance some low hills and the square tower of a village church. Both this painting and The Valley Farm were bought from Mr. Alfred Lucas, brother of the engraver who reproduced so many of Constable's works.

By whom is this delicious amber-toned landscape Number 12, so smooth, warm, fluent, complete, and harmonious, setting forth a subject of such extraordinary picturesque charm? Would not any one say that it must be by a Dutchman, at all events? For what painter outside of Holland could ever endow the blank brown walls of an old tavern with such fat and luminous color? A glance at the catalogue reveals our error: Number 12 turns out to be Saltash, by Joseph M. W. Turner. It was painted about 1812, when Turner was under forty. Saltash quaintly sits on the banks of the Tamar in Cornwall, and is a subject fit to warm an etcher's heart. In the foreground is the river's edge, with a barge at a dock on the left, and on the right a boat half drawn up on the shore. A long, rambling building, with weather-stained walls, fills the centre of the composition, extending completely across the canvas. In one place on it is a laconic sign, "Beer House," and among the half-obliterated inscriptions scrawled on

the outer walls by loafers are the words "England expects every man to do his duty." Through a square gateway or passage cut through the building is seen a market-place and the streets beyond; and all about are figures of men and women and horses. This beautiful work was bought in 1886 by Mr. Marquand from a lady of Liverpool. Possibly it is not so well adapted to give to people unfamiliar with the National Gallery such a distinct notion of Turner's genius as some of his later works, in which his use of color and his treatment of light were more peculiar to himself; but, if less powerful, brilliant, and characteristic than the productions of his mature age, it is none the less a landscape of rare charm and of abiding interest.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's bust portrait of Lady Carew in a white dress is a fairly representative work, delicate, refined, and a little soft. A much more important example is the large painting of the Hon. Henry Fane and his guardians, Inigo Jones and Charles Blair, in the next room. This canvas, which comes from the Duke of Westmoreland's collection, having been presented to the museum by Mr. Junius S. Morgan in 1887, is as honestly and unaffectedly painted as any Reynolds in existence, and is in a good condition; the contrasts of color in the costumes are very effective. Gainsborough's Girl with a Cat hardly does him justice; in the Sea Coast, by Bonnington, there is little of the singular attractiveness of his personality which is felt in his best pictures; and the Hautbois Common of Old Crome looks like a finished example of Rousseau.

*William Howe Downes.*

## THE TRAGIC MUSE.

## XVII.

NICK's little visit was to terminate immediately after luncheon the following day : much as the old man enjoyed his being there, he would not have dreamed of asking for more of his time, now that it had such great public uses. He liked infinitely better that his young friend should be occupied with parliamentary work than only occupied in talking about it with him. Talk about it, however, was the next best thing, as, on the morrow, after breakfast, Mr. Carteret showed Nick that he considered. They sat in the garden, the morning being warm, and the old man had a table beside him, covered with the letters and newspapers that the post had brought. He was proud of his correspondence, which was altogether on public affairs, and proud, in a manner, of the fact that he now dictated almost everything. That had more in it of the statesman in retirement, a character indeed not consciously assumed by Mr. Carteret, but always tacitly attributed to him by Nick, who took it rather from the pictorial point of view ; remembering, on each occasion, only afterwards that though he was in retirement he had not exactly been a statesman. A young man, a very sharp, handy young man, came every morning at ten o'clock and wrote for him till lunch-time. The young man had a holiday to-day, in honor of Nick's visit — a fact the mention of which led Nick to make some not particularly sincere speech about *his* being ready to write anything if Mr. Carteret were at all pressed.

"Ah, but your own budget : what will become of that?" the old gentleman objected, glancing at Nick's pockets as if he was rather surprised not to see them stuffed out with documents in split

envelopes. His visitor had to confess that he had not directed his letters to meet him at Beauchere : he should find them in town that afternoon. This led to a little homily from Mr. Carteret which made him feel rather guilty ; there was such an implication of neglected duty in the way the old man said, "You won't do them justice—you won't do them justice." He talked for ten minutes, in his rich, simple, urbane way, about the fatal consequences of getting behind. It was his favorite doctrine that one should always be a little before ; and his own eminently regular respiration seemed to illustrate the idea. A man was certainly before who had so much in his rear.

This led to the bestowal of a good deal of general advice as to the mistakes to avoid at the beginning of a parliamentary career ; as to which Mr. Carteret spoke with the experience of one who had sat for fifty years in the House of Commons. Nick was amused, but also mystified and even a little irritated, by his talk : it was founded on the idea of observation, and yet Nick was unable to regard Mr. Carteret as an observer. "He does n't observe *me*," he said to himself ; "if he did he would see, he would n't think" — And the end of this private cogitation was a vague impatience of all the things his venerable host took for granted. He did n't see any of the things that Nick saw. Some of these latter were the light touches that the summer morning scattered through the sweet old garden. The time passed there a good deal as if it were sitting still, with a plaid under its feet, while Mr. Carteret distilled a little more of the wisdom that he had drawn from his fifty years. This immense term had something fabulous and monstrous for Nick, who wondered whether it were

the sort of thing his companion supposed *he* had gone in for. It was not strange Mr. Carteret should be different; he might originally have been more—to himself Nick was not obliged to phrase it: what our young man meant was, more of what it was perceptible to him that his host was not. Should even he, Nick, be like that at the end of fifty years? What Mr. Carteret was so good as to expect for him was that he should be much more distinguished; and would n't this exactly mean much more like that? Of course Nick heard some things that he had heard before; as, for instance, the circumstances that had originally led the old man to settle at Beaulere. He had been returned for that locality (it was his second seat), in years far remote, and had come to live there because he then had a conscientious conviction (modified indeed by later experience) that a member should be constantly resident. He spoke of this now, smiling rosiely, as he might have spoken of some wild aberration of his youth; yet he called Nick's attention to the fact that he still so far clung to his conviction as to hold (though of what might be urged on the other side he was perfectly aware) that a representative should at least be as resident as possible. This gave Nick an opening for saying something that had been on and off his lips all the morning.

"According to that, I ought to take up my abode at Harsh."

"In the measure of the convenient I should not be sorry to see you do it."

"It ought to be rather convenient," Nick replied, smiling. "I've got a piece of news for you which I've kept, as one keeps that sort of thing (for it's very good), till the last." He waited a little, to see if Mr. Carteret would guess, and at first he thought nothing would come of this. But after resting his young-looking eyes on him for a moment the old man said—

"I should indeed be very happy to

hear that you have arranged to take a wife."

"Mrs. Dallow has been so good as to say that she will marry me," Nick went on.

"That is very suitable. I should think it would answer."

"It is very jolly," said Nick. It was well that Mr. Carteret was not what his guest called observant, or he might have thought there was less gayety in the sound of this sentence than in the sense.

"Your dear father would have liked it."

"So my mother says."

"And *she* must be delighted."

"Mrs. Dallow, do you mean?" Nick asked.

"I was thinking of your mother. But I don't exclude the charming lady. I remember her as a little girl. I must have seen her at Windrush. Now I understand the zeal and amiability with which she threw herself into your canvass."

"It was her they elected," said Nick.

"I don't know that I have ever been an enthusiast for political women, but there is no doubt that, in approaching the mass of electors, a graceful, affable manner, the manner of the real English lady, is a force not to be despised."

"Mrs. Dallow is a real English lady, and at the same time she's a very political woman," Nick remarked.

"Is n't it rather in the family? I remember once going to see her mother in town and finding the leaders of both parties sitting with her."

"My principal friend, of the others, is her brother Peter. I don't think he troubles himself much about that sort of thing."

"What does he trouble himself about?" Mr. Carteret inquired with a certain gravity.

"He's in the diplomatic service; he's a secretary in Paris."

"That may be serious," said the old man.

"He takes a great interest in the theatre; I suppose you'll say that may be serious too," Nick added, laughing.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Carteret, looking as if he scarcely understood. Then he continued, "Well, it can't hurt you."

"It can't hurt me?"

"If Mrs. Dallow takes an interest in your interests."

"When a man's in my situation he feels as if nothing could hurt him."

"I'm very glad you're happy," said Mr. Carteret. He rested his mild eyes on our young man, who had a sense of seeing in them, for a moment, the faint ghost of an old story, the dim revival of a sentiment that had become the memory of a memory. This glimmer of wonder and envy, the revelation of a life intensely celibate, was for an instant infinitely touching. Nick had always had a theory, suggested by a vague allusion from his father, who had been discreet, that their benevolent friend had had, in his youth, an unhappy love-affair which had led him to forswear forever the commerce of woman. What remained in him of conscious renunciation gave a throb as he looked at his bright companion, who proposed to take the matter so much the other way. "It is good to marry, and I think it's right. I've not done right, I know it. If she's a good woman it's the best thing," Mr. Carteret went on. "It's what I've been hoping for you. Sometimes I have thought of speaking to you."

"She's a very good woman," said Nick.

"And I hope she's not poor." Mr. Carteret spoke with exactly the same blandness.

"No, indeed, she's rich. Her husband, whom I knew and liked, left her a large fortune."

"And on what terms does she enjoy it?"

"I have n't the least idea," said Nick.

Mr. Carteret was silent a moment. "I see. It does n't concern you. It

need n't concern you," he added in a moment.

Nick thought of his mother, at this, but he remarked, "I dare say she can do what she likes with her money."

"So can I, my dear young friend," said Mr. Carteret.

Nick tried not to look conscious, for he felt a significance in the old man's face. He turned his own everywhere but towards it, thinking again of his mother. "That must be very pleasant, if one has any."

"I wish you had a little more."

"I don't particularly care," said Nick.

"Your marriage will assist you; you can't help that," Mr. Carteret went on. "But I should like you to be under obligations not quite so heavy."

"Oh, I'm so obliged to her for caring for me!"

"That the rest does n't count? Certainly it's nice of her to like you. But why should n't she? Other people do."

"Some of them make me feel as if I abused it," said Nick, looking at his host. "That is, they don't make me, but I feel it," he added, correcting himself.

"I have no son," said Mr. Carteret. "Shan't you be very kind to her?" he pursued. "You'll gratify her ambition."

"Oh, she thinks me cleverer than I am."

"That's because she's in love," hinted the old gentleman, as if this were very subtle. "However, you must be as clever as we think you. If you don't prove so" — And he paused, with his folded hands.

"Well, if I don't?" asked Nick.

"Oh, it won't do — it won't do," said Mr. Carteret, in a tone his companion was destined to remember afterwards. "I say I have no son," he continued; "but if I had had one he should have risen high."

"It's well for me such a person does n't exist. I should n't easily have found a wife."



"He should have gone to the altar with a little money in his pocket."

"That would have been the least of his advantages, sir."

"When are you to be married?" Mr. Carteret asked.

"Ah, that's the question. Mrs. Dalow won't say."

"Well, you may consider that when it comes off I will make you a settlement."

"I feel your kindness more than I can say," Nick replied; "but that will probably be the moment when I shall be least conscious of wanting anything."

"You'll appreciate it later — you'll appreciate it very soon. I shall like you to appreciate it," Mr. Carteret went on, as if he had a just vision of the way a young man of a proper spirit should feel. Then he added, "Your father would have liked you to appreciate it."

"Poor father!" Nick exclaimed vaguely, rather embarrassed, reflecting on the oddity of a position in which the ground for holding up his head as the husband of a rich woman would be that he had accepted a present of money from another source. It was plain that he was not fated to go in for independence; the most that he could treat himself to would be dependence that was duly grateful. "How much do you expect of me?" he pursued, with a grave face.

"It's only what your father did. He so often spoke of you, I remember, at the last, just after you had been with him alone — you know I saw him then. He was greatly moved by his interview with you, and so was I by what he told me of it. He said he should live on in you — he should work in you. It has always given me a very peculiar feeling, if I may use the expression, about you."

"The feelings are indeed peculiar, dear Mr. Carteret, which take so munificent a form. But you do — oh, you do — expect too much."

"I expect you to repay me!" said

the old man gayly. "As for the form, I have it in my mind."

"The form of repayment?"

"No, no — of settlement."

"Ah, don't talk of it now," said Nick, "for, you see, nothing else is settled. No one has been told except my mother. She has only consented to my telling you."

"Lady Agnes, do you mean?"

"Ah, no; dear mother would like to publish it on the house-tops. She's so glad — she wants us to have it over to-morrow. But Julia wishes to wait. Therefore kindly mention it for the present to no one."

"My dear boy, at this rate there is nothing to mention. What does Julia want to wait for?"

"Till I like her better — that's what she says."

"It's the way to make you like her worse. Has n't she your affection?"

"So much so that her delay makes me exceedingly unhappy."

Mr. Carteret looked at his young friend as if he did n't strike him as very unhappy; but he demanded, "Then what more does she want?" Nick laughed out at this, but he perceived his host had not meant it as an epigram; while the latter went on: "I don't understand. You are engaged or you are not engaged."

"She is, but I am not. That's what she says about it. The trouble is she does n't believe in me."

"Does n't she love you, then?"

"That's what I ask her. Her answer is that she loves me only too well. She's so afraid of being a burden to me that she gives me my freedom till I have taken another year to think."

"I like the way you talk about other years!" Mr. Carteret exclaimed. "You had better do it while I'm here to bless you."

"She thinks I proposed to her because she got me in for Harsh," said Nick.

"Well, I'm sure it would be a very pretty return."

"Ah, she does n't believe in me," Nick murmured.

"Then I don't believe in her."

"Don't say that — don't say that. She's a very rare creature. But she's proud, shy, suspicious."

"Suspicious of what?"

"Of everything. She thinks I'm not persistent."

"Persistent?"

"She can't believe I shall arrive at true eminence."

"A good wife should believe what her husband believes," said Mr. Carteret.

"Ah, unfortunately I don't believe it, either."

Mr. Carteret looked serious. "Your dear father did."

"I think of that — I think of that,"

Nick replied. "Certainly it will help me. If I say that we are engaged," he went on, "it's because I consider it so. She gives me my liberty, but I don't take it."

"Does she expect you to take back your word?"

"That's what I ask her. *She* never will. Therefore we are as good as tied."

"I don't like it," said Mr. Carteret, after a moment. "I don't like ambiguous, uncertain situations. They please me much better when they are definite and clear." The retreat of expression had been sounded in his face — the aspect it wore when he wished not to be encouraging. But after an instant he added, in a tone softer than this, "Don't disappoint me, my dear boy."

"Disappoint you?"

"I have told you what I want to do for you. See that the conditions come about promptly in which I *may* do it. Are you sure that you do everything to satisfy Mrs. Dallow?" Mr. Carteret continued.

"I think I'm very nice to her,"

Nick protested. "But she's so ambitious. Frankly speaking, it's a pity — for her — that she likes me."

"She can't help that."

"Possibly. But isn't it a reason for taking me as I am? What she wants to do is to take me as I may be a year hence."

"I don't understand, if, as you say, even then she won't take back her word," said Mr. Carteret.

"If she does n't marry me I think she'll never marry again at all."

"What, then, does she gain by delay?"

"Simply this, as I make it out — that she'll feel she has been very magnanimous. She won't have to reproach herself with not having given me a chance to change."

"To change? What does she think you liable to do?"

Nick was silent a minute. "I don't know!" he said, not at all candidly.

"Everything has altered: young people in my day looked at these questions more naturally," Mr. Carteret declared. "A woman in love has no need to be magnanimous. If she is, she is n't in love," he added shrewdly.

"Oh, Mrs. Dallow is safe — she's safe," Nick smiled.

"If it were a question between you and another gentleman one might comprehend. But what does it mean, between you and nothing?"

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," Nick returned. "The trouble is that she does n't know what she has got hold of."

"Ah, if you can't make it clear to her!"

"I'm such a humbug," said the young man. His companion stared, and he continued: "I deceive people without in the least intending it."

"What on earth do you mean? Are you deceiving me?"

"I don't know — it depends on what you think."

"I think you're flighty," said Mr. Carteret, with the nearest approach to sternness that Nick had ever observed in him. "I never thought so before."

"Forgive me; it's all right. I'm not frivolous; that I affirm I'm not."

"You *have* deceived me if you are."

"It's all right," Nick stammered, with a blush.

"Remember your name — carry it high."

"I will — as high as possible."

"You've no excuse. Don't tell me, after your speeches at Harsh!" Nick was on the point of declaring again that he was a humbug, so vivid was his inner sense of what *he* thought of his factitious public utterances, which had the cursed property of creating dreadful responsibilities and importunate credulities for him. If *he* was "clever," what fools many other people were! He repressed his impulse, and Mr. Carteret pursued: "If, as you express it, Mrs. Dallow does n't know what she has got hold of, won't it clear the matter up a little if you inform her that the day before your marriage is definitely settled to take place you will come into something comfortable?"

A quick vision of what Mr. Carteret would be likely to regard as something comfortable flitted before Nick, but it did not prevent him from replying: "Oh, I'm afraid that won't do any good. It would make her like you better, but it would n't make her like me. I'm afraid she won't care for any benefit that comes to me from another hand than hers. Her affection is a very jealous sentiment."

"It's a very peculiar one!" sighed Mr. Carteret. "Mine's a jealous sentiment, too. However, if she takes it that way, don't tell her."

"I'll let you know as soon as she comes round," said Nick.

"And you'll tell your mother," said Mr. Carteret. "I shall like her to know."

"It will be delightful news to her. But she's keen enough already."

"I know that. I may mention now that she has written to me," the old man added.

"So I suspected."

"We have corresponded on the subject," Mr. Carteret continued to confess. "My view of the advantageous character of such an alliance has entirely coincided with hers."

"It was very good-natured of you to leave me to speak first," said Nick.

"I should have been disappointed if you had n't. I don't like all you have told me. But don't disappoint me now."

"Dear Mr. Carteret!" Nick exclaimed.

"I won't disappoint *you*," the old man went on, looking at his big, old-fashioned watch.

#### XVIII.

At first Peter Sherringham thought of asking to be transferred to another post and went so far, in London, as to take what he believed to be good advice on the subject. The advice perhaps struck him as the better for consisting of a strong recommendation to do nothing so foolish. Two or three reasons were mentioned to him why such a request would not, in the particular circumstances, raise him in the esteem of his superiors, and he promptly recognized their force. It next appeared to him that it might help him (not with his superiors, but with himself) to apply for an extension of leave; but on further reflection he remained convinced that though there are some dangers before which it is perfectly consistent with honor to flee, it was better for every one concerned that he should fight this especial battle on the spot. During his holiday his plan of campaign gave him plenty of occupation. He refurbished

his arms, rubbed up his strategy, laid out his lines of defense.

There was only one thing in life that his mind had been very much made up to, but on this question he had never wavered: he would get on, to the utmost, in his profession. It was a point on which it was perfectly lawful to be unamiable to others—to be vigilant, eager, suspicious, selfish. He had not, in fact, been unamiable to others, for his affairs had not required it: he had got on well enough without hardening his heart. Fortune had been kind to him, and he had passed so many competitors on the way that he could forswear jealousy and be generous. But he had always flattered himself that his hand would not falter on the day he should find it necessary to drop bitterness into his cup. This day would be sure to dawn, for no career was all smooth water to the end; and then the sacrifice would find him ready. His mind was familiar with the thought of a sacrifice: it is true that nothing could be clear in advance about the occasion, the object, the victim. All that was tolerably definite was that the propitiatory offering would have to be some cherished enjoyment. Very likely, indeed, this enjoyment would be associated with the charms of another person—a probability pregnant with the idea that such charms would have to be dashed out of sight. At any rate, it never had occurred to Sherringham that he himself might be the sacrifice. You had to pay, to get on; but at least you borrowed from others to do it. When you could not borrow you did not get on: for what was the situation in life in which you met the whole requisition yourself?

Least of all had it occurred to our friend that the wrench might come through his interest in that branch of art on which Nick Dorner had rallied him. The beauty of a love of the theatre was precisely that it was a passion exercised on the easiest terms. This

was not the region of responsibility. It had the discredit of being sniffed at by the austere; but if it was not, as they said, a serious field, was not the compensation just that you could not be seriously entangled in it? Sherringham's great advantage, as he regarded the matter, was that he had always kept his taste for the drama quite in its place. His facetious cousin was free to pretend that it sprawled through his life; but this was nonsense, as any unprejudiced observer of that life would unhesitatingly attest. There had not been the least sprawling, and his fancy for the art of Garrick had never worn the proportions of an eccentricity. It had never drawn down from above anything approaching a reprimand, a remonstrance, a remark. Sherringham was positively proud of his discretion; for he was a little proud of what he did know about the stage. Trifling for trifling, there were plenty of his fellows who had in their lives private infatuations much sillier and less confessable. Had he not known men who collected old invitation-cards (hungry for those of the last century), and others who had a secret passion for shuffleboard? His little weaknesses were intellectual—they were a part of the life of the mind. All the same, on the day they showed a symptom of interfering they should be plucked off with a turn of the wrist.

Sherringham scented interference now, and interference in rather an invidious form. It might be a bore, from the point of view of the profession, to find one's self, as a critic of the stage, in love with a *coquaine*; but it was a much greater bore to find one's self in love with a young woman whose character remained to be estimated. Miriam Rooth was neither fish nor flesh: one had with her neither the guarantees of one's own class nor the immunities of hers. What was hers, if one came to that? A certain puzzlement about this very point was part of the fascination which she had ended by throwing over

him. Poor Sherringham's scheme for getting on had contained no proviso against falling in love, but it had embodied an important clause on the subject of surprises. It was always a surprise to fall in love, especially if one were looking out for it; so this contingency had not been worth official paper. But it became a man who respected the service he had undertaken for the state to be on his guard against predicaments from which the only issue was the rigor of matrimony. An ambitious diplomatist would probably be wise to marry, but only with his eyes very much open. That was the fatal surprise — to be led to the altar in a dream. Sherringham's view of the proprieties attached to such a step was high and strict; and if he held that a man in his position was, especially as the position improved, essentially a representative of the greatness of his country, he considered that the wife of such a personage would exercise in her degree (for instance, at a foreign court) a function no less symbolic. She would always be, in short, a very important quantity, and the scene was strewn with illustrations of it. She might be such a help and she might be such a blight that common prudence imposed a sharp scrutiny. Sherringham had seen women, in the career, who were stupid or vulgar, make a mess of things — it was enough to wring your heart. Then he had his positive idea of the perfect ambassadress, the full-blown lily of the future; and with this idea Miriam Rooth presented no analogy whatever.

The girl had described herself, with characteristic directness, as "all right;" and so she might be, so she assuredly was: only all right for what? He had divined that she was not sentimental — that whatever capacity she might have for responding to a devotion, or for desiring it, was, at any rate, not in the direction of vague philandering. For him certainly she had no sentiment. Sherringham was almost afraid to think

of this, lest it should beget in him a rage convertible mainly into caring for her more. Rage or no rage, it would be charming to be in love with her if there were no complications; but the complications were, in advance, just what was clearest in the business. He was perhaps cold-blooded to think of them; but it must be remembered that they were the particular thing which his training had equipped him for dealing with. He was, at all events, not too cold-blooded to have, for the two months of his holiday, very little inner vision of anything more abstract than Miriam's face. The desire to see it again was as pressing as thirst; but he tried to teach himself the endurance of the traveler in the desert. He kept the Channel between them, but his spirit moved every day an inch nearer to her, until (and it was not long) there were no more inches left. The last thing he expected the future ambassadress to have been was a *filles de théâtre*. The answer to this objection was of course that Miriam was not yet so much of one but that he could easily head her off. Then came worrying retorts to that, chief among which was the sense that to his artistic conscience heading her off would be simple shallowness. The poor girl had a right to her chance, and he should not really alter anything by taking it away from her; for was she not the artist to the tips of her tresses (the ambassadress never in the world), and would she not take it out in something else if one were to make her deviate? So certain was that irrepressible deviltry to insist ever on its own.

Besides, *could* one make her deviate? If she had no "sentiment" for him, what was his warrant for supposing that she could be corrupted into respectability? How could the career (his career) speak to a nature which had glimpses, as vivid as they were crude, of such a different range, and for which success meant quite another sauce to the dish?

Would the brilliancy of marrying Peter Sherringham be such a bribe to relinquishment? How could he think so without fatuity — how could he regard himself as a high prize? Relinquishment of the opportunity to exercise a rare talent was not, in the nature of things, an easy effort to a young lady who was conceited as well as ambitious. Besides, she might eat her cake and have it — might make her fortune both on the stage and in the world. Successful actresses had ended by marrying dukes, and was not that better than remaining obscure and marrying a commoner? There were moments when Sherringham tried to think that Miriam's talent was not a force to reckon with; there was so little to show for it as yet that the caprice of believing in it would perhaps suddenly leave her. But his suspicion that it was real was too uneasy to make such an experiment peaceful, and he came back, moreover, to his deepest impression — that of her being of the turn of mind for which the only consistency is art. Had not Madame Carré said at the last that she could "do anything"? It was true that if Madame Carré had been mistaken in the first place she might also be mistaken in the second. But in this latter case she would be mistaken with him, and such an error would be too like a truth.

I ought possibly to hesitate to say how much Sherringham felt the discomfort, for him, of the advantage that Miriam had of him — the advantage of her presenting herself in a light which rendered any passion that he might entertain an implication of duty as well as of pleasure. Why there should be this implication was more than he could say; sometimes he declared to himself that he was superstitious for seeing it. He did n't know, he could scarcely conceive, of another case, of the same general type, in which he would have seen it. In foreign countries there were very few ladies of Miss Rooth's intended pro-

fession who would not have regarded it as a little too strong that, to console them for not being admitted into drawing-rooms, they should have no offset but the exercise of a virtue in which no one would believe. Because, in foreign countries, actresses were not admitted into drawing-rooms: that was a pure English drollery, ministering equally little to histrionics and to the tone of these resorts. Did the sanctity which, to his imagination, made it a burden to have to reckon with Miriam come from her being English? Sherringham could remember cases in which that privilege operated as little as possible as a restriction. It came a great deal from Mrs. Rooth, in whom he apprehended depths of calculation as to what she might achieve for her daughter by "working" the idea of a blameless life. Her romantic turn of mind would not in the least prevent her from regarding that idea as a substantial capital, to be laid out to the best worldly advantage. Miriam's essential irreverence was capable, on a pretext, of making mince-meat of it — that he was sure of; for the only capital she recognized was the talent which, some day, managers and agents would outbid each other in paying for. But she was a good-natured creature; she was fond of her mother, would do anything to oblige (that might work in all sorts of ways), and would probably like the loose slippers of blamelessness quite as well as the high standards of the opposite camp.

Sherringham, I may add, had no desire that she should indulge a different preference; it was foreign to him to compute the probabilities of a young lady's misbehaving for his advantage (that seemed to him definitely base), and he would have thought himself a blackguard if, professing a tenderness for Miriam, he had not wished the thing that was best for her. The thing that was best for her would no doubt be to become the wife of the man to whose suit



she should incline her ear. That this would be the best thing for the gentleman in question was, however, a very different matter, and Sherringham's final conviction was that it would never do for him to turn into that hypothetical personage. He asked for no removal and no extension of leave, and he proved to himself how well he knew what he was about by never addressing a line, during his absence, to the *Hôtel de la Mayenne*. He would simply go straight, and inflict as little injury upon Peter Sherringham as upon any one else. He remained away to the last hour of his privilege, and continued to act lucidly in having nothing to do with the mother and daughter for several days after his return to Paris.

It was when this discipline came to an end, one afternoon, after a week had passed, that he felt most the force of the reference that has just been made to Mrs. Rooth's private reckonings. He found her at home, alone, writing a letter under the lamp, and as soon as he came in she cried out that he was the very person to whom the letter was addressed. She could bear it no longer; she had permitted herself to reproach him with his terrible silence—to ask why he had quite forsaken them. It was an illustration of the way in which her visitor had come to regard her that he rather disbelieved than believed this description of the crumpled papers lying on the table. He was not sure even that he believed that Miriam had just gone out. He told her mother how busy he had been all the while he was away and how much time, in particular, he had had to give, in London, to seeing on her daughter's behalf the people connected with the theatres.

"Ah, if you pity me, tell me that you've got her an engagement!" Mrs. Rooth cried, clasping her hands.

"I took a great deal of trouble; I wrote ever so many notes, sought introductions, talked with people—such im-

possible people, some of them. In short I knocked at every door, I went into the question exhaustively." And he enumerated the things he had done, imparted some of the knowledge he had gathered. The difficulties were immense, and even with the influence he could command (such as it was) there was very little to be achieved in face of them. Still, he had gained ground: there were two or three fellows, men with small theatres, who had listened to him better than the others, and there was one in particular whom he had a hope he really might have interested. From him he had extracted certain benevolent assurances: he would see Miriam, he would listen to her, he would do for her what he could. The trouble was that no one would lift a finger for a girl unless she were known, and yet that she never could become known until innumerable fingers were lifted. You could n't go into the water unless you could swim, and you could n't swim until you had been in the water.

"But new women appear; they get theatres, they get audiences, they get notices in the newspapers," Mrs. Rooth objected. "I know of these things only what Miriam tells me. It's no knowledge that I was born to."

"It's perfectly true; it's all done with money."

"And how do they come by money?" Mrs. Rooth asked, candidly.

"People give it to them."

"Well, what people, now?"

"People who believe in them."

"As you believe in Miriam?"

Sherringham was silent a moment.

"No, rather differently. A poor man does n't believe anything in the same way that a rich man does."

"Ah, don't call yourself poor!" groaned Mrs. Rooth.

"What good would it do me to be rich?"

"Why, you could take a theatre; you could do it all yourself."

"And what good would that do me?"

"Why, don't you delight in her genius?" demanded Mrs. Rooth.

"I delight in her mother. You think me more disinterested than I am," Sherringham added, with a certain soreness of irritation.

"I know why you did n't write!" Mrs. Rooth declared, archly.

"You must go to London," Peter said, without heeding this remark.

"Ah, if we could only get there it would be a relief. I should draw a long breath. There, at least, I know where I am, and what people are. But here one lives in the midst of things!" And the poor lady gave a significant but unexplanatory sigh, as if these things were beyond all speech.

"The sooner you get away the better," Sherringham went on.

"I know why you say that."

"It's just what I'm explaining."

"I could n't have held out if I had n't been so sure of Miriam," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Well, you need n't hold out any longer."

"Don't *you* trust her?" asked Sherringham's hostess.

"Trust her?"

"You don't trust yourself. That's why you were silent, why we might have thought you were dead, why we might have perished ourselves."

"I don't think I understand you; I don't know what you are talking about," Sherringham said. "But it does n't matter."

"Does n't it? Let yourself go; why should you struggle?" the old woman inquired.

Her unexpected insistence annoyed her visitor, and he was silent again, looking at her, on the point of telling her that he did n't like her tone. But he had his tongue under such control that he was able presently to say, instead of this — and it was a relief to him to give

audible voice to the reflection — "It's a great mistake, either way, for a man to be in love with an actress. Either it means nothing serious, and what's the use of that? or it means everything, and that's still more delusive."

"Delusive?"

"Idle, unprofitable."

"Surely, honest love is never unprofitable," Mrs. Rooth rejoined, with soft reasonableness.

"In such a case how can it be honest?"

"I thought you were talking of an English gentleman," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Call the poor fellow whatever you like: a man with his life to lead, his way to make, his work, his duties, his career, to attend to. If it means nothing, as I say, the thing it means least of all is marriage."

"Oh, my own Miriam!" murmured Mrs. Rooth.

"On the other hand, fancy the complication if such a man marries a woman who is on the stage."

Mrs. Rooth regarded him. "Miriam is n't on the stage yet."

"Go to London, and she soon will be."

"Yes, and then you'll have your excuse."

"My excuse?"

"For deserting us altogether."

Sherringham broke into laughter at this, the tone was so droll. Then he rejoined, "Show me some good acting, and I won't desert you."

"Good acting? Ah, what is the best acting compared with the position of an English lady? If you'll take her as she is, you may have her," Mrs. Rooth suddenly added.

"As she is, with all her ambitions unassuaged?"

"To marry you — might not that be an ambition?"

"A very paltry one. Don't answer for her, don't attempt that," said Sherringham. "You can do much better."

"Do you think *you* can?" smiled Mrs. Rooth.

"I don't want to; I only want to let it alone. She's an artist; you must give her her head," Peter went on.

"But I have known great ladies who were artists. In English society there is always a field."

"Don't talk to me of English society! Thank heaven, in the first place, I don't live in it. Do you want her to give up her genius?"

"I thought you did n't care for it."

"She'd say, 'No, I thank you, dear mamma.'"

"My gifted child!" Mrs. Rooth murmured.

"Have you ever proposed it to her?"

"Proposed it?"

"That she should give up trying."

Mrs. Rooth hesitated, looking down. "Not for the reason you mean. We don't talk about love," she simpered.

"Then it's so much less time wasted. Don't stretch out your hand to the worse when it may some day grasp the better," Sherringham pursued. Mrs. Rooth raised her eyes at him, as if she recognized the force there might be in that, and he added: "Let her blaze out, let her look about her. Then you may talk to me if you like."

"It's very puzzling," the old woman remarked, artlessly.

Sherringham laughed again; then he said, "Now don't tell me I'm not a good friend."

"You are indeed — you're a very noble gentleman. That's just why a quiet life with you" —

"It would n't be quiet for me!" Sherringham broke in. "And that's not what Miriam was made for."

"Don't say that, for my precious one!" Mrs. Rooth quavered.

"Go to London — go to London," her visitor repeated.

Thoughtfully, after an instant, she extended her hand and took from the table the letter on the composition of

which he had found her engaged. Then, with a quick movement, she tore it up.

"That's what Mr. Dashwood says."

"Mr. Dashwood?"

"I forgot you don't know him. He's the brother of that lady we met the day you were so good as to receive us; the one who was so kind to us — Mrs. Lovick."

"I never heard of him."

"Don't you remember that she spoke of him, and Mr. Lovick did n't seem very kind about him? She told us that if he were to meet us — and she was so good as to insinuate that it would be a pleasure to him to do so — he might give us, as she said, a tip."

Sherringham indulged in a visible effort to recollect. "Yes, he comes back to me. He's an actor."

"He's a gentleman too," said Mrs. Rooth.

"And you've met him, and he *has* given you a tip?"

"As I say, he wants us to go to London."

"I see, but even I can tell you that."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Rooth; "but *he* says he can help us."

"Keep hold of him, then, if he's in the business."

"He's a perfect gentleman," said Mrs. Rooth. "He's immensely struck with Miriam."

"Better and better. Keep hold of him."

"Well, I'm glad you don't object," Mrs. Rooth smiled.

"Why should I object?"

"You don't consider us as *all* your own?"

"My own? Why, I regard you as the public's — the world's."

Mrs. Rooth gave a little shudder. "There's a sort of chill in that. It's grand, but it's cold. However, I need n't hesitate, then, to tell you that it's with Mr. Dashwood that Miriam has gone out."

"Why hesitate, gracious heaven?"

But in the next breath Sherringham asked, "Where has she gone?"

"You don't like it!" laughed Mrs. Rooth.

"Why should it be a thing to be enthusiastic about?"

"Well, he's charming, and I trust him."

"So do I," said Sherringham.

"They've gone to see Madame Carré."

"She has come back, then?"

"She was expected back last week. Miriam wants to show her how she has improved."

"And *has* she improved?"

"How can I tell — with my mother's heart?" asked Mrs. Rooth. "I don't judge; I only wait and pray. But Mr. Dashwood thinks she is wonderful."

"That's a blessing. And when did he turn up?"

"About a fortnight ago. We met Mrs. Lovick at the English church, and she was so good as to recognize us and speak to us. She said she had been away, with her children, or she would have come to see us. She had just returned to Paris."

"Yes, I've not yet seen her," said Sherringham. "I see Lovick, but he does n't talk of his brother-in-law."

"I did n't, that day, like his tone about him," Mrs. Rooth observed. "We walked a little way with Mrs. Lovick, and she asked Miriam about her prospects, and if she were working. Miriam said she had no prospects."

"That was not very nice to me," Sherringham interrupted.

"But when you had left us in black darkness, where *were* our prospects?"

"I see; it's all right. Go on."

"Then Mrs. Lovick said her brother was to be in Paris for a few days, and that she would tell him to come and see us. He arrived, she told him, and he came. *Voilà!*" said Mrs. Rooth.

"So that now (so far as *he* is concerned) Miss Rooth has prospects?"

"He is n't a manager, unfortunately."

"Where does he act?"

"He is n't acting just now; he has been abroad. He has been to Italy, I believe, and he is just stopping here on his way to London."

"I see; he *is* a perfect gentleman," said Sherringham.

"Ah, you're jealous of him."

"No, but you're trying to make me so. The more competitors there are for the glory of bringing her out, the better for her."

"Mr. Dashwood wants to take a theatre," said Mrs. Rooth.

"Then perhaps he's our man."

"Oh, if you'd help him!" cried Mrs. Rooth.

"Help him?"

"Help him to help us."

"We'll all work together; it will be jolly," said Sherringham gayly. "It's a sacred cause, the love of art, and we shall be a happy band. Dashwood's his name?" he added in a moment. "Mrs. Lovick was n't a Dashwood."

"It's his *nom de théâtre* — Basil Dashwood. Do you like it?" Mrs. Rooth inquired.

"You say that as Miriam might do: her talent is catching."

"She's always practicing — always saying things over and over, to seize the tone. I have her voice in my ears. He wants *her* not to have any."

"Not to have any?"

"Any *nom de théâtre*. He wants her to use her own; he likes it so much. He says it will do so well — you can't better it."

"He's a capital adviser," said Sherringham, getting up. "I'll come back to-morrow."

"I won't ask you to wait till they return, they may be so long," Mrs. Rooth replied.

"Will he come back with her?" Sherringham inquired, smoothing his hat.

"I hope so, at this hour. With my

child in the streets I tremble. We don't live in cabs, as you may easily suppose."

"Did they go on foot?" Sherringham continued.

"Oh, yes; they started in high spirits."

"And is Mr. Basil Dashwood acquainted with Madame Carré?"

"Oh, no, but he longed to be introduced to her; he besought Miriam to take him. Naturally she wishes to oblige him. She's very nice to him — if he can do anything."

"Quite right; that's the way."

"And she also wanted him to see what she can do for the great critic," Mrs. Rooth added.

"The great critic?"

"I mean that terrible old woman, as she sits there."

"That's what I should like to see too," said Sherringham.

"Oh, she has gone ahead; she is pleased with herself. 'Work, work, work,' said Madame Carré. Well, she has worked, worked, worked. That's what Mr. Dashwood is pleased with even more than with other things."

"What do you mean by other things?"

"Oh, her genius and her fine appearance."

"He approves of her fine appearance? I ask because you think he knows what will take."

"I know why you ask," said Mrs. Rooth. "He says it will be worth hundreds of thousands to her."

"That's the sort of thing I like to hear," Sherringham rejoined. "I'll come in to-morrow," he repeated.

"And shall you mind if Mr. Dashwood is here?"

"Does he come every day?"

"Oh, they're always at it."

"Always at it?"

"Why, she acts to him — every sort of thing — and he says if it will do."

"How many days has he been here, then?"

Mrs. Rooth reflected. "Oh, I don't know. Since he turned up they've passed so quickly."

"So far from 'minding' it, I'm eager to see him," Sherringham declared; "and I can imagine nothing better than what you describe — if he is n't an ass."

"Dear me, if he is n't clever you must tell us: we can't afford to be deceived!" Mrs. Rooth exclaimed, innocently and plaintively. "What do we know — how can we judge?" she added.

Sherringham hesitated, with his hand on the latch. "Oh, I'll tell you what I think of him!"

## XIX.

When he got into the street he looked about him for a cab, but he was obliged to walk some distance before encountering one. In this little interval he saw no reason to modify the determination he had formed in descending the steep staircase of the Hôtel de la Mayenne; indeed, the desire which prompted it only quickened his pace. He had an hour to spare, and he too would go to see Madame Carré. If Miriam and her companion had proceeded to the Rue de Constantinople on foot, he would probably reach the house as soon as they. It was all quite logical: he was eager to see Miriam — that was natural enough; and he had admitted to Mrs. Rooth that he was keen on the subject of Mrs. Lovick's theatrical brother, in whom such effective aid might perhaps reside. To catch Miriam really revealing herself to the old actress (since that was her errand), with the jump she believed herself to have taken, would be a very happy stroke, the thought of which made her benefactor impatient. He presently found his cab, and, as he bounded in, bade the coachman drive fast. He learned from Madame Carré's portress that her illustrious *locataire* was

at home and that a lady and a gentleman had gone up some time before.

In the little antechamber, after he was admitted, he heard a high voice issue from the salon, and, stopping a moment to listen, perceived that Miriam was already launched in a recitation. He was able to make out the words, all the more that before he could prevent the movement the maid-servant who had let him in had already opened the door of the room (one of the wings of it, there being, as in most French doors, two pieces), before which, within, a heavy curtain was suspended. Miriam was in the act of rolling out some speech from the English poetical drama—

"For I am sick and capable of fears,  
Oppressed with wrongs and therefore full of  
fears."

He recognized one of the great tirades of Shakespeare's Queen Constance, and saw she had just begun the magnificent scene at the beginning of the third act of King John, in which the passionate, injured mother and widow sweeps in wild organ-tones up and down the scale of her irony and wrath. The curtain concealed him, and he lurked there for three minutes after he had motioned to the *femme de chambre* to retire on tip-toe. The trio in the salon, absorbed in the performance, had apparently not heard his entrance or the opening of the door, which was covered by the girl's splendid declamation. Sherringham listened intently, he was so arrested by the manner in which she rendered her immense verses. He had needed to hear her utter but half a dozen of them to comprehend the long stride she had taken in his absence; they told him that she had leaped into possession of her means. He remained where he was till she arrived at—

"Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be  
true."

This apostrophe, being briefly responded

to in another voice, gave him time quickly to raise the curtain and show himself, passing into the room with a "Go on, go on!" and a gesture earnestly deprecating a stop.

Miriam, in the full swing of her part, paused but for an instant and let herself ring out again, while Peter sank into the nearest chair and she fixed him with her illumined eyes, or rather with those of the raving Constance. Madame Carré, buried in a chair, kissed her hand to him, and a young man who stood near the girl, giving her the cue, stared at him over the top of a little book. "Admirable—magnificent; go on," Sherringham repeated—"go on to the end of the scene—do it all!" Miriam flushed a little, but he immediately discovered that she had no personal emotion in seeing him again; the cold passion of art had perched on her banner and she listened to herself with an ear as vigilant as if she had been a Paganini drawing a fiddle-bow. This effect deepened as she went on, rising and rising to the great occasion, moving with extraordinary ease and in the largest, clearest style on the dizzy ridge of her idea. That she had an idea was visible enough, and that the whole thing was very different from all that Sherringham had hitherto heard her attempt. It belonged quite to another class of effort; she seemed now like the finished statue, lifted from the ground to its pedestal. It was as if the sun of her talent had risen above the hills and she knew that she was moving, that she would always move, in its guiding light. This conviction was the one artless thing that glimmered, like a young joy, through the tragic mask of Constance, and Sherringham's heart beat faster as he caught it in her face. It only made her appear more intelligent; and yet there had been a time when he had thought her stupid! Intelligent was the whole spirit in which she carried the scene, making him cry to himself, from point to point,



"How she feels it — how she sees it — how she creates it!"

He looked, at moments, at Madame Carré, and perceived that she had an open book in her lap, apparently a French prose version, brought by her visitors, of the play; but she never either glanced at him or at the volume; she only sat screwing into the girl her hard bright eyes, polished by experience like fine old brasses. The young man uttering the lines of the other speakers was attentive in another degree; he followed Miriam, in his own copy of the play, to be sure not to miss the cue; but he was elated and expressive, was evidently even surprised; he colored and smiled, and when he extended his hand to assist Constance to rise, after Miriam, acting out her text, had seated herself grandly on "the huge, firm earth," he bowed over her as obsequiously as if she had been his veritable sovereign. He was a very good looking young man, tall, well proportioned, straight-featured and fair, of whom, manifestly, the first thing to be said, on any occasion, was that he looked remarkably like a gentleman. He carried this appearance, which proved inveterate and importunate, to a point that was almost a negation of its spirit; that is, it might have been a question whether it could be gentlemanly, whether it were not indeed positively vulgar, to wear any character, even that particular one, so much on one's sleeve. It was literally on his sleeve that this young man partly wore his own; for it resided considerably in his attire, and in especial in a certain close-fitting dark blue frock-coat (a miracle of a fit), which moulded his young form just enough, and not too much, and constituted (as Sherringham was destined to perceive later), his perpetual uniform or badge. It was not till later that Sherringham began to feel exasperated by Basil Dashwood's "type" (the young stranger was of course Basil Dashwood), and even by his blue frock-coat, the recurrent, un-

varying, imperturbable "good form" of his aspect. This unprofessional air ended by striking one as the profession that he had adopted, and was indeed (so far as had as yet been indicated), his theatrical capital, his main qualification for the stage.

The powerful, ample manner in which Miriam handled her scene produced its full impression, the art with which she surmounted its difficulties, the liberality with which she met its great demand upon the voice, and the variety of expression that she threw into a torrent of oburgation. It was a real composition, studded with passages that called a suppressed "*Bravo!*" to the lips, and seeming to show that a talent capable of such an exhibition was capable of anything.

"But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose."

As Miriam turned to her imagined child with this exquisite apostrophe (she addressed Mr. Dashwood as if he were playing Arthur, and he lowered his book, dropped his head and his eyes and looked handsome and ingenuous), she opened at a stroke, to Sherringham's vision, a prospect that they would yet see her express tenderness better even than anything else. Her voice was enchanting in these lines, and the beauty of her performance was that while she uttered the full fury of the part she missed none of its poetry.

"Where did she get hold of that — where did she get hold of that?" Sherringham wondered while his whole sense vibrated. "She had n't got hold of it when I went away." And the assurance flowed over him again that she had found the key to her box of treasures. In the summer, during their weeks of frequent meeting, she had only fumbled with the lock. One Oc-

tober day, while he was away, the key had slipped in, had fitted, or her finger at last had touched the right spring, and the capricious casket had flown open.

It was during the present solemnity that Sherringham, excited by the way she came out and with a hundred startled ideas about her wheeling through his mind, was for the first time and most vividly visited by a perception that ended by becoming frequent with him — that of the perfect presence of mind, unconfused, unhurried by emotion, that any artistic performance requires and that all, whatever the instrument, require in exactly the same degree: the application, in other words, lucid and calculated, crystal-firm as it were, of the idea conceived in the glow of experience, of suffering, of joy. Sherringham afterwards often talked of this with Miriam, who, however, was not able to present him with a neat theory of the subject. She had no knowledge that it was publicly discussed; she was only, practically, on the side of those who hold that at the moment of production the artist cannot have his wits too much about him. When Peter told her there were people who maintained that in such a crisis he must forget the question of effect, she stared with surprise, and then broke out, "Ah, the idiots!" She eventually became, in her judgments, in impatience and the expression of contempt, very free and absolutely irreverent. On one occasion Sherringham said to her, in relation to this question of the emotion of the actor, that those who considered that he should lose sight of his effect did so because they held that he must think only of his cause. At this she stared even less receptively than before and asked, "What has the public got to do with a cause? That's none of their business!"

"What a splendid scolding!" Sherringham exclaimed when, on the en-

trance of the Pope's legate, her companion closed the book upon the scene. Peter pressed his lips to Madame Carré's finger-tips; the old actress got up and held out her arms to Miriam. The girl never took her eyes off Sherringham while she passed into Madame Carré's embrace and remained there. They were full of their usual sombre fire, and it was always the case that they expressed too much anything that they expressed at all; but they were not defiant nor even triumphant now — they were only deeply explicative; they seemed to say, "That's the sort of thing I meant; that's what I had in mind when I asked you to try to do something for me." Madame Carré folded her pupil to her bosom, holding her there as the old marquise in a *comédie de mœurs* might, in the last scene, have held her god-daughter the *ingénue*.

"Have you got me an engagement?" Miriam asked of Sherringham. "Yes, he has done something splendid for me," she went on to Madame Carré, resting her hand caressingly on one of the actress's, while the old woman discoursed with Mr. Dashwood, who was telling her, in very pretty French, that he was tremendously excited about Miss Rooth. Madame Carré looked at him as if she wondered how he appeared when he was calm and how, as a dramatic artist, he expressed that condition.

"Yes, yes, something splendid, for a beginning," Sherringham answered, radiantly, recklessly; feeling now only that he would say anything, do anything, to please her. He spent, on the spot, in imagination, his last penny.

"It's such a pity you could n't follow it; you would have liked it so much better," Mr. Dashwood observed to his hostess.

"Could n't follow it? Do you take me for a fool?" the celebrated artist cried. "I suspect I followed it *de plus près que vous, monsieur!*"

"Ah, you see the language is so awfully fine," Basil Dashwood replied, looking at his shoes.

"The language? Why, she rails like a fishwife. Is that what you call language? Ours is another business."

"If you understood — if you understood you would see the greatness of it," Miriam declared. And then, in another tone, "Such delicious expressions!"

"*On dit que c'est très-fort.* But who can tell if you really say it?" Madame Carré demanded.

"Ah, *par exemple*, I can!" Sherringham exclaimed.

"Oh, you — you're a Frenchman."

"Could n't he tell if he were not?" asked Basil Dashwood.

The old woman shrugged her shoulders. "He would n't know."

"That's flattering to me."

"Oh, you — don't you pretend to complain," Madame Carré said. "I prefer *our* imprecations — those of Camille," she went on. "They have the beauty *des plus belles choses*."

"I can say them too," Miriam broke in.

"*Insolente!*" smiled Madame Carré.

"Camille does n't squat down on the floor in the middle of them."

"For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

To me and to the state of my great grief  
Let kings assemble,"

Miriam quickly declaimed. "Ah, if you don't feel the way she makes a throne of it!"

"It's really tremendously fine, *chère madame*," Sherringham said. "There's nothing like it."

"*Vous êtes insupportables*," the old woman answered. "Stay with us. I'll teach you Phédre."

"Ah, Phædra — Phædra!" Basil Dashwood vaguely ejaculated, looking more gentlemanly than ever.

"You have learned all I have taught you, but where the devil have you learned what I have n't taught you?" Madame Carré went on.

"I've worked — I have; you'd call it work — all through the bright, late summer, all through the hot, dull, empty days. I've battered down the door — I did hear it crash one day. But I'm not so very good yet; I'm only in the right direction."

"*Malicieuse!*" murmured Madame Carré.

"Oh, I can beat that," the girl went on.

"Did you wake up one morning and find you had grown a pair of wings?" Sherringham asked. "Because that's what the difference amounts to — you really soar. Moreover, you're an angel," he added, charmed with her unexpectedness, the good-nature of her forbearance to reproach him for not having written to her. And it seemed to him, privately, that she *was* angelic when, in answer to this, she said, ever so kindly —

"You know you read King John with me before you went away. I thought over immensely what you said. I did n't understand it much at the time — I was so stupid. But it all came to me later."

"I wish you could see yourself," Sherringham answered.

"My dear fellow, I do. What do you take me for? I did n't miss a vibration of my voice, a fold of my robe."

"I did n't see you looking," Sherringham returned.

"No one ever will. Do you think I would show it?"

"*Ars celare artem*," Basil Dashwood jocosely dropped.

"You must first have the art to hide," said Sherringham, wondering a little why Miriam did n't introduce her young friend to him. She was, however, both then and later, perfectly neglectful of such cares, never thinking or heeding how other people got on together. When she found they did n't get on she laughed at them: that was the nearest she came to arranging for them. Sherringham observed, from the moment she felt her

strength, the immense increase of her good-humored inattention to detail — all detail save that of her work, to which she was ready to sacrifice holocausts of feelings, when the feelings were other people's. This conferred on her a kind of profanity, an absence of ceremony in her social relations which was both amusing, because it suggested that she would take what she gave, and formidable, because it was inconvenient and you might not care to give what she would take.

"If you have n't got any art, it's not quite the same as if you did n't hide it, is it?" asked Basil Dashwood.

"That's right — say one of your clever things!" murmured Miriam, sweetly, to the young man.

"You're always acting," he answered, in English, with a laugh, while Sherringham remained struck with his expressing just what he himself had felt weeks before.

"And when you have shown them your termagant, to your public *de là-bas*, what will you do next?" asked Madame Carré.

"I'll do Juliet — I'll do Cleopatra."

"Rather a big bill, is n't it?" Mr. Dashwood volunteered to Sherringham, in a friendly, discriminating manner.

"Constance and Juliet — take care you don't mix them," said Sherringham.

"I want to be various. You once told me I had a hundred characters," Miriam replied.

"Ah, *vous-en-êtes là*?" cried the old actress. "You may have a hundred characters, but you have only three plays. I'm told that's all there are in English."

Miriam appealed to Sherringham. "What arrangements have you made? What do the people want?"

"The people at the theatre?"

"I'm afraid they don't want King John, and I don't believe they hunger for Antony and Cleopatra," Basil Dashwood suggested. "Ships and sieges, and

armies and pyramids, you know: we must n't be too heavy."

"Oh, I hate scenery!" sighed Miriam.

"*Elle est superbe*," said Madame Carré. "You must put those pieces on the stage: how will you do it?"

"Oh, we know how to get up a play in London, Madame Carré," Basil Dashwood responded, genially. "They put money on it, you know."

"On it? But what do they put *in* it? Who will interpret them? Who will manage a style like that — the style of which the verses she just repeated are a specimen? Whom have you got that one has ever heard of?"

"Oh, you'll hear of a good deal when once she gets started," Basil Dashwood contended, cheerfully.

Madame Carré looked at him a moment; then, "You'll become very bad," she said to Miriam. "I'm glad I sha'n't see it."

"People will do things for me — I'll make them," the girl declared. "I'll stir them up so that they'll have ideas."

"What people, pray?"

"Ah, terrible woman!" Sherringham moaned, theatrically.

"We translate your pieces — there will be plenty of parts," Basil Dashwood said.

"Why then go out of the door to come in at the window? — especially if you smash it! An English arrangement of a French piece is a pretty woman with her back turned."

"Do you really want to keep her?" Sherringham asked of Madame Carré, as if he were thinking for a moment that this after all might be possible.

She bent her strange eyes on him. "No, you are all too queer together; we could n't be bothered with you, and you're not worth it."

"I'm glad it's together; we can console each other."

"If you only would; but you don't seem to! In short, I don't understand you, and I give you up. But it does n't

matter," said the old woman, wearily, "for the theatre is dead and even you, *ma toute-belle*, won't bring it to life. Everything is going from bad to worse, and I don't care what becomes of you. You wouldn't understand us here and they won't understand you there, and everything is impossible, and no one is a whit the wiser, and it's not of the least consequence. Only when you raise your arms, lift them just a little higher," Madame Carré added.

"My mother will be happier *chez nous*," said Miriam, throwing her arms straight up, with a noble tragic movement.

"You won't be in the least in the right path till your mother's in despair."

"Well, perhaps we can bring that about even in London," Sherringham suggested, laughing.

"Dear Mrs. Rooth — she's great fun," Mr. Dashwood dropped.

Miriam transferred the gloomy beauty of her gaze to him, as if she were practicing. "You won't upset her, at any rate." Then she stood, with her fatal mask, before Madame Carré. "I want to do the modern too. I want to do *le drame*, with realistic effects."

"And do you want to look like the portico of the Madeleine when it's draped for a funeral?" her instructress mocked. "Never, never. I don't believe you're various: that's not the way I see you. You're pure tragedy, with *de grands effets de voir*, in the great style, or you're nothing."

"Be beautiful — be only that," Sherringham urged. "Be only what you can be so well — something that one may turn to for an illustration of perfect art, to lift one out of all the vulgarities of the day."

Thus apostrophized, the girl broke out with one of the speeches of Racine's Phædra, and hushed her companions on the instant. "You'll be the English Rachel," said Basil Dashwood when she stopped.

"Acting in French!" Madame Carré exclaimed. "I don't believe in an English Rachel."

"I shall have to work it out, what I shall be," Miriam responded, with a rich, pensive effect.

"You're in wonderfully good form to-day," Sherringham said to her; his appreciation revealing a personal subjection which he was unable to conceal from his companions, much as he wished it.

"I really mean to do everything."

"Very well; after all, Garrick did."

"Well, I shall be the Garrick of my sex."

"There's a very clever author doing something for me; I should like you to see it," said Basil Dashwood, addressing himself equally to Miriam and to her diplomatic friend.

"Ah, if you have very clever authors!" And Madame Carré spun the sound to the finest satiric thread.

"I shall be very happy to see it," said Sherringham.

This response was so benevolent that Basil Dashwood presently began: "May I ask you at what theatre you have made arrangements?"

Sherringham looked at him a moment. "Come and see me at the embassy and I'll tell you." Then he added, "I know your sister, Mrs. Lovick."

"So I supposed: that's why I took the liberty of asking such a question."

"It's no liberty; but Mr. Sherringham does n't appear to be able to tell you," said Miriam.

"Well, you know it's a very funny world, all those theatrical people over there," Sherringham said.

"Ah, don't say anything against them, when I'm one of them," Basil Dashwood laughed.

"I might plead the absence of information, as Miss Rooth has neglected to make us acquainted."

Miriam smiled: "I know you both so little." But she presented them, with a great stately air, to each other,

and the two men shook hands while Madame Carré observed them.

"*Tiens!* you gentlemen meet here for the first time? You do right to become friends—that's the best thing. Live together in peace and mutual confidence. *C'est de beaucoup le plus sage.*"

"Certainly, for yoke-fellows," said Sherringham.

He began the next moment to repeat to his new acquaintance some of the things he had been told in London; but their hostess stopped him off, waving the talk away with charming overdone stage horror and the young hands of the heroines of Marivaux. "Ah, wait till you go, for that! Do you suppose I care for news of your mountebanks' booths?"

Henry James.

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### THE SPEAKER'S POWER.

It is the theory that the majority of the members of the federal House of Representatives may pass whatever measure they desire. As a matter of fact, the body is under the dominion of three persons, — the Speaker, the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and the "filibuster." Of these three, the Speaker is the most potent, although the other two are very powerful.

The Committee on Appropriations does not alone possess the right to report at any time. Other committees, notably the Ways and Means, enjoy the same privilege. But the bills providing for the public expenditures are regarded as so vital that the question of consideration can rarely be carried against one of them. The question of consideration gives to the majority of the House one of its few opportunities to overrule the plans of the little army of leaders. It may be raised against any measure, at the moment it is laid before the House. Even if the bill has been made a "special order" for the day, the majority may determine that it shall not be considered on that day, and this may go on until some bill is reached upon which the majority is desirous of voting. Naturally, it is very seldom that there can be found a majority to vote against the con-

sideration of an appropriation bill. For this reason, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee has a great power of obstruction; for so long as he has one of his regular bills in hand he can interpose it against any motion that is obnoxious to him.

The filibuster is one of the most offensive products of our system of legislative procedure. He is the creature of a theory that the right to adjourn is one of the most sacred of parliamentary privileges, and that the motion to break up the sitting is always in order. There is also a tradition, of modern origin, that the rules are made to protect the minority from the encroachments of the majority. During the last session of the Fiftieth Congress, a Representative determined that a certain bill should have a hearing, and he proceeded to accomplish his object by preventing the transaction of all other public business until the leaders of the House came to an agreement with him. It was a most pitiable exhibition of the weakness of the popular branch of the American Congress. One man brought it to its knees and gained his will of it. This was bad enough, but he had been inspired by the opponents of the measure, who were in the minority, and who had, in their turn, filibustered to prevent its



consideration. It was in this unreasonable, discordant, and riotous way that the majority gained its end. But just before his triumph, those who subsequently became the worst-beaten victims of this man's obstructive tactics had delivered themselves of some extraordinary speeches. The Committee on Rules had reported a resolution, the object of which was to put an end to a certain species of filibustering. It provided that during the remainder of the session there should be no call of States for the introduction of bills and resolutions on the two Mondays of the month on which motions to suspend the rules may be made. The session was near its end. No bills introduced at that time could be considered even by the standing committees to which they would be referred. No report on them could be expected. They would not even find a place on the calendar, the grave of many measures that ought to be on the statute-book. Nevertheless, the resolution was defeated, because the filibusters of the House desired to retain the power to wear out the legislative suspension day, by introducing long bills which had been raked up from the dust-covered documents of former Congresses, and demanding that the clerk should read them through. There is nothing so simple, nothing which necessitates so little exertion of the mind of the Congressman who resorts to it, and therefore nothing so brutal in the armory of the filibuster as this demand that bills shall be read at the clerk's desk in order that time shall be consumed. The most serious effect of the defeat of this resolution was the failure of the friends of the International Copyright Bill to secure a hearing.

It was during the debate on this resolution that the first victims of the action of the House made their extraordinary speeches. One would have thought, to hear them, that the Commons were

still contending against the Crown's tyrannical claims of prerogative, and that the House of Representatives at Washington was the Commons' House. It was all so mediæval and archaic, — so reminiscent of the darker days of English history, when the representatives of the people were buying privileges and immunities with the supply bills. The contention was that the right to pervert the rules of the House, and to prevent Congress from discharging its constitutional functions, is one of the muniments of our civil liberty, a governmental institution as unassailable as the Bill of Rights. The right to filibuster, so argued these alarmists, is essential to defend the minority from the encroachments of the majority; and the majority seemed to think the argument sound, and that in some mysterious way the minority would be persecuted, and that it would suffer from aggressive violence, if the rules of the House should be employed for the purpose of facilitating the transaction of business.

Toward the close of the last Congress, this minority, having years ago ceased to be in any sense political, came to consist of half a dozen men, or occasionally of only one or two; and these few men, desiring to defeat some legislation, or to weary the House into consenting to consider their measures, carried their objects by playing unworthy tricks with the rules; in a word, by committing the offense of filibustering. The filibuster, therefore, may secure an affirmative as well as a negative result. He can not only prevent the consideration of a measure which he may desire to defeat, but he can compel a hearing for his own schemes. It is true that only a few members of Congress will take the responsibility of filibustering for or against measures that are not partisan, but these few are very dangerous, especially if they are not carrying out the wishes of the people of the districts which they represent, as was true of some of the



busiest of the obstructionists of the last Congress.

More powerful, however, than the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and generally than the filibuster, is the Speaker. He is in modern theory the leader of the majority party in the House, although in fact there is no real party leader in either branch of the Congress. Even the authority of the caucus has been weakened, if it has not been actually destroyed, by the persistent refusal of the protection Democrats to vote for the tariff bills which have been agreed to by the conclave of their party. But the Speaker comes nearer to leadership than any other member of the House, and he has an influence which is due not only to the fact that he is usually the real intellectual leader of his side of the House, but to the more substantial fact that he is possessed of a wealth of patronage which is not wholly exhausted by the appointment of the standing committees. He has a directive power over legislation that makes his friendship of great value to a member, while his enmity is something that very seriously damages the public career of any one who is so unfortunate as to incur it.

Precisely why the Speaker is so nearly absolute, and why he must continue to be so until our existing system of legislation is changed, can be appreciated only by a clear understanding of the constitution of the House. In the first place, as has been frequently pointed out by writers on Congress and its methods, there is no such leader in the House of Representatives as there is in the British House of Commons. We have no such institution as that which is known in England as "government," because our ostensible Executive is the real Executive, while one of our fundamental theories is that the two departments must be wholly independent of one another. This may be classed as an American fiction, and is quite on a

footing with a great mass of fictions that lie at the foundation of English constitutional law. We have no immediate personal representatives of the Executive in Congress, and no person or no body of persons charged with the duty of preparing and directing the legislation for which the political party in control of the House is to be held responsible.

The domination of the standing committees and the leadership of their chairmen have been severely criticised as destructive of debate and of wise deliberation in the House of Representatives. The committees have been called "little legislatures," and their influence for evil has been strongly dwelt upon. It is not within the province of the present article, however, to examine into the merits of that question. It is sufficient for our purpose to point out the existence of the committees, and their influence over the legislation of the House and the Speaker. Whether they could profitably be supplanted by some other supervisory power cannot be settled offhand. It is true that they divide responsibility, and are a source of weakness in some respects. On the other hand, they perform useful functions, generally very well, which would not be done at all unless the organization of the House should be revolutionized, and the subject-matter and the form of bills placed in the hands of some such arbitrary body as the British Cabinet. It is doubtless the fact that the prime cause of the difficulties of the House of Representatives, of its inability to accomplish its task satisfactorily, of its practical burial under the mass of business that cannot possibly be attended to, lies in the usurpation by Congress of jurisdiction over subjects which were not within the contemplation of the framers when they defined the powers and duties of the legislative branch of the government. Not only is the country larger than was dreamed of by the men of a hundred

years ago, but about two thirds of the States are the creatures of the United States. The federal government was an outgrowth of the original thirteen States, while the twenty-five newer States owe their place in the Union to the federal government. Their people look to Washington for much that the makers of the Constitution expected that the States would attend to, and this has bred a habit of mind throughout the whole country which vastly multiplies the burdens and labors of the federal government. The subjects which Congress considers have increased so much that it is impossible for a single body to begin to attend to them. Bad as committees are, from the point of view of those who think that the majority party should be responsible for the passage or failure of bills, and that there should be a clearly defined leadership to which all the members of the party should yield obedience, they are absolutely necessary in the present condition of things; and as little as Congress seems to accomplish, very much less would be done if its work were not divided as it is.

The important committees represent the Executive Department of the government. They take the place in the legislative body filled in England by the members of the Cabinet. They are in communication with the President and his advisers, and with their subordinates, the heads of bureaus and chiefs of divisions. They know whatever defects in the law have been discovered by those who administer it. They are familiar with the remedies that are suggested by the experience of the experts of the Executive Department. The work of the government has grown to be so great and so multifarious that it cannot be comprehended by a few men, and the committee system has at least the advantage of making it possible for each Cabinet officer to procure the preparation of intelligent bills concerning the

subjects which come within the scope of his duties. The committees not only accomplish this, but in a measure they take the place of the official government draftsmen of the British Parliament, harmonizing and perfecting the form of legislation.

Of the fifty-four standing committees, nine represent different branches of the Treasury Department, three the State Department, fifteen the Interior Department, six the War Department, three the Navy Department, two the Department of Justice, and two the Post-Office Department. In addition to these there are committees having jurisdiction over privileges and contested elections, over private claims, and over the routine business of the House, such as accounts, enrolled bills, mileage, rules, etc.

The reports that come from this swarm of committees go upon one of three calendars, or upon one of the three parts of a single calendar. They are divided into revenue bills, public bills not affecting the revenue, and private bills. No bill can be placed upon the calendar unless it is reported from a committee. Formerly, bills from the Senate used to go to the Speaker's table; but now they are referred to the appropriate committees, and cannot be considered unless they are upon the calendar, or by way of substitutes for House bills under discussion.

It is impossible that any bill on the calendar should be reached and taken up in its order. So far as the chances of obtaining a hearing for it are concerned, it might as well be No. 3000 as No. 300. The calendar is not called. Priority on it is of very little, if of any advantage. Legislation goes by favor, and mainly by favor of the Speaker. It is necessary that there should be some selection from the piled-up heaps of proposed legislation that come tumbling out of the hoppers of the committees on every day that reports are in order, and the Speaker's command of the floor,

his influence with his party, his patronage, and his *ex officio* chairmanship of the Committee on Rules give to him an immense, almost an absolute power over the order of business. He does not say directly that this bill shall come before the House, and that that shall not, but he is the most powerful factor in determining what propositions shall be discussed and voted on. He bears very little resemblance to his British prototype, who simply administers the rules of parliamentary law; and yet it is a mistake to assume that it was the original intention that he should be anything more than the quasi-judicial officer who presides over the House of Commons. But when the Constitution declared that "the House of Representatives should choose their Speaker," the end was inevitable; for the Speaker is almost necessarily the principal member of the majority party, who, if he remained on the floor, would attain leadership, as nearly as is possible in Congress. Whether this power is used wisely and virtuously depends upon the man who has been chosen to the speakership. It is an evil power, because its possessor is not responsible for its abuse. It is not wielded openly and in the presence of the country. Few people outside of Congress know that it resides anywhere, least of all that a certain measure has been taken up by the House of Representatives because the Speaker chose to recognize its mover, and agreed with him in advance that he would. It is not realized that very little can be done without the Speaker's consent, and that next to nothing can be accomplished against his opposition. It is a just theory of our institutions that all functions that are not exercised in public, and for the abuse of which no one can be held responsible, are dangerous to the welfare of the government. It is the great evil of the Speaker's power that the temptation to abuse it, for his party, is forever pushing him

in the direction of extreme partisanship. When he yields to the pressure, or when he connives at the passage of an unsound bill or the killing of a popular measure, he does not stand in the open light, under the gaze of the country; he deals his blow from behind and surreptitiously. A good man in the Speaker's chair will decide fairly between his own party and its opponents, and will be a great aid to wise legislation; but the principle which enables him to give this aid is wrong, and will assist a bad man to forward the corrupt schemes always to be found on the calendar, with plenty of noisy and industrious backing on the floor, in the lobbies, and in the newspapers. There have been many fair and honorable Speakers, but it is the fashion of extreme partisans in Congress to denounce fairness as weakness, and to insist that a public man best shows strength of mind by acts of injustice to his political opponents. Mr. Carlisle, the Speaker of the last three Congresses, is a remarkably firm and independent man. In the discharge of his official duties he was so fair that he won the respect and regard of the members of the opposite party. He looked upon the speakership as a judicial office, and could not have been induced to make a partisan decision. There have been other Speakers like him, and, in his admirable work on the American Commonwealth, Mr. Bryce does scant justice to many men who have filled this office, when he says: "In America the Speaker has immense political power, and is permitted — nay, expected — to use it in the interests of his party. In calling upon members to speak he prefers those of his own party. He decides in their favor such points of order as are not distinctly covered by the rules." The truth is that Speakers of whom all this could be asserted are few, and a presiding officer guilty of always administering the rules of the House in favor of his party would soon

lose caste with the men who selected him; for while nearly every individual Congressman of his party might be glad to have the Speaker strain a point for him, the body of Representatives, like the average of their fellow-countrymen, love fair play, and would resent such ostentatious and wholesale unfairness as Mr. Bryce describes.

The Speaker's power over legislation begins with his appointment of the standing committees. He is the choice of the majority of his party. Sometimes the party is united on the leading subjects that will come up for consideration, but that is infrequently the case, for parties in Congress do not always divide on strict party lines. Probably it would be impossible to elect a Speaker from either of the great parties who would agree with all his fellow-partisans on fiscal questions. If he were a Western Republican, he would not be likely to be so strict a protectionist as the Eastern Republicans would select. He would also, doubtless, differ from the New England view of the silver dollar, the provision that ought to be made for our foreign service, and the worth of the national bank system. If he were a Democrat, the difference between himself and Eastern Democrats on these questions would be still more radical, and the tariff would figure very largely in the list of disputed questions. Mr. Carlisle was selected as the candidate of his party in 1883, at the end of what appeared to be a most vigorous struggle between the revenue reformers and the protectionists of the Democratic party. In the caucus, however, Mr. Carlisle received about two thirds of the votes. The party, therefore, pledged itself to the policy of revenue reform. If an English political party had placed itself in a similar position before the country, the pledge would have been redeemed. As a matter of course, the Ways and Means Committee was made up to do the will of those who triumphed

by the selection of Mr. Carlisle. The Speaker appointed as its members men who would report a revenue reform bill, and, more than that, such a bill as he himself thought was wisest. Mr. Morrison conducted the successful campaign in the contest for the speakership, and, as he ought to have been, under the system which prevails in Congress, was made the chairman of the leading committee in the House. It was not, however, because he was at the head of the struggle against Mr. Randall that he was given his important place; it was because he, of all other Democrats in Congress, was the one to be put at the head of an effort to reform the tariff law by the reduction of duties. The story of that effort and its failure is part of the exceedingly interesting legislative history of recent years. It is referred to now simply to indicate in what manner the Speaker exercises an influence over legislation by the appointment of committees.

Precisely as Mr. Carlisle determined the character of the work that should be done by the Ways and Means Committees of the Congresses over which he presided, every Speaker determines, to a certain extent, legislation on the subjects that, in his mind, are most important; for, as has been explained, there can be no legislation without the assent of the committees. One Speaker will so compose his Ways and Means Committee that it will report a protection bill; another, so that it will not report any amendment to the tariff law. The Speaker can arrange for favorable committee action on almost any matter in which he may be interested. He may advance his theories for or against civil service reform; he may lend a helping hand to the Indian philanthropists or the Oklahoma boomers; he may construct the Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measures in such a manner that it will report a free coinage bill, or a bill suspending the government's monthly pur-

chase of \$2,000,000 of silver, or no bill at all. He may cause the annual appropriations to be penurious or extravagant. He may strike a blow at the army, and suspend the reconstruction of the navy. He may accomplish all that committees do in the preparation of legislation for the House. The body over which he presides must consider the legislation which he has seen fit to inspire.

Although the Speaker possesses this power of controlling bills, he does not always exercise it. He makes up his committees with a view to his party's interests, and sometimes to his own. He takes care that all proposed legislation on well-defined issues shall be in accord with the opinions of his own party or faction. Mr. Randall selected the Appropriations Committee with a view of keeping the expenditures of the government down, and the Ways and Means Committee for the purpose of keeping the tariff question out of the House. Mr. Carlisle appointed the members of the Ways and Means Committee with the opposite end in view, but some of his other committees were composed on the conservative plan. It must be borne in mind that the Speaker works under one serious limitation in choosing the members of his committees. It is that of his material. He must cut his coat according to his cloth. There are only a few strong men on each side of the House, — not enough generally for the chairmanships. If all the strong men are chairmen, the average of the committees must be low. If a predominant sentiment on a certain question pervades the majority, it must be recognized by the Speaker. If that sentiment favors the free coinage of silver, the Speaker must recognize it. He cannot make ideal committees. He cannot even satisfy himself in all respects. He can guard against what he considers dangerous legislation, but he must see to it that the prevailing feeling of the

House is represented on its committees. He cannot gain all his ends. He can do a good deal, and he is very powerful, but he cannot stand up in opposition to the majority of his party. The House has for years favored bi-metallism, and Mr. Bland, of Missouri, has been its leader on this subject. If Mr. Carlisle had desired the repeal of the Bland law, it is highly probable, nevertheless, that he would have appointed Mr. Bland as chairman of the Coinage Committee, because, if he had not, the silver men would have prevented the transaction of public business. They would have filibustered, and especially against any bills that most intimately represented the policy of the Speaker and his friends.

The Speaker may determine what shall be the leading characteristics of legislation in the House, but the committees must represent the opinions of the House to a large degree; and, moreover, a poor tradition, of recent growth, makes it the Speaker's duty to recognize seniority of service in selecting chairmen. Obedience to this bad precedent often compels the appointment of a chairman who is not only opposed to some of the Speaker's views, but who is one of the men who must be watched. He may be dishonest or injudicious. Whichever it is, he will possibly bring discredit upon the Speaker and the majority of the House, whose representative he is, as to the subjects within the jurisdiction of the committee over which he presides. Therefore he must be overweighed by the other members, and the usefulness of the committee impaired.

It is worth while to consider still another limitation upon the Speaker's power to accomplish all that he may desire. There may be two or more subjects in which he is interested, and which must be referred to the same committee. He may find it impossible to form a committee which will agree with him on all of these subjects, and he must therefore



choose what, in his opinion, is the most important of them. The consequence will be that while this committee will report one bill that is satisfactory to the Speaker, all its other reports may be far from pleasing; and this may subsequently lead to a struggle on the floor of the House between the various measures, on the question of consideration.

From all this it will be seen that while the Speaker is very powerful in influencing reports, he is not absolute. He can secure favorable reports on bills which embody the unquestioned views and theories of the party or faction which nominated him for the speakership. He may also prevent reports on bills which he considers dangerous or impolitic by so balancing a committee that it cannot act, and he may secure favorable action on bills concerning which the House has no opinion. The latter bills are by far the greater part of those which are introduced, and the Speaker is as much at sea concerning most of them as any of the members. Practically he is governed by the sentiment of the House. There are very few questions in which the party is concerned, and these he considers when he makes up his committees. Like any other member, he is not interested in many of the bills that are introduced on Mondays. He knows very little about them, and cares less. As a rule, he constructs most of his committees without regard to particular questions that may be presented to them, and it is untrue that many Speakers have bargained with the Representatives for or against legislation. It is not impossible, however, to imagine a Speaker who would use his power to shape legislation through the appointment of committees in the interest of the corrupt schemes that are constantly asking the aid of the law-making body.

To sum up, whatever may be the power of the Speaker, he appoints committees to promote or defeat certain

measures in obedience to the will of his party, and to further the few business propositions which he may favor and which are not opposed to a ruling sentiment of the House. The political power which the appointment of committees places in his hands is very important. Each House of Representatives legislates for one session after its successor has been chosen, and it may be, and often is, the case that the bills reported by some of the committees in this last session are directly contrary to the most recently expressed will of the people.

After a bill has been reported by the committee, and is on one of the three calendars of the House, the Speaker possesses a great deal of power over its future. Now is the critical time, because so few of the measures that reach the calendar can be considered by the House. Revenue bills must have a hearing, of course, and other bills that are so popular as to defeat revenue measures on the question of consideration. There are certain other subjects that are privileged, such as contested election cases; conference reports; matters pertaining to the comfort of the House and the facilitation of its business, like reports of the committees on enrolled bills, printing, and accounts; river and harbor bills, etc.

All general business, however, must pass by favor. If a measure is unimportant, or if it is generally agreed to, favor may take the form of unanimous consent. But before the member who has charge of the bill can obtain the unanimous consent of the members of the House, he must be recognized by the Speaker. That is the first concession for which he has to ask. Another method of passing bills which command a strong vote in the House is under a suspension of the rules. Motions to suspend the rules may be made on the first and third Mondays of each month, and on the last six days of the session. On the first Monday, these motions are made by in-

dividuals; on the third Monday, they are made in behalf of committees. The votes of two thirds of the members present for the proposition are necessary to carry it. Here again the Speaker's recognition is the prerequisite.

It is true, as has been stated by writers on this subject, that the Speaker generally keeps a list of those whom he intends to recognize; but the list is in the nature of a memorandum, and the Speaker does not hold himself bound by it. At the last moment, he may be asked for recognition in behalf of some matter which he regards as especially meritorious, and he always feels at liberty to give its mover an opportunity, notwithstanding the existence of a previously arranged list.

It is in connection with requests for unanimous consent and with motions to suspend the rules that the Speaker's power is most felt. It is safe to say that no measures of any moment are passed in this way unless the Speaker understands and approves of them. It has become the fashion for the occupant of the chair to set up as a censor over the House, and to refuse to permit the Representatives to have their way if he considers it a bad way. A good Speaker may, by exercising this kind of supervision, save the government a great deal of money, and keep the House clean from many a scandal that might otherwise rest upon it; but a bad Speaker may as easily help and encourage all manner of corruption. At all events, the practice is contrary to the theory of representative government, which is that the majority of the legislative body shall do its pleasure so long as it keeps within the limitations of the Constitution. The Speaker has no more right to thwart the majority and to prevent it from transacting the public business than the most commonplace and insignificant of filibusters. Private bills have their day each week, and pension bills their evening. Public building attacks

upon the Treasury have usually their day or two days in court in each session. Therefore the bills which are in control of the Speaker's nod, and for which a unanimous consent or a two-thirds vote may be obtained, are usually of general interest.

Another method of securing a hearing for a measure is by having a day set for consideration. This is a favor also, and it is obtained by unanimous consent, which is seldom given, or by a resolution that runs the gauntlet of a motion to suspend the rules, or is referred to the Committee on Rules. The Speaker is chairman of this committee. The reference is made by the House, and not under any of the standing rules, because reports from this committee are privileged. Here again the Speaker has enormous power over the fate of a bill; for the committee meets when he calls it, and he may refuse to call a meeting for months in order to kill a resolution fixing a day for a bill to which he is opposed, or because he fears that a report from the committee will result in the consideration of a measure which he is determined shall not have a hearing.

Still another method by which a bill may be brought before the House is provided in the rules. The committees are not only called for reports, but to make selection of bills that must be considered at once. The bill chosen by a committee, when it is reached, must be finished within the morning hours of two consecutive days, or go upon the calendar as unfinished business. This means re-burial, and therefore important measures, which usually attract opposition, cannot be advanced under this rule. In fact, the plan, which has been recently adopted, is not of much value. Committees also secure special orders for fixed days for any legislation which they may bring forward; and if the chairman of the Appropriations Committee does not interpose with one of his

bills, or the question of consideration is not carried against the regular order, or the filibuster does not rise up, the favored and fortunate committee succeeds in getting something considered.

In this stage of legislation, when the bill has passed out of the committee room and is on the calendar, the Speaker exercises his power more freely than he does in appointing the standing committees. He very often gives a member the opportunity to get his measure before the House; and he oftener absolutely kills bills by refusing to permit their movers to catch his eye. When the debate is on, he recognizes the speakers agreed upon. This power is enormous, and because many Speakers have endeavored to exercise it fairly and for the advancement of the public business, it is none the less dangerous. The order of business and the character of the legislation of the House of Representatives rest largely in the discretion of one man, who is not held responsible because he is not charged with the task which he performs. The first thoroughly bad Speaker we have will show the country what an evil thing this is. The Speaker here, as in the composition of the committees, is limited in the exercise of his power by what may be called the public opinion of the House. He cannot safely go against that, but the House, like each of its individual members, is interested in comparatively few subjects, and there is a very large and important field in which the Speaker can direct legislation. Here he is subject only to the filibuster, who is now nearly omnipotent. The Speaker may determine the character of a measure by his composition of the committee which considers it. He may see that the member in charge of it secures the floor and

presents it to the House, but here his functions cease. He cannot force it to a vote. From this time on, the filibuster is master of the situation. He is stronger than the Speaker, or the committee, or the House. He can compel the withdrawal of the measure, or he can force the Speaker to trade with him. Under the most recent theory of the rights of the minority, which may consist of only one member, all business is subject to his attack, and the man who can sway legislation and bend it as he desires must succumb at the last and most critical step if the filibuster rises up against him, while, opposed to this potentate, not even the public opinion of the House can prevail.

Here are the two mightiest powers in the House of Representatives, the two which control the law-making body. The Speaker is under certain limitations, which operate the more effectively the higher the character and ambition of the man who occupies the chair. The filibuster need not feel the force of any restraining influence, for it may well be that he has neither reputation to lose nor future to imperil. Until these two powers are bound, the majority of the American House of Representatives cannot control its business. So far as the Speaker is concerned, it is true that, until the present system is changed, he must continue to exercise the right to select bills for consideration. There must be some one to perform this task, and it would be the height of unwisdom if the House should undertake to go on without a regular and well-defined order of business; but that order should be directed by itself, and the legislation of Congress should not be left to the discretion of any man who may easily become an irresponsible autocrat.

*Henry Loomis Nelson.*

## JOHN EVELYN'S YOUTH.

WE can imagine no one whom it would have been more delightful to have had for a friend or relation than the all-accomplished Christian gentleman, philanthropist, scholar, artist, author, and scientist who wrote Evelyn's Diary. Living in a corrupt yet bigoted and superstitious age, he is our ideal of all that is pure, liberal, charitable, lovely, and of good report. He was, as Horace Walpole said, a Christian who "adored from examination; was a courtier that flattered only by informing his prince, and by pointing out what was worthy for him to countenance; and really was the neighbor of the gospel, for there was no man that might not have been the better for him."

He abhorred both profanity and dissipation and severe and affected austerity of manners; equally shunning Cavalier and Puritan extravagances and excesses. Yet when Charles II. and his reckless minions brought "deep and prodigious gaming" and foolish and licentious plays into fashion, he grew to feel an almost Puritan detestation of the card-table and the theatre, which in better days he had approved, and expressed his condemnation in strong language. It does one good to live in his society even now, when we can come no nearer to him than the daily record in his journal of his wise, happy, useful life. "God blessed him," as his affectionate friend the poet Cowley said, with "the choice of his own happiness," and "with prudence how to choose the best;" and he placed his "noble and innocent delights" in gardens and books, and in his lovely wife, in whom he found "*both* pleasures more refined and sweet:"—

"The fairest garden in her looks,  
And in her mind the wisest books."

Another of his dear friends, Bishop Burnet, calls him "this ingenious and

virtuous gentleman," and tells us that, not content to have advanced the knowledge of the age by his own labors, he was ready "to contribute everything in his power to perfect other men's endeavors." He was equally "the patron of the ingenious and the indigent." The chivalrous Sir Walter Scott, who found in Evelyn, in some respects, a kindred soul, thought that "his life, principles, and manners" as illustrated in his *Memoirs* ought to be "the manual of English gentlemen." He entirely escaped depreciation and satire in a day and generation which was in the habit of making a jest of goodness, and was loved and revered even by those who were too evil or too weak to follow his example of holy living and dying. The preparation for this noble and vigorous life was a youth of hard and profitable study and travel; of the sowing, not of wild oats, but of good seed which yielded an abundant harvest.

John Evelyn was born at Wotton, Surrey, England, on the 31st of October, 1620. His father was a gentleman of high consideration in his county, and had an income of about four thousand pounds a year. Evelyn wrote of his father in words that seem correctly to describe his own character also: "His wisdom was great, his judgment acute; of solid discourse, affable, humble, and in nothing affected; of a thriving, neat, and methodical genius; discretely severe, yet liberal on all just occasions to his children, strangers, and servants; a lover of hospitality; of a singular and Christian moderation in all his actions." His mother was a handsome heiress, of a noble and honorable family, and a woman of lovely character; inclined, however, to a "religious melancholy or pious sadness," and so devoted to her children that on the death of her eldest

daughter she gradually faded away, surviving her but a few months, her death being hastened by excessive grief. His two brothers were "sober, prudent, worthy, religious gentlemen," whom he dearly loved for their many virtues. The elder one gained the universal love of his county, and was of great reputation for his generosity and munificent hospitality. His sisters, who were superior women, both died comparatively young, and their deaths greatly affected him. The younger he describes at twenty as "in virtue advanced beyond her years." Her husband was unworthy of her, but his other brother-in-law, Mr. Glanville, was a gentleman of high character, who "might have been an extraordinary man had he cultivated his excellent parts." Evelyn's friendship for him was long and great. To Wotton, his birthplace, he was much attached. It was noted for having "rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance." It stood on Wyth Hill, and from its summit could be seen, on a serene day, twelve or thirteen counties, with a part of the sea off the coast of Sussex. The house was "large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods" that in the judgment of strangers, as well as of Englishmen, it was regarded as one of the most pleasant country-seats in the nation.

Evelyn did not begin his education till he was four years old; not at that day considered an early age to be sent to school. The school he attended was taught by "one Frier" in the church porch at Wotton. His infant mind was so impressed by the great stir and talk that he heard this year, 1624, about the Spanish ambassador, Il Conde Gundemar, and the proposed match between Prince Charles and the Infanta, that he remembered the excitement and eager gossip of the time till the end of his life. When five years old he was sent

to the house of his grandfather Stanfield, at Lewes, where he passed his childhood. This was the year of the great pestilence, when five thousand persons died in London each week; and he always retained a vivid recollection of the strict watch and examination to which all the roads, inns, and travelers on the route from Wotton to Lewes were subjected. When he was seven, his grandparents, who doted on this pretty, bright, and amiable young son of their only child, had his picture painted in oils by "one Chanterell, no ill painter." Probably about the same time the little boy laid one of the first stones at the building of a new church at South Malling, near Lewes, to which Mr. Stanfield gave twenty pounds a year. In 1627 his dear grandfather died, and Evelyn ever remembered distinctly the solemnity of the funeral. He began to learn Latin the next year, when he was eight, of a Frenchman named Citolin, living in the town, and also attended the school of Mr. Potts, in the Cliffe at Lewes. Two years after her husband's death, Evelyn's grandmother married Mr. Newton, whom he describes as "a learned and most religious gent.," and they went to live at his house at South-over. He was sent to the free school of that town, where he remained till he went to Oxford. When the lad was eleven years old, he began the series of diaries now so famous. "There happened," he says, "an extraordinary dearth in England, corn bearing an excessive price; and in imitation of what I had seen my father do, I began to observe matters more punctually, which I did use to set down in a blank almanac."

From what we know of his disposition in later life, we imagine Evelyn to have been a gentle, affectionate, studious boy, with pleasant, winning ways; seldom boisterous or unmanageable, yet spirited, handsome, intelligent, and full of life; fond of all worthy people him-

self, and taking it for granted that everybody was fond of him, and accordingly not easily spoiled, however much he was petted. Nevertheless, in 1632, soon after the marriage of his elder sister, his father sent for him to come home, desiring "to wean him from the fondness of his too indulgent grandmother," and intending to send him to Eton. But the tenderly nurtured child was so terrified by the report of the severe discipline at that famous school that he was sent back to Lewes; "which perverseness of mine," he says, "I have since a thousand times deplored." On his return journey he was much delighted with the gardens and curiosities at Beddington, which is the first mention of what might almost be called the ruling passion of his life.

In 1634 the elder Evelyn was appointed sheriff of Surrey and Sussex; "an honor with a burden," for, as John Evelyn's friend, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, tells us, "sheriffs in the kingdom of England have been so expensive in liveries and entertainments, in the time of their shrievalty, as it hath ruined many families." Mr. Richard Evelyn did not ruin his family by his "great attendance and hospitality," but he was "most unjustly and spitefully molested by that jeering judge, Richardson, for relieving the execution of a woman to gratify my Lord of Lindsay, then admiral; but out of this he emerged with as much honor as trouble." He maintained the ancient rather than the modern pomp of the office. Thirty or forty was at that period the usual retinue of the sheriff, but he had an escort of a hundred and sixteen gentlemen, persons of quality and servants, all wearing green satin doublets. He was not an ostentatious man, but "he could not refuse the civility of his friends and relations, who voluntarily came themselves or sent their servants."

John Evelyn's mother departed this life in 1635, when he was fifteen, and

very touching is his description of her death. She bade her husband and children a pious and affectionate farewell ("I shall never forget it," Evelyn says), embracing every one of them, and giving to each a ring with her blessing.

When sixteen, though absent at school, Evelyn was admitted into the Middle Temple, his father intending him to study law, as part of the education of a rich young gentleman, even though he did not expect to practice the profession. The next year he was sent to Baliol College, where he went, he says, more because he was ashamed to continue longer at school than because he was prepared for the university, and found it necessary to re-learn all that he had perfunctorily gained at school. His tutor's time was so occupied with a quarrel he had with the head of his college that he neglected his pupils; and Evelyn, perceiving this, associated himself with Mr. Thicknesse, a young man of the foundation, afterwards a Fellow of the house, from whose learned and friendly conversation he received great advantage at this period, and later during his Continental travels. There visited Oxford, while he was at college, Cyril, the Patriarch of Constantinople, who was the first person he ever saw drink coffee, the custom not being introduced into England till thirty years afterwards. The university was, during his residence, under the strict discipline of Archbishop Laud.

The record of Evelyn's college life is very brief. In 1637 he notes that he presented three Latin works to the college library, — "authors, it seems, desired by the students of divinity there;" that at Christmas the gentlemen of Exeter College presented a comedy to the university; that he was admitted into the dancing and vaulting school, "of which late activity one Stokes, the master, set forth a pretty book, which was published with many witty eulogies before it." This book, now very rare, was



illustrated with a number of beautifully engraved plates, "representing feats of activity on horseback that appear extraordinary at this time of day," so that the body of "the admirable Evelyn" was probably as well trained and disciplined as his intellect.

In 1638 his father, to his great delight, directed that he should henceforth manage his own expenses, hitherto controlled by his tutor. When he was nineteen he began to study the rudiments of music, of which he afterwards acquired some knowledge, though, as he says, small perfection of hand, because inclination to newer trifles so frequently diverted his mind. He was taught to play the theorba, — a kind of large, double-headed lute, now seldom seen, — at Padua, in 1645, by Signore Dominico Bassano, and took lessons on the lute at Paris. This Signor Bassano had a daughter, married to a doctor of laws, who was a musical genius, and much admired by the young Englishman. She played and sang to nine instruments, "with that skill and address as few masters in Italy exceeded her," and composed excellent music. She presented him with "two recitativos of hers, both words and music." There are many enthusiastic references in the Diary to musicians, operas, fine singers, and musical instruments of new and old invention. In 1639 he made the first of many sight-seeing journeys, visiting, probably with Mr. Thicknesse, several noted English towns and baths.

In April of the year 1640, Evelyn visited London to see Charles I. ride in state through the city to open the Short Parliament, — "a very glorious and magnificent sight, the king circled with his royal diadem and the affections of his people." Shortly after this he left Oxford, and went to London, residing with his brother in the Middle Temple. Their rooms were very handsome, up four pairs of stairs, and with a fine prospect, which tempted them to look

out of the window instead of on their books, and did not much contribute to the "love of that impolished study" to which he supposes his father had designed them when he paid one hundred and forty-five pounds for the privilege of placing them there.

The confusions and disorders which preceded the overthrow of the king were beginning at this time, yet nearly five months later Evelyn saw his Majesty receive an ovation from the people of London, as, conducted by a splendid cavalcade, he rode through the city, on his return from the northern expedition. Three days afterward began that Long Parliament, which Evelyn calls "the beginning of all our sorrows, and the period of the most happy monarch in the world." Yet though he lamented the tragic end, or "period," of Charles I., he had no sympathy with tyranny or superstition, and finally criticised Charles II. and James II. and their governments with more severity than he had ever criticised Cromwell and the Commonwealth.

In December, 1640, just when he needed his wise counsels most, his good father died. Shortly after his death, Evelyn resolved to absent himself from "the ill face of things" which gave umbrage to wiser men than himself. A few weeks before he left England, he beheld "on Tower Hill the fatal stroke which sever'd the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford." Having had his portrait painted in oils by Vanderborcht as a farewell present to his sister Jane, who had come to London to bid him good-by, and procured his pass at the custom-house, he went to Gravesend, accompanied by a Mr. Caryll and their servants, and sailed for Holland.

Desiring to be in time to witness the siege of Lenap, then threatened by the French, they hastened through Holland, and reached the army eleven days after landing at Flushing. Here Evelyn re-

mained ten days, and as a compliment was received as a volunteer in the company of Captain Apsley, of the English regiment commanded by Colonel Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich, and always a special friend of Evelyn. He received many civilities from the officers; was accommodated with a horse, with a very spacious and commodious tent, and also with a hut, which was a great convenience, as the days were insufferably hot and the nights often misty and foggy. He took his turn in watching on the hornwork near his quarters, "and trailed a pike, being the next morning relieved by a company of French." This duty was continued till the castle was refortified. Having fully gratified his curiosity by examining the fortifications of the castle, etc., and being "pretty well satisfied with the confusion of armies and sieges," though the quarters and encampments of the United Provinces were so admirably regular and orderly that "few cities exceeded them for all conveniences," he took leave of "the leagure and camerades." A month later he played soldier again, on visiting the impregnable town and fort of Hysdune, where he was exceedingly obliged to Colonel Crombe, the lieutenant-governor, who made him accept the honor of giving the password the night he arrived there. A few days before, he mentions having made a journey to the Hague for the express purpose of ordering a suit of armor, which he caused to be made to fit him, and also the harness of a horseman.

About a year after this was fought the battle of Brentford, where Charles I. was defeated. Evelyn had returned to England in October, 1641, and he says under date of November 12, 1642, that he arrived on the battle-field as a volunteer with his horse and arms just as the retreat was beginning, but he was not permitted to stay longer than the 15th, because the army was marching to Gloucester, which would have

left both him and his brothers "exposed to ruin without any advantage to his Majesty." On the 6th of July, 1643, he sent his black *manège* horse and furniture by a friend to the king, who was then at Oxford.

Evelyn was by nature a student, and best fitted for civil life in days of peace. We can imagine him doing good service in an army as a chaplain or surgeon, but in spite of his manliness and courage (often during the Commonwealth he risked liberty, life, and property in the service of the exiled Charles II.) he would probably have proved less efficient in another capacity.

To return to the Diary, Evelyn records, August 12, 1641, that, leaving Lenap, he embarked on the Waal, and was entertained during most of the voyage by a discussion between three grave divines on the lawfulness of church music. All ecclesiastical or theological questions interested him, and though he held his own special views with great sincerity and firmness, he was charitable in his judgments. On the 18th of this same August, we find him changing his lodgings at Rotterdam, and taking rooms and board at the house of a Brownist, "out of a desire to converse among the sectaries that swarmed in this city." He made the acquaintance of an English Carmelite and an Irish gentleman at the Brownist's "extraordinary good table," and was also introduced to a rich Anabaptist, in whose house he saw many pretty ornaments and curiosities. The large numbers of fine and marvelously cheap pictures, "especially landships and drolleries, as they call their clownish representations," which he saw in the annual Rotterdam fair amazed him, till he was told that the scarcity of land led the people to invest their money in paintings, for which there was always a market. The houses of the citizens were full of pictures, and a common farmer, considering the purchase merely a good investment of his

funds, frequently laid out as much as three thousand pounds in paintings.

Evelyn was all his life greatly interested and active in charitable work, and when he came to Antwerp carefully studied the benevolent institutions of that place, treasuring for future use at home what he learned. He was enchanted with the cities of Holland, frequently shaded with long rows of beautiful lime-trees, and with "every man's bark or vessel at anchor before his very door," and envired by streets and dwellings. In Antwerp he went to the shop of Heinsius to buy some maps, and was greatly pleased with that indefatigable person, and also thought that Mr. Bleaw, "the setter forth of the atlases and other works of that kind," was a man well worth seeing. At another shop he furnished himself with shells and curiosities. From Heinsius and Bleaw this versatile mind turned with amused interest to the widow — whose cottage they showed him — who had had thirty-five husbands, and who was forbidden to marry again, because, though there was no proof of the crimes, she was suspected of having made way with some of her husbands. At Leyden he was, for the sake of the honor, though he did not study there, matriculated by the Magnificus Professor, whom he paid a fee of one rix-dollar. Here he visited the "garden of simples" and the anatomy school, and saw the famous Dan. Heinsius and his renowned Elzevirian printing house and shop. He went to Dort for the purpose of seeing the reception of Marie de Medici, who arrived there, "tossed to and fro by the various fortunes of her life;" but "there was nothing remarkable in this reception befitting the greatness of her person but an universal discontent, which accompanied that unlucky woman wherever she went." Returning to Antwerp, he bought some books at the shop of Plantine, "for the name's sake of that famous printer." He was ravished with the

"delicious shades and walks of stately trees" of the "magnificent and famous city of Antwerp," "one of the sweetest places in Europe."

From earliest youth to extreme old age Evelyn felt a lively interest in everything great or small that he encountered. His curiosity and hunger for information were insatiable, and his sources of enjoyment were so manifold that scarce a moment can have passed without its special pleasure; generally, too, pleasure of a kind that makes men better as well as happier. He studied carefully and thoroughly appreciated, during his travels, painting, sculpture, architecture, engineering, music, carving, gems, medals, books, gardens, and scientific discoveries and inventions, so that it was only natural that on his return he should become one of the most useful and influential members of the Royal Society. But he received almost as much pleasure, though of a different kind, from mechanical toys: chairs from which the unwary occupant found himself unable to rise; massive silver furniture encrusted with precious stones; chimes of porcelain dishes rung by clock-work; artificial music set going by hydraulic engines; noises of beasts and chirping of birds caused by the same machinery; bronze satyrs which spoke with frightfully natural human voices; carefully prepared butterflies spread out in drawers to represent a beautiful piece of tapestry; labyrinths and fountains which at a touch of the hand of the mischievous *fontenier* played such queer tricks in gardens; the "two extravagant musqueteeres" in Richelieu's grounds at Ruell, who shot departing guests with streams of water from their musket barrels; the hedges or fences of water in parks, and divers other singular works and contrivances to wet spectators, who could scarcely escape with dry clothes from the gardens of palaces. He tells us that he took extraordinary delight in sweet and delicious retirements, which combined flower gardens beautified and

diversified by noble statues and marble arches, colonnades and terraces, tall trees, vineyards, cornfields, meadows and groves, and aviaries of the kind described by Bacon in the *Essays*, containing a forest where nestle and perch on the great leafy boughs all sorts of birds. He notes that the agreeable solitude of Du Plessis, belonging to the king of France, has many pretty gardens full of nightingales, and that the famous poet Ronsard lies buried there, in the chapel.

After traveling for three months, Evelyn returned to England in October, 1641. He went at once to visit his brother at Wotton, where, on the 31st of this month, he celebrated his twenty-first birthday. He spent the winter in London, "studying a little, but dancing and fooling more." Several times during the year 1642, he visited the king's army, but he did so secretly when possible. He relates that while on a visit to his cousin Keightly, on the 10th of March, 1643, the whole south of England saw with amazement for two hours at night, in a very serene sky, a cloud as bright as the moon, in the shape of a sword, with the point towards the north. He witnessed a "portent," which reminded him of this, on the 12th of December, 1680, thirty-seven years later, and a few weeks before Lord Stafford (whose name, he notes, was the same, with the exception of one letter, as Strafford) was beheaded on Tower Hill. This time it was a sword-shaped meteor "of an obscure bright color" that he saw, the heavens being clear and cloudless. He regarded both appearances as warnings from God.

At one period, to escape danger and avoid taking the Covenant, which he succeeded in doing, he was for some time obliged to be in perpetual motion between Wotton and London. But finding at last that it had become impossible for him to "evade doing unhandsome things" if he remained in England, he determined to travel again, and obtained

a pass from Charles I., dated at Oxford, October 2, 1643.

Previous to this, May 4, 1643, after witnessing the destruction of the stately cross in Cheapside by the "furious zealots," he left London for Wotton so filled with regret and discouragement on account of the trouble and confusion that threatened England that he resolved to retire from a world that was out of joint; possessing himself "in some quiet, if might be, in a time of so great jealousy." Accordingly, by his brother's permission, he built himself a study, made a fish-pond, an island, and some other solitudes and retirements, at Wotton. But he found it impossible to lead a hermit's life in England in those stirring times. As his biographer says, his active mind could not be contented in solitude, however desirable it might sometimes appear to him in theory to live remote from cities and his fellow-creatures.

This plan was only a beautiful youthful dream, as Utopian as the pantisocracy of Southey and Coleridge. The fancy, however, lingered long in his mind, and sixteen years later he submitted to Mr. Robert Boyle, one of his dearest and most congenial friends, the plan of a philosophical college for retired and speculative persons, — a sort of Protestant, or rather secular convent. Writing in 1656 to his beloved friend, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whom he called his confessor, he complains of being almost overwhelmed with necessary business and social duties, and says, "The censure of singularity would in no way affright me from embracing an hermitage, if I found that they did in the least distract my thoughts from better things." "I thinke I am not to do any rash or indiscreete action, to make the world take notice of my singularity; though I do with all my heart wish for more solitude, who was ever most averse to being neere a greate city, designed against it, and yet it was my fortune to pitch here more

out of necessity and for the benefit of others than choice or the least inclination of my own." Yet when Sir George Mackenzie published his panegyric on Solitude, Evelyn had the courage to answer him, urging "the preference to which public employments and an active life is entitled," and using arguments that controverted his own professed opinions. At the time he answered Mackenzie he was engaged in the arduous and self-sacrificing work of caring for the men wounded in the war with Holland and providing for prisoners. Horace Walpole says that Evelyn's long life of eighty-six years "was a course of inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence," and he was aware that "though retirement in his own hands was industry and benefit to mankind," in the hands of others it was "laziness and inutility." Soon after the publication of his reply to the panegyric on Solitude, he wrote a playful letter of apology to Cowley, conjuring him to believe that he was still of the same mind as when he "so highly celebrated Recesse," and "that there is no person alive who does more honor and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and adorn by your example; But as those who prays'd Dirt, a Flea, and the Gowt, so I Public Employment in that trifling Essay." In a word, "Public Employment" was to be considered merely as one of those *facetivæ* in prose and verse with which scholars relieved their more serious studies. Probably the letter to Mr. Boyle was somewhat of the same character.

There are few entries in the Diary during the months preceeding Evelyn's second visit to the Continent. Perhaps much of this time of comparative seclusion was spent in studying literature, science, theology, and languages. In later life, he understood, beside Greek and Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and High Dutch. Even a man of Evelyn's "uncommon prudence and discretion"

could not, we find, live comfortably in England at this period without becoming a decided partisan of either king or commons. Yet he had warm friends in both armies, and was not seriously molested by either party. He arrived in Paris in November, 1643. As on his former visit, he spent much time in visiting libraries, schools, and other objects of interest.

One of the most amusing persons whom he met during this visit to Paris was Mr. Jo. Wall, an Irish gentleman and renegade Dominican friar from Spain, who was running about Europe in the disguise of a soldier of fortune, pretending to have commanded a company of horse in Germany. "He was an excellent disputant, and so strangely given to it that nothing could pass him." He dragged Evelyn with him one morning to the Jesuits' College to witness his polemical talents, where he contested some points of divinity with the fathers "only to show his pride, and to that indiscreet height that the Jesuits would hardly bring us to our coach, they being put beside all patience." This result perhaps gratified the cavalier's companion, for Jesuits were the only religious people in the world whom the moderate Evelyn could not tolerate and judge charitably. The next day Wall took Evelyn to the Sorbonne, where they found a doctor of divinity lecturing to a large class. After a few minutes Wall started up, and began to dispute with the professor. His rude interruption of the lecturer and his Spanish dress (a garb which the Parisian students considered ridiculous) sent doctor and scholars into such fits of laughter that the Irishman could not at first make himself heard; "but silence being obtained, he began to speak Latin, and make his apology in so good a style that their derision was turned to admiration; and beginning to argue, he so baffled the professor that with universal applause they all rose up and did him greater honors, waiting on us to the

very streete and our coach, testifying great satisfaction."

Amusing is Evelyn's description of St. Innocents' Churchyard at Paris, where numerous clerks earned their living by writing letters for illiterate persons, every gravestone serving as a desk. On a visit to Blois, he and a friend walked some distance to a wood, hoping to encounter some of the wolves which so abounded there that they often came into the town and carried off children from the streets; yet the duke who was sovereign of that country refused to allow any of them to be killed. They met no wolves themselves, but in the forest they saw a gentleman resting under a tree, his horse grazing near by, which he said had been attacked by wolves two hours before, and would have been killed but for the courage and strength of the dog which lay at his side.

Evelyn took much pleasure in sketching, during this journey, and wherever he saw "a pleasant terrace" or "tempting prospect" drew it with his skillful pencil or crayon. Horace Walpole gives Evelyn prominence in the *Anecdotes of Painting*, not only because he loved, promoted, and patronized art, but because he was himself an original designer, and also an engraver of ability. He quotes with approval Evelyn's works on medals, engraving, and painting, and says that he considers it only prudent to shelter under his authority any part of the *Anecdotes* that seems "not much to the purpose." Prince Rupert paid Evelyn a "well-merited compliment," when he confided to him the secret, or mystery, as they regarded it, of his invention of mezzotinto. He was one of the first persons to whom the prince revealed it.

While at Marseilles, Evelyn visited the galleys, and he gives a fearful account of the miserable slaves. His insatiable curiosity on all subjects led him, some years later, to be present at the

administration of the torture at the Châtelet prison, Paris. The criminal, "a lean, dry, black young man, conquered the torture," as the lieutenant, at the first sight of him, had said that he would; and accordingly the authorities were obliged, instead of executing him, to send him to the galleys, "which is as bad as death." Evelyn never witnessed the horrible sight again. It reminded him too forcibly of the sufferings of our Saviour on the cross. He detested cruelty, and severely condemns the fashionable but "butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties," of cock and dog fighting, bear and bull baiting, and mentions with horror and disgust that at one of these rude and dirty pastimes a bull "tossed a dog full into a lady's lap, as she sate in one of the boxes, at a considerable height from the arena" of the bear-garden. When a very gallant horse was to be baited to death with dogs for the amusement of good society, he would not be persuaded to be a spectator of this wicked and barbarous sport, and, unlike many of his contemporaries, who enjoyed and supported such amusements, thought the cruel contrivers of the entertainment should, instead of being allowed to make money by it, be punished for presenting it to the public.

On the 11th of October, 1644, Evelyn sailed from Cannes to Genoa; arriving safely, though barely escaping shipwreck. He mentions with delight the scent of the fragrant Italian orchards on the coast, "from whence, the wind blowing as it did, might perfectly be smelt the joys of Italy in the perfumes of orange, citron, and jessamine flowers for divers leagues seaward." The glorious churches, palaces, gardens, pictures, and statues of Italy fill him with enthusiasm which he can hardly find words to express. The market in the piazza before the sea at Pisa specially impressed him, with its vast "concourse of slaves, Turks, Moors, and other nations," engaged in buying, selling, drinking, play-



ing, working, sleeping, fighting, singing, or weeping, "nearly naked and miserably chayned," and often staking their liberty for a few crowns; being, if they lost, "immediately chayned and led away to the galleys, from whence they seldom returned." He was fond of bric-a-brac, and describes the toys, curiosities, pictures, casts, Venetian glass, medals, books, etc., which he bought in Italy, France, and Holland, and sent home to England. He thought the Merceria, or Rialto, at Venice "one of the most delicious streetes in the world for the sweetness of it," with both sides "tapistried as it were with cloth of gold, rich damask, and other silks," and with its perfumes, apothecary shops, and innumerable cages of nightingales "that entertain you with their melody from shop to shop, so that, shutting your eyes, you would imagine yourself in the country, when indeed you are in the middle of the sea."

Among the singular characters whom he met at Rome was Hippolito Vitellesco (afterwards bibliothecary to the Vatican library), who showed him one of the best collections of statues in Rome, to which he frequently talked "as if they were living, pronouncing now and then orations, sentences, and verses, sometimes kissing and embracing them." While at Rome, he dined at the Academy of the Humorists, which met in a spacious hall belonging to Signor Nancini, "where the wits of the time met on certain days to recite poems and debate on several subjects." He describes the fantastic hall of a similar society, the Academy of the De la Crusea at Florence, which was "hung about with impresses and devices painted, all of them relating to corn sifted from the brann; the seats are made like bread baskets and other rustic instruments used about wheat, and the cushions of satin-like sacks."

It was Evelyn's custom at Rome often to spend the afternoon in Piazza Na-

vona, "as well to see what antiquities he could purchase among the people who held mercat there as to hear the mountebanks prate and distribute their medicines." He was also in the habit of going to hear the sermons preached to the Jews, who were forced to sit till the close, but who showed so much malice in their faces, and made so much noise "spitting, humming, and coughing," that it was scarcely possible for them to hear or receive profit, and so few were converted. Yet the Dominican friar, who preached to the Jews one day, invited Evelyn, heretic though he was, to act as godfather to a converted Jew and a Turk. The Jew was believed to be a counterfeit, but the Turk, who sold "hot waters" in Rome, used to take Evelyn presents and kiss the hem of his cloak when he met him.

Among other pleasures which he enjoyed at Rome were the magnificent operas. One composed by Prince Gallicano was given at his palace before a splendid audience of all the most distinguished residents and visitors at Rome. In the morning of the same day Evelyn witnessed a brilliant "tournament of several young gentlemen on a formal defy." Prizes were distributed by noble ladies, and the tournament offered much diversion to the spectators and was a novelty to the travelers. From Rome he went to Florence and Naples, visiting the museums and ascending Mount Vesuvius; but it is impossible to mention all that he and his traveling companions, Mr. Henshaw and Mr. Thicknesse, saw in Italy.

Having spent seven months in Rome, Evelyn departed in a coach, accompanied by two courteous Italian gentlemen. At Bologna he visited Dr. Montalbono, the discoverer of phosphorus, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and who showed him specimens of that article. In the afternoon of the day that he made his call on Dr. Montalbono, he climbed up to the convent of St. Michael

in Bosco, which was, on account of its buildings, carvings, paintings by Raphael, Leonardo, and Garacci, its pleasant shade and groves, cellars, dormitories, and prospects, "one of the most delicious retirements he ever saw, art and nature contending which should exceed, so that till now he never envied the life of a friar." At Venice he made all his arrangements to sail for Jerusalem, laying in snow to cool his drink, "sheepe, poultry, biscuit, spirits, and a little case of drougges in case of sickness;" but to his great disappointment he was obliged to give up his journey, as the ship on which he was to embark "happened to be press'd for the service of the state, now newly attacked by the Turques" at Candia.

In June, 1645, he resolved to spend some months in study at Padua, especially in the schools of phisic and anatomy. On the 30th of July he was matriculated. His first visit in Padua was to the university garden of simples, where, by permission of the professor of botany, he ordered the gardener to make him a collection of herbs for a *hortus hyemalis*. On the 4th of August he went to Venice, where the captain of the ship on which he intended to have sailed for Palestine presented him with a stone from a mummy pit, covered with hieroglyphics, of which he made a drawing to send to Father Kircher, author of that "greate work Obeliseus Pamphilus," where it is described, but without mentioning the contributor's name. The captain also gave him the hand and foot of a mummy, two Egyptian idols, some loaves of the bread which the Coptics use in the sacrament, and other curiosities. He hastened back to Padua on the 10th of August, after hearing of his election to the office of Syndicus Artistarum, to decline that honor, which would not only have added to his expenses, but have hindered progress in his studies. The students chose a Dutch gentleman in his place, which was not altogether pleasing

to Evelyn's countrymen, "who had labored not a little," he says, "to do me the greatest honor a stranger is capable of in this university." He parted in September from his old college friend, and till now constant fellow-traveler, Mr. Thicknesse, who was obliged to return to England, accompanying him as far as Venice.

In October Evelyn settled for the winter in Padua; Mr. Henry Howard, grandson of the Earl of Arundel, Mr. Bramstone, son of the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Henshaw, and himself hiring a house near the monastery of the nuns of St. Catherine, and living in noble style. On the 31st of October the neighboring nuns sent Evelyn a birthday present of "flowers in silk-work." The young men were very studious this winter till Christmas, when they invited the English and Scots in Padua to a feast, which, Evelyn says, sank their excellent wine considerably. He had laid up for winter provision three thousand-weight of grapes and pressed his own wine. While at Padua he purchased, as he tells us, "from Dr. Jo. Athelsteinus Leonænas those rare tables of Veines and Nerves, and caused him to prepare a third of the Lungs, Liver and Nervi Sixti par; with the gastric Veines, which I sent into England and afterwards presented to the Royall Society, being the first of that kind that had been seen there, and for aught I know in the world, though afterwards there were others."

He went to Venice the last of March, 1646, and soon after set out from there in a coach, on his return to France, accompanied by the celebrated poet Mr. Waller, Mr. Abdy, "a modest and learned man," and one Captain Wray, who, as he had fought against Charles I., was by no means a welcome companion to the other three gentlemen. The morning Evelyn left Venice, he breakfasted at the Earl of Arundel's. He says that he took leave of this magnificent collector of paintings and an-

tiquities in bed, leaving him in tears after some private conversation on his family crosses, especially the undutifulness of his grandson Philip, who had become a Dominican friar, and was afterwards a cardinal, and also on the "misery of his country now embroiled in civil war." At parting, after enjoining Evelyn to write to him sometimes, the earl gave him a paper of directions written with his own hand, telling him "what curiosities he should inquire after on his journey." The earl was a warm friend of Evelyn as long as he lived.

In 1667 Evelyn persuaded his old companion at Padua, Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, to present to the Royal Society "that noble library which his grandfather especially and his ancestors had collected. This gentleman had so little inclination to books that it was the preservation of them from embezzlement." He also obtained from the Earl of Norfolk the gift to the University of Oxford of his Arundelian marbles, "gathered with so much cost and industry from Greece by his illustrious grandfather." The marbles were scattered about Arundel house and gardens, no care being taken of them, and were becoming ruined by the corroding London atmosphere. The Earl of Arundel's countess, as well as his grandsons, squandered his treasures, which would all have been lost or destroyed but for the foresight and urgency of the young man to whom he had been kind in Italy.

At Milan, tempted by the glorious tapestries and pictures to venture alone far into the interior of the palace of the Constable of Castile, Governor of Milan, Evelyn was observed by the constable himself, who was under the hands of his barber, and was obliged to make a speedy exit from the building, as he was in danger of being arrested as a spy. The learned Dr. Ferarius called on Evelyn and his companions while in this city, and took them to the Ambrosian library, where, beside books, there were

paintings and drawings of inestimable value, and it was "a school fit to make the ablest artists." One morning, while walking in the streets of Milan, a cavalier, after passing and looking hard at them, sent his servant to invite them to dine with him the next day. The Inquisition was even severer "in Milan than in all Spain," Evelyn asserts, and they were at first afraid to accept an invitation from an entire stranger, not knowing but they might fall into a trap. But learning, on inquiry, that the gentleman was a Scotch colonel, holding an honorable command in the city, they resolved to attend the dinner. Arrived at his house, where they found other guests, their host apologized for his apparent rudeness, telling them that on account of the Inquisition Protestants passing through Milan usually wished to remain unknown; and when he discovered that Englishmen were in the city (he had heard Evelyn and his companions talking English as he passed them on the street) he was in the habit, without calling on them, of quietly inviting them to his house, where they would feel at liberty and be free from danger.

After a sumptuous dinner, where much wine was drunk, the colonel presented Captain Wray, who was "a good drinking gentleman," with a pair of pistols, and gave Evelyn a very expensive and showy Turkish bridle of silk ornamented with a silver half moon, which he had taken from a bashaw whom he had killed in battle, which "glorious spoil" Evelyn used during the rest of his journey and carried with him to England. Then the colonel, who was an accomplished horseman when he had not drunk too much wine, took them to his stables and showed them fine feats of horsemanship; but mounting, in spite of the remonstrances of his groom, a spirited, unbroken animal, the horse fell backwards on him, injuring him so badly that he died in a day or two. Though much concerned for the death of the

colonel, who had treated them so courteously, Evelyn and his friends felt it necessary to leave Milan at once, not knowing but they might be arrested by the Inquisition, as they were present when the fatal accident happened.

In Evelyn's day it was not the fashion for travelers to hunt the world over for wild and picturesque scenery, and the grand and sublime in nature was not as much to his taste as a highly cultivated country, symmetrical trees, sweet fields arrayed in living green, and gardens of rare flowers. The Alps he apparently regarded as simply another obstruction in the already sufficiently difficult road from Italy to France. He describes them merely as terrible mountains, "often of one great stone covered with snow from the creation;" as strange, horrible, fearful crags and tracts, dangerous on account of precipices and crevasses and streams from the geysers, where one alternately freezes in the snow or fries in the sun; infested with dangerous wild animals and barbarous peasants with monstrous goitres. Captain Wray's "filthy cur" hunted a flock of goats down the rocks into a stream made by the melting snow, and brought on our travelers a fierce mob of angry Swiss, from whom they escaped with difficulty. Then Captain Wray's horse, which carried their baggage (the "rebel" Captain Wray is always to blame, according to the cavalier diarist), fell down a precipice, which so incensed his choleric master that if his companions had not interfered he would have sent a brace of bullets into the poor beast, lest the guide should capture him after they had passed over the mountains, and run away with his burden. They recovered the horse almost uninjured, but after this alarming accident were afraid to ride, and made the remainder of their journey on foot.

Arrived at St. Maurice, they visited the governor, who "was a true old blade, and had been a very curious virtuoso."

He showed them a handsome collection of books, medals, pictures, shells, and other valuable curiosities. They declined his invitation to dinner, but while at table at the inn he sent them by two pages a present of two vast covered silver "bowls supported by two Swiss, handsomely wrought after the German manner," full of wine, in which, after having rewarded the youths who brought it, they drank the governor's health.

At Geneva Evelyn visited Signor John Diodati, the famous Italian minister and translator of the Bible into that language, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and with whom he had much learned discourse. On his return from the call on Diodati he was seized with small-pox, and it was five weeks before he was restored to health. At Beveretta he had been put into a bed from which a woman recovering from the small-pox had just risen. On the 5th of July, 1646, Evelyn and his companions bought a boat, in which they took turns in rowing themselves down the Rhone to Orleans; Evelyn's share in rowing being little less than twenty leagues. It was a charming journey. "Sometimes," Evelyn says, "we footed it through pleasant fields and meadows, sometimes we shot at fowls and other birds; nothing came amiss; sometimes we play'd at cards, while others sung or were composing verses, for we had the great poet Mr. Waller in our company, and some other ingenious persons beside." Leaving "the mad Captain Wray" at Orleans, the other members of the party proceeded to Paris, where Evelyn resolved to rest himself for some time before returning home to England.

He describes this period as "the only time in my whole life I spent most idly, tempted from my more profitable recesses." He had no taste for vice, and this pleasant and innocent sauntering or loafing in the entertaining Mr. Waller's fascinating circle was his nearest approach to the common youthful sowing

of wild oats. His yearly expenses while on the Continent were less than three hundred pounds, though he employed one or two servants and several masters and bought many valuable curiosities.

His most constant companions while abroad were men like the studious Mr. Thicknesse, to whom he owed so much while at college; the highly cultivated Mr. Henshaw, with whom he traveled nearly a year, and who first inspired him with a taste for medals; the pure-hearted Lord Ossory, whose "dear eyes" he closed on his death in London, thirty years after their first meeting in the riding-school at Paris, where Lord Ossory and his companions did splendid feats of horsemanship "in noble equipage" before "a world of spectators and great persons, men and ladies," the exhibition ending with a collation. Evelyn describes him as one of the noblest, bravest, wisest, and most patriotic of men.

To Mr. Henshaw he wrote, fifty years after their student life at Padua: "I frequently call to mind the many bright and happy moments we have passed together at Rome and other places in viewing and contemplating the entertainments of travellers who go not abroad to count steeples, but to improve themselves: I wish I could say of myself so as you did; but whenever I think of the agreeable toyle we tooke among ruines and antiquitys and to admire the superbe buildings, visit the cabinets and curiosities of the virtuosi, the sweet walks by the banks of the Tiber, the Via Flaminia, the gardens and villas of that glorious city, I call back the time, and methinks grow young again."

Evelyn did not spend much time at Paris in idleness. He soon recovered his fondness for tranquil recesses, or, as we should say, studious retirement; regained, to use his own words, his better resolutions; and fell to his study, acquiring the High Dutch and Spanish tongues, and "now and then refreshing his dancing and such exercises as he had long

omitted," they not being in much reputation among the sober Italians. He also studied chemistry and took lessons on the lute.

On the 22d of May, 1647, Evelyn for the first time mentions Mary Browne, only child of his Majesty's minister to the court of France, on whom he had "particularly set his affections;" and on the 27th of June they were married in Sir Richard Browne's chapel between the hours of eleven and twelve, some "few select friends being present." The ceremony was performed by Dr. Earle, one of the chaplains of the Prince of Wales, then residing at St. Germain. Evelyn mentions with pleasure the fact that, as the people of France were solemnly observing the feast of Corpus Christi, the streets of Paris were "sumptuously hung with tapestry and strewed with flowers" on his wedding day. He was a highly cultivated and unusually mature man of twenty-seven when he was married, and his bride was not fourteen, yet the marriage, which lasted fifty-nine years, was remarkably happy. Mrs. Evelyn had "many advantages of birth and beauty," and as she became "the grateful and docile pupil of her husband," who was one of the best and most accomplished men of his day, all her talents and graces received full and symmetrical development, and she was regarded by her friends as a woman equally lovely in person and character. She survived her husband three years, and says in her will, after expressing her wish to be buried at his side: "His care of my education was such as might become a father, a lover, a friend, and husband for instruction, tenderness, affection, and fidelity to the last moment of his life, which obligation I mention with gratitude to his memory, ever dear to me; and I must not omit to own the sense I have of my parents' care and goodness in placing me in such worthy hands."

She was unusually well educated, and

familiar with many subjects that interested her husband; a lover of good books in her native tongue, and acquainted with the French and Italian languages. Yet she had the excellent taste, as her friend Bohun says, to use none but the purest English words and not a single foreign term in the letters and the "Characters" of friends and distinguished persons which she wrote, and which, though undertaken solely for the pleasure of relatives or intimate acquaintances, gave her some literary reputation. She described public and private affairs in an easy and eloquent style which never "languished nor flagged," and there was "a peculiar felicity in her way of writing," whether consoling her widowed friend Lady Tuke, crisply reproving and advising her son, or pathetically expressing, yet with the sincerest patience and resignation, her affliction on the death of her idolized daughter, who was, she says, too great a blessing for her who never deserved anything, much less such a jewel; whether criticising Balzac, Dr. Donne, Voiture, Dryden, and other authors, or writing on domestic affairs or the diversions of the town and court. It might also have been said of her as she wrote of her daughter, that a thread of piety accompanied all her actions. No one had, we are told, a clearer insight into the characters of others, or judged them with more acuteness and discrimination, yet she never made harsh or censorious remarks, and was accordingly tenderly loved and admired by her associates. She talked well, and "was the delight of all the conversations where she appeared," as her son's enthusiastic tutor, Bohun, says; and having lived five years in her house and corresponded with her for a longer time, he was a competent witness. He describes her as "the best daughter and wife, the most tender mother and desirable neighbor and friend, in all parts of her life." His praise of Mrs. Evelyn is as enthusiastic as Evelyn's eulogy of that dear

friend of himself and his wife, young Mrs. Sidney Godolphin. Like her husband, Mrs. Evelyn loved best a life of studious retirement, and pitied those who were obliged by high birth or office to squander their time in idle visits, talk and ceremonies, and the empty vanities of the city. Yet they were both fond of company, and received and made so many visits, and were so popular with all that was most agreeable or distinguished in London society, that but for their industrious and methodical habits they could have found no time for more important duties and pursuits.

Mrs. Evelyn was noted for her good-nature, self-denial, "charity and compassion to those who had disobliged her," and she had "no memory of past occurrences unless it were a grateful acknowledgment of some friendly office." She was usually cheerful, and no kind of trouble but one seemed "to interrupt the constant intention to entertain and oblige; but that is dolorously represented in many letters, which is the loss of children and friends," which she was often called upon to suffer. The children were as good, gifted, handsome, and charming in every way as their parents, which made the parting from them harder.

Mrs. Evelyn's house, nursery, servants, and poor neighbors did not suffer on account of her musical, literary, and artistic tastes, for she thought that "the care of children's education, observing a husband's commands, assisting the sick, relieving the poor, and being serviceable to our friends are of sufficient weight to employ the most approved capacities" among women. She was skilled in the art of etching, and the frontispiece of her husband's translation of Lucretius was designed by her. Evelyn tells us in the Diary that soon after the restoration of Charles II. "she presented the king with a copy in miniature of the Madonna of Oliver's painting after Raphael," which she "wrought with extraordinary pains and judgment," and



that Charles was so infinitely pleased with it that he caused it to be placed among his best paintings. The king treated Mrs. Evelyn with great condescension, on one occasion carrying her to salute the "queen his mother and the princesses, and leading her into his closet to show her with his own hand his curiosities." A few weeks later he offered to give her the honorable office of lady of the jewels to the future queen,—a promise which, very characteristically, he did not keep, notwithstanding the valuable and dangerous services her father and husband had rendered both himself and Charles I.

Evelyn's youth may be regarded as ending with his marriage. Though this paper deals professedly only with the first twenty-seven years of his history, it is in reality an epitome of his whole life. The various philosophical, literary, artistic, political, benevolent, religious, and social duties which occupied him in middle life and old age are briefly alluded to. But to treat these two periods with the fullness with which his youth has been described it would be necessary to write a second long article. It would be difficult to crowd a minute account of such a full life as his into one paper.

*Mary Davies Steele.*

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#### BOOKS THAT HAVE HINDERED ME.

So many grateful and impetuous spirits have recently come forward to tell to an approving world how they have been benefited by their early reading and by their wisely chosen favorites in literature that the trustful listener begins to think, against his own rueful experience, that all books must be pleasant and profitable companions. Those who have honored us with their confidence in this matter seem to have found their letters, as Sir Thomas Browne found his religion, "all pure profit." Edward E. Hale, for instance, has been "helped" by every imaginable writer, from Marcus Aurelius to the amiable authoress of *The Wide, Wide World*. Moncure D. Conway acknowledges his obligations to an infinite variety of sources. William T. Harris has been happy enough to seize instinctively upon those works which aroused his "latent energies to industry and self-activity;" and Edward Eggleston has gathered intellectual sustenance from the most unexpected quarters,—the Rollo Books and Lindley Murray's Reader. Only Andrew

Lang and Augustus Jessop are disposed, with an untimely levity, to confess that they have read for amusement rather than for self-instruction, and that they have not found it so easily attainable.

Now when a man tells us that he has been really "helped" by certain books, we naturally conclude that the condition reached by their assistance is, in some measure, gratifying to himself; and, by the same token, I am disposed to argue that my own unsatisfactory development may be the result of less discreetly selected reading,—reading for which, in many cases, I was wholly irresponsible. I notice particularly that several persons who have been helped acknowledge a very pleasing debt of gratitude to their early spelling-books, to Webster's Elementary, and to those modest volumes which first imparted to them the mysteries of the alphabet. It was not so with me. I learned my letters, at the cost of infinite tribulation, out of a horrible little book called *Reading Without Tears*, which I trust has long since been banished from all Christian nurseries.

It was a brown book, and had on its cover a deceptive picture of two stout and unclothed Cupids holding the volume open between them, and making an ostentatious pretense of enjoyment. Young as I was, I grew cynical over that title and that picture, for the torrents of tears that I shed blotted them both daily from my sight. It might have been possible for Cupids, who needed no wardrobes and sat comfortably on clouds, to like such lessons, but for an ordinary little girl in frock and pinafore they were simply heart-breaking. Had it only been my good fortune to be born twenty years later, spelling would have been left out of my early discipline, and I should have found congenial occupation in sticking pins or punching mysterious bits of clay at a kindergarten. But when I was young, the world was still sadly unenlightened in these matters; the plain duty of every child was to learn how to read; and the more hopelessly dull I showed myself to be, the more imperative became the need of forcing some information into me, — information which I received as responsively as does a Strasbourg goose its daily share of provender. For two bitter years I had for my constant companion that hated reader, which began with such isolated statements as "Ann has a cat," and ended with a dismal story about a little African boy named Sam; Mr. Rider Haggard not having then instructed us as to what truly remarkable titles little African boys enjoy. If, to this day, I am disposed to underrate the advantages of education, and to think but poorly of compulsory school-laws and the march of mind, it is because of the unhappy nature of my own early experiences.

Having at last struggled into some acquaintanceship with print, the next book to which I can trace a moral downfall is Sandford and Merton, left on the nursery shelves by an elder brother, and read many times, not because I espe-

cially liked it, but because I had so little to choose from. Those were not days when a glut of juvenile literature had produced a corresponding indifference and a spirit of languid hypercriticism. The few volumes we possessed, even those of the most didactic order, were read and re-read, until we knew them well by heart. Now up to a certain age I was, as all healthy children are, essentially democratic, with a decided preference for low company, and a secret affinity for the least desirable little girls in the neighborhood. But Sandford and Merton wrought a pitiable change. I do not think I ever went so far as to dislike the Rev. Mr. Barlow after the very cordial and hearty fashion in which Dickens disliked him, and I know I should have been scandalized by Mr. Burnand's cheerful mockery; but, pondering over the matter with the stolid gravity of a child, I reached some highly unsatisfactory conclusions. It did not seem to me, and it does not seem to me now, exactly fair in the estimable clergyman to have refused the board which Mr. Merton was anxious to pay, and then have reproached poor Tommy so coldly with eating the bread of dependence; neither did it seem worth while for a wealthy little boy to spend his time in doing — very inefficiently, I am sure — the work of an under-gardener. Harry's contempt for riches and his supreme satisfaction with a piece of bread for dinner struck me as overdrawn; Tommy's mishaps were more numerous than need be, even if he did have the misfortune to be a gentleman's son; and the complacency with which Mr. Barlow permitted him to give away a whole suit of clothes — clothes which, according to my childish system of ethics, belonged, not to him, but to his mother — contrasted but poorly with the anxiety manifested by the reverend mentor over his own pitiful loaf of bread. Altogether, Sandford and Merton affected me the wrong way; and, for the first time, my soul

revolted from the pretentious virtues of honest poverty. It is to the malign influence of that tale that I owe my sneaking preference for the drones and butterflies of earth. I do not now believe that all men are born equal; I do not love universal suffrage; I mistrust all popular agitators, all intrusive legislation, all philanthropic fads, all self-styled friends of the people. I cannot even sympathize with the noble theory that every man and woman should do their share of the world's work; I would gladly shirk my own if I could. And this lamentable, unworthy view of life and its responsibilities is due to the subtle poison instilled into my youthful mind by the too strenuous counter-teaching of Sandford and Merton.

A third pitfall was dug for my unwary feet when, as a school-girl of fifteen, I read, sorely against my will, Milton's *Areopagitica*. I believe this is a work highly esteemed by critics, and I have even heard people in private life, who might say what they pleased without scandal, speak quite enthusiastically of its manly spirit and sonorous rhetoric. Perhaps they had the privilege of reading it skippingly to themselves, and not as I did, aloud, paragraph after paragraph, each weighted with mighty sentences, cumbrous, involved, majestic, and, so far as my narrow comprehension went, almost unintelligible. Never can I forget the aspect of those pages, bristling all over with mysterious allusions to unknown people and places, and with an armed phalanx of Greek and Roman names, which were presumably familiar to my instructed mind, but which were really dug out bodily from my Classical Dictionary, at the cost of much time and temper. I have counted in one paragraph, and that a moderately short one, forty-five of these stumbling-blocks, ranging all the way from the "libertine school of Cyrene," about which I knew nothing, to the no less libertine songs of Naso, about which I know

nothing now. Neither was it easy to trace the exact connection between the question at issue, "the freedom of unlicenc'd printing," and such far-off matters as the gods of Egypt and the comedies of Plautus, Isaiah's prophecies and the Carthaginian councils. Erudition, like a bloodhound, is a charming thing when held firmly in leash, but it is not so attractive when turned loose upon a defenseless and unerudite public. Lady Harriet Ashburton used to say that when Macaulay talked she was not only inundated with learning, but she positively stood in the slops. In reading Milton, I waded knee-deep, utterly out of my element, and deeply resentful of the experience. The liberty of the press was, to my American notions, so much a matter of course that the only way I could account for the continued withholding of so commonplace a privilege was by supposing that some unwary members of Parliament read the *Areopagitica*, and were forthwith hardened into tyranny forever. I own I felt a savage glee in reflecting that Lords and Commons had received this oppressive bit of literature in the same aggrieved spirit that I had myself, and that its immediate result was to put incautious patriots in a more ticklish position than before. If truth now seems to me a sadly overrated virtue; if plain-speaking is sure to affront me; if the vigorous personalities of the journalist and the amiable indecencies of the novel-writer vex my narrow soul, and the superficial precautions of a paternal government appear estimable in my eyes, to what can I trace this alien and unprogressive attitude if not to the *Areopagitica*, and its adverse influence over my rebellious and suffering girlhood?

As these youthful reminiscences are of too mournful a nature to be profitably prolonged, I will add only one more to the list of books which have hindered my moral and intellectual development. When I was seventeen, I read, at the

earnest solicitation of some well-meaning friends, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, and my carefully guarded theories of life shivered and broke before the baneful lesson it conveyed. Brought up on a comfortable and wholesome diet of Miss Edgeworth's pleasant stories, I had unconsciously absorbed the genial doctrine that virtue is its own reward, and that additional rewards are sure to be forthcoming; that happiness awaits the good and affable little girl, and that well-merited misfortunes dog the footsteps of her who inclines to evil ways. I trusted implicitly to those shadowy mills where the impartial gods grind out our just deserts; and the admirable songs in *Patience* about Gentle Jane and Teasing Tom inadequately express the rigidity of my views and the boundless nature of my confidence. *The Heir of Redclyffe* destroyed, at once and forever, this cheerful delusion, and with it a powerful stimulus to rectitude. Here are Sir Guy Morville and poor little Amy, both of them virtuous to a degree which would have put Miss Edgeworth's most exemplary characters to the blush; yet Guy, after being bullied and badgered through the greater part of his short life, dies of the very fever which should properly have carried off Philip; and Amy, besides being left widowed and heart-broken, gives birth to a daughter instead of a son, and so forfeits the inheritance of Redclyffe. On the other hand, Philip, the most intolerable of prigs and mischief-makers, whose cruel suspicions play havoc with the happiness of everybody in the story, and whose obstinate folly brings about the final disaster, — Philip, who is little better than his cousin's murderer, suc-

ceeds to the estate, marries that very stilted and unpleasant young person Laura (who is after all a world too good for him), and is left in a blaze of glory, a wealthy, honored, and distinguished man. It is true that Miss Yonge, whose conscience must have pricked her a little at bringing about this unwarranted and unjustifiable conclusion, would have us believe that he was sorry for his misbehavior, and that his regret was sufficient to equalize the perfidious scales of justice; but even at seventeen I was not guileless enough to credit the lasting quality of Philip's contrition. A very few years would suffice to reconcile him to Guy's death, and to convince him that his own succession was a mere survival of the fittest, an admirable intervention on the part of Destiny to remedy her former blunders, and exalt him to his proper station in the world. But to me this triumph of guilt meant the downfall of my early creed, the destruction of my most cherished convictions. Never again might I look forward with hopeful heart to the inevitable righting of all wrong things; never again might I trust with old-time confidence to the final readjustment of a closing chapter. Even Emerson's essay on *Compensation* has failed to restore to me the full measure of all that I lost through *The Heir of Redclyffe*.

I will pursue the subject no further. Those who read these simple statements may not, I fear, find them as edifying or as stimulating as the happier recollections of more favored souls; but it is barely possible that they may see in them the unvarnished reflection of some of their own youthful experiences.

*Agnes Repplier.*

## THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

## IX.

THE townsfolk were aghast when they heard of the doings at the fort. It was as though a sirocco from the tropics had burst upon their tranquil little island. The very air, like the atmosphere of thunder-storms, seemed dense and murky, presaging convulsion. There was, withal, a pervading feeling of panic. The children, taking advantage of the relaxed vigilance at home, flocked in gaping wonder to Bowling Green. Groups of whispering slaves, in defiance of the law against their congregating on the street, gathered at corners and in byways, keeping a watchful outlook lest the shout should detect them and drag them off to the whipping-post. The train-bands inspired the awe of a conquering army, and Jacob Leisler was suddenly invested with the mysterious interest of a nursery hero.

Perhaps no one in all the town was more deeply disturbed than Dr. Samuel Staats. In vain he rubbed his eyes and looked about to see things settle back into their old ruts. Everything was awry. The element of correspondence had vanished from the social scheme. The moral world had warped away from the physical. Ousted from his comfortable place in the old dispensation, he could by no means adjust himself to the new. The result was perplexity and distress.

Amidst all the darkness and confusion, there were here and there feeble points of light, like fixed stars, towards which he looked as guides. In the first place, he was a Dutchman; no convulsion of nature or dynastic revolution could affect that unalterable fact. Thus by birth, blood, and association he seemed rather to belong to the party at the fort than to the so-called English

party at the Stadthuys. Again, the situation brought back old stirring remembrances of the recapture of the city from the English in 1673. While, lastly, as a stanch member of the Reformed Church, he necessarily took alarm at the cry of "Papist."

Naturally yielding to these varied influences, he unconsciously gravitated slowly and surely in one direction. It needed but a slight determining force from without to give him impetus.

It was the day after the seizure of the fort. Early in the morning there came a thundering knock at the door. When it was opened, a loud, rough voice resounded through the house:—

"Tell Dr. Staats Captain Leisler bids him come to the fort without delay!"

Thereupon, without waiting for an answer, the messenger strode off down the street.

The begum, sitting at her embroidery, heard the message; it may be she even recognized worthy Ensign Stoll's voice. Dropping her work, she made an odd little reflex movement with her hands,—a gesture so unmeaning it could not have been voluntary.

Rising presently, she went towards the door, stopped, turned back, and slowly walked up and down the room. At last, with a sudden outward fling of her nervous hands, as if casting off some resisting impression, she proceeded to a small room at the end of the hall, which her husband used for an herbarium.

The doctor had already put aside his work, and was buttoning up his long-tailed coat. He turned his heavy, sedate face toward the door, as his wife entered, with a passing look of surprise: it was evident she did not often invade his workshop.

"You go out?" she asked carelessly, as if casually noting his preparation.

"Yes."

"'T is better to stay at home."

"Why?"

"Yonder 't is so — so" — She finished the sentence with a movement of her hands indicating confusion.

"Poh! no; old huysvrouw's tales."

"It must be most urgent, the business that takes you forth." She drew near, and affected to correct some detail in his dress.

"There is need I should go."

"So?"

"I shall be back before long," he said by way of consolation.

"Is it for your own affairs there is such need?" she asked, unheeding his assurance.

"In part."

At a loss for an expletive, she made a gesture of impatience.

"The public business is every man's business, when there is need of him."

"Who says there is need of you?"

"I have been sent for."

"There is no king here. To send for another is to have power over him."

"Sometimes."

"Who is here has power to send? Comes the word from his Excellency?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Be sure it does not, or I should be slow to heed it. His Excellency's day is over. The king who set up his Excellency is pulled down himself."

"And has the new king set up one in his place?"

"Not yet."

"Who then takes the power to himself?"

"Little woman," said the doctor, making a movement to escape, "I cannot explain these matters to you; they are hard to understand."

She renewed her interest in his toilet, smoothing his sleeves, tucking in the ends of his neck-cloth, and now and again casting a quick glance up into his face.

"Do you understand them, then, — you?"

The doctor coughed uneasily, and again tried to edge away, whereupon, changing her tone, madam cried imperatively, —

"Do not go!"

"Where?"

"To that man."

Despite the phlegm which encased him like an armor, the worthy Dutchman almost started at this unexpected thrust.

"Ei?"

"To go is your ruin."

"Poh! poh!" he said, stroking her with his fat hands. "Somebody has been filling your ears with fables."

She broke away from his caress, and her slender figure seemed visibly to tower as she continued her warning: —

"Go not, I say! I see clearly, while you are blind."

The doctor looked discomfited, but his flabby white face only settled into stubborn lines of resolution.

"That man," pursued madam vehemently, "has always been a poor beast; now he raves, he mounts a car he cannot guide, he goes on — on — The — the abyss lies before."

Affecting to laugh, the doctor gently moved his excited helpmeet from his path and walked to the door, saying in a matter-of-fact way: —

"Be not afraid, my dear. I will keep clear of his car. Never you fear" — His fat sides shook at the joke. "I will not go near the abyss."

"It will seize you too, then, this madness," muttered the lady, looking after him. "Go; but it is for nothing, — nothing, only to follow in the steps of a fool!"

Listening mechanically as her husband's heavy step resounded along the hall and the outer door closed behind him, the begum's musing was presently interrupted by Catalina, who came bursting in with a petition: —

"Mother, I would go out."

Madam looked at her daughter vacantly, without realizing her words.



"I would go out, if it please you," repeated Catalina more emphatically. "Gertryd and Johanna are at play in the garden; you will not be alone."

The mother nodded, still with divided mind.

"I need not be back to dinner, I hope? You will not be troubled now that you know where to find me."

Receiving another nod of acquiescence, Catalina with a joyous look skipped away, only turning at the door to say, —

"I will come back before nightfall, and if those noisy men are in the street Hester will send" —

"Stop!" The cry was ringing and imperative. "Where would you go?" demanded the mother, aroused in an instant to suspicious alertness.

"To Hester's."

"You shall not!"

"Mother!"

"You shall not go!"

"It is to Hester's—to Hester's, do you hear? She expects me. I pledged myself to go."

"Say no more; you cannot."

"But why? What shall I say? She will think I forget. What is the matter?" cried the disappointed girl, her utterance choked by tears of grief and anger.

"Listen, Catalina,—listen, child! Strange things go on in the town,—stranger things come to-morrow; all is upturned. Danger is everywhere; it is not safe to go. Dry your eyes now, and go play with Johanna."

But Catalina was not to be so easily consoled. She protested with energy against being obliged to break faith with her friend. Impatient of this childish interruption at a moment of deep pre-occupation, the begum promised to dispatch a messenger at once to advise Hester that the visit was postponed, and further appeased her daughter by proposing, —

"If you must needs go out, you shall

visit Tryntie. In that direction is no danger. Outside the walls all is at peace."

After some demur, Catalina accepted the compromise, for in her faithful nurse she had a sympathizing confidant. Once reconciled to the change of plan, she lost no time in making her way to the bouw-erie. As her mother had predicted, the road in that direction was clear.

It was Saturday morning. Like a model huysvrouw, Tryntie was putting things in shining order for the Lord's Day. The pewter ware stood in a row above the fireplace. The brown and blue Delft had been taken down piece by piece, and rearranged in the corner cupboard; the hearth-tiles had been stained red, the furniture polished, and Tryntie, with arms bared and skirts tucked up, stood holding a box of fine white sand, wherewith she was about to sprinkle the floor, already scrubbed to spotless cleanness.

Dropping the box, she spread wide her arms to receive her loved fosterling, who came rushing to embrace her.

"Oh, Tryntie, you are glad to see me!"

"Mm-m! Mm-m!"

"I have come to eat dinner."

"T is too much happiness for me."

"But you must go on with your work, mark you," continued Catalina, tossing her hood and jacket on the table. "Where is Ripse? I will play with him."

Tryntie silently pointed to a barrier built across the bedroom door, behind which the chubby infant was seen busily engaged with some bits of broken china.

"I will get over there, too, and watch you," said the visitor, stepping over the light boundary. "Nobody can make such patterns in the sand as you, Tryntie."

"Ei! Ei!" cried the flattered little woman, hastening to fetch one of her best chairs.

"Oh, Tryntie, I'm so glad — you know not how glad — to see you! I wish I could run away, and come to live with you."

"Zoo! Zoo!"

"Mother is like some other one; she thinks to herself. She does not heed one. She grows harsh and strange."

"Tis nothing."

"Yes, but it is. Mind you the time she would not let me go to Staaten Island, and Hester, Hester herself, came to beg for it? And now, this very morning, when I asked to go and see Hester, she broke out with such anger. I never saw her so. I cannot think what is the matter."

"Tis nothing, quite nothing," said Tryntie, soothingly, as she cast the sand thickly about her.

"And Hester, — she also is grown strange, these last days," continued Catalina, as she watched the busy huysvrouw. "She thinks to herself, too. Sometimes she heeds not at all when I speak."

"What matter?" interposed Tryntie, as she went on dexterously forming with her broom, in the sand, a wide border of an intricate shell-work pattern all around the room.

"Because she has secrets from me. Only yesterday I came upon her suddenly, and she hid something in her bosom."

"M-m!" exclaimed Tryntie, leaning her chin upon the top of her broom-handle, and gazing at Catalina with a knowing look. "Did she do that?"

"Yes, did she, and turned red as a rose up to her very hair."

"Zoo!" said Tryntie, nodding her head significantly.

"What is it?" cried Catalina in uncontrollable curiosity. "Tell me, Tryntie!"

"I see something in the meal, that day they come from the Kolch together."

"They?"

"And the buttermilk" —

"What?"

"T was all for him."

"Him?"

"She touched not a drop; 't was all for him. See that?"

"No, no. What is it?"

"And Staaten Island?"

"Yes?"

"I go with them. They say not a word to me all the day, but whisper, whisper, whisper to themselves."

"What do you mean?"

"Come here, my treasure. Help me with the schoorsten valletje," said Tryntie, bringing forth a long strip of pink-checked calico, freshly washed and ironed. "There, take you hold of that end. I mean," continued the dame, as she pinned up her end of the long valance across the top of the fireplace, "she has a sweetheart."

"Hester?" cried Catalina in a shrill, startled tone, dropping her end in the ashes.

"Mm-m."

"Who — who is it?" she demanded, clutching the little vrouw's arm.

"No less than the son of the worshipful mayor himself."

"That big — rough — saucy — hateful creature?" gasped Catalina.

"No such a one, but a fine, tall junker as ever I saw."

"Oh, Tryntie, you are the only friend I have left in the world!" and throwing herself into her nurse's arms, she burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

## X.

Catalina was inconsolable at what she considered the loss of her friend. That Hester should have deserted her was bad enough; that she should have kept from her a secret, and a secret of such moment, was worse; but the cruelest blow of all was to find herself supplanted in her friend's affection by that odious junker Van Cortlandt.

She met this first trial of her life in a rebellious, undisciplined spirit. By turns she was a woman, by turns a child. She underwent rapid changes of mood, abounded in whims and caprices, developed a contempt for food and sleep, together with other small eccentricities betokening a mind ill at ease.

The begum, used to frequent fluctuations in Catalina's spirit thermometer, gave little heed at first to these new symptoms, and not until several days had passed awoke to the fact that something unusual had happened.

Her action, upon this discovery, was interesting. She did not question Catalina; she refrained from talking with her; she only narrowly observed her. By patient brooding over the matter, it gradually dawned upon her mind that the trouble dated from her daughter's last visit to Tryntie.

Communication with the *bouwerie* was frequent, and a pretext was soon found for summoning Tryntie to the house upon some domestic business. The unsuspecting Catalina was quietly sent away on an errand that morning, and the *vrouw*, when she arrived, was shown at once to the room where the begum sat at her embroidery.

The lady graciously nodded to her visitor, and by a gesture indicated a rug just in front of the *tambour-frame* as a place for her to stand.

"You are always welcome," she said, without interrupting her task. "Goes all well at home?"

"At the best, many thanks."

"The little one grows?"

"That does he."

"And the goodman is in health?"

"Always, I thank you much."

"T is fine weather now for your tulips," continued the hostess, stopping to pick out a false stitch, while her visitor stood waiting with an air of deference.

"Nothing can be better."

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"Has it happened you have plucked your geese yet?"

"Not yet, my lady. I am waiting for a day."

"We have need of some feathers. Let me have all you can spare."

"That you shall, and the best."

"Catalina says you have a fine flock."

"T is not much."

"Catalina goes often to your house. She plagues you, I fear."

"Never. She comes too little."

"She gave me no account of her last visit."

"Zoo?"

"I hope nothing went amiss," and the lady accompanied her words with a searching look.

Tryntie cleared her throat, and hesitated. The begum became intent upon a snarl in her silks.

"She is heart-broke that Hester has a sweetheart."

An effect like the passing of a ray of light across a picture was seen in the begum's face.

"And who is the junker?"

"Mynheer Van Cortlandt."

The busy needlewoman pricked her finger. Pausing to stanch the blood, she murmured in a commonplace tone: —

"Ah, my head, — it forgets everything! We are in great need of eggs. Pray you, send a basket by Rip in the morning."

Long familiar with the peculiarities of her former mistress, Tryntie showed no consciousness of this sudden change of subject.

"He shall bring the last that are laid."

"So. Then I need not keep you longer here, when you are thinking of the little one at home."

"Take your time. I had not a thought of him."

Casting a compassionating look upon the dullard who had failed to take her hint, the begum went on with her work without condescending to offer another.

Tryntie, after waiting patiently several minutes for further recognition, shifting the while awkwardly from one foot to another, at last began to understand.

"The feathers and—the eggs—'t was for that you wanted me?"

"Only that."

The lady's small black eyes were as unfathomable as beads, as she gravely returned the vrouw's parting salute.

After an understanding so explicit the begum was naturally astonished to hear, early next morning, that Vrouw Van Dorn was at the door again, demanding to speak with her. Dissembling a look of curiosity, she signified by a gesture that the visitor should be admitted.

Entering the room, Tryntie walked forward, and without a word of warning or preamble exclaimed:—

"Hester is shut up; the door is locked against her; she is never to see or speak with her sweetheart again! The beautiful junker is driven home like a dog! Hester cries herself sick! She sends for Catalina!"

Although the begum sat motionless while these spasmodic sentences were exploded in her ear, certain interesting changes took place in her countenance. She plainly resisted divers impulses to exclaim, to interrupt, to start from her seat. To such good effect did she control herself, however, that Tryntie waited impatiently a whole minute for her to speak.

"Her father does this?"

"Who else?"

"He hates Mynheer Van Cortlandt?"

"'T is like."

"He cares nothing to make his child happy?"

"Not he."

"He shuts her up like a thief. He thinks only of himself. He will make all bend to his will."

Even in her own agitation Tryntie noted the growing intensity of these ut-

terances. Her look of wonder warned the speaker, who, checking herself, said abruptly:—

"Catalina is in the garden. 'T is better for you to tell her."

Tryntie, nothing loath, went on her errand. Left alone, the begum, throwing off her head-dress, passed her hands nervously over her face, and otherwise showed signs of agitation. Directly, however, at the sound of footsteps in the passage, she resumed her self-control as effectually as if it had been a garment.

It was Tryntie again. Quite forgetful of decorum, she came rushing in with the announcement,—

"She will not budge!"

The begum was plainly very much astonished.

"Not?"

"Not a step."

Through and beyond the breathless dame, as if she had been imponderable ether, the lady stared for several minutes. The result of her reflection directly appeared. Her action, however, remains as puzzling now, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, as it seemed at the moment.

"Go bring her here," she said presently, as if awaking from sleep.

Tryntie went out, and after a few minutes came leading in the reluctant Catalina.

"You will not go to your friend?" asked the mother in a tone of reproach.

"No! no! no!" vehemently. "She is no friend,—she has left me. Her heart is changed,—she has another. Let her have him! I am glad she is shut up,—glad! glad! glad! Now she sees who is her friend,—now she thinks of her dear Catalina!"

Waiting until this outburst of passion had spent itself, the mother said simply:

"'T is yourself, then, you love, yourself you most think of. If you had loved your friend, you would have pity on her when she is unhappy."

This deft and nicely timed touch did its work.

"I do pity her, — I do pity her, and I *will* go to see her, but she is no longer my friend! No longer — no longer — no longer!"

Burning indignation at the insult put upon him by Leisler for a time overmastered all softer emotions in Steenie's heart. Impatiently he waited for the condign punishment which he felt sure would be visited upon the offender. Undue notions of his father's official power added to a warranted faith in his mother's strength of purpose confirmed him in this belief.

Thus occupied with himself, he was for a long time blind to the significance of things going on in the town. Little by little, however, he awoke to a realizing sense that something very unusual was taking place; that in some inscrutable way the Winkel Street liquor-seller had risen into sudden and uncomfortable prominence; and that his own worshipful father, far from any thought of making the militant leader of the train-bands an object of discipline, was striving by frantic efforts to hold fast to the few shreds of authority still vouchsafed him by that worthy.

Together with the discovery that Captain Leisler had become a personage to inspire respect, not to say fear, came the news that Hester was shut up in the house by orders of her stern parent. There could be no mistaking the cause. Wrath straightway admitted Love a cotenant of his heart.

Thereupon, despite the threats of the tyrant and the warnings of his own family, he began to haunt the neighborhood of Hester's prison. Back and forth he paced through the Strand, reckless of consequences, keenly scrutinizing every opening blind or fluttering curtain; but never a glimpse had he of the longed-for face.

With patience well-nigh exhausted, he

was meditating some bolder move, when one morning he saw coming towards him, from the direction of the dock, a figure, in whom he presently recognized his new acquaintance of Smiet's Vly.

"Good-day, little one!" he said, in the involuntary tone of patronage one uses towards a child.

He might have spared his condescension. The object of it ignored him utterly, and passed on her way without a look of recognition.

Steenie laughed aloud at this lofty air. He even turned with an amused look to watch the haughty damsel down the street. Where was she going? A thought flashed through his mind. Darting forward, he ran with all his might to overtake her.

"Wait! Wait, I beg you! Catalina, I would speak with you!"

The little lady turned a deaf ear.

"Catalina — Catalina!" he panted, in his eagerness actually laying hold of her arm. "Wait! Listen to me!"

"Dare to touch me," she cried, almost fiercely, "and I will call for the schout!"

"I mean no harm," he faltered, quite humbly. "I want to see you. I would have you stop."

"I will not stop."

"Truly, I must speak with you."

"Go speak with them that want to hear you."

"But you are the only one who can help me."

"I do not want to help you."

"Fie! Fie! Do you bear malice for a little fun?"

"I do what I like. I ask not your advice."

"But I need your aid. I would ask a favor. You can do me a great service. Listen!" placing himself in her path. "If I have given you offense, I am truly sorry. I ask pardon; I will make amends. I meant no harm. This is no time to bear grudges. Here is a grave matter. Hester, your friend, is

shut up yonder. I cannot get speech with her. I cannot send her a message. You are going to see her. They will let you in. Take a word from me, I beg you!"

"I will take no word. I will not listen to you. Never speak to me again. Let me go, I say!"

The astonished Steenie moved aside, and the wrathful girl swept by him.

At a loss what to do next, the junker sauntered down into the dock, where he saw a crowd gathered. In his aimless mood any distraction was welcome. He elbowed his way to the front, and found himself in luck. A young negro woman was about to be flogged; they were just tying her to the whipping-post. Here was something which promised for the moment to lift his own weight of care. The girl merely shrank when the first blow fell upon her bare back. At the next stroke she screamed lustily, and the vigor of her outcries increased with the progress of the punishment. A murmur of appreciation ran through the crowd. Steenie's own eyes glistened with a languid interest. Although a common sight, the incident had dramatic elements which raised it to the dignity of a diversion.

Finding, when this was over, no other such happy resource, the junker wandered vaguely across the bridge, and, following the bank of the canal, climbed the Verlettenberg, the steep little hill at the head of the Heeren-Gracht. Here, for lack of anything better to do, he sat listlessly throwing sticks and stones into the canal, when his attention was drawn by a beating of drums.

Looking down upon the little fortress which lay below him to the right, he saw several of the train-bands under arms and undergoing drill. He saw, too, messengers coming and going, ox-carts of provisions arriving, and a general appearance of bustle and activity outside as well as within the walls.

A natural thought occurred to him.

He looked to the left, down upon the Stadthuys: not a sound nor a sign of life appeared. The contrast was suggestive. The startled junker sprang to his feet.

"The governor—the council—the my father!" he cried. "Are they asleep? What are they doing? Do they know what is going on? Will they make no move until it is too late?"

Urged on by a sudden resolution, he quickly descended the hill, and was about to cross the bridge, when he felt himself plucked by the sleeve.

He turned about, and beheld Catalina standing with averted and forbidding look.

"You?"

"*She* wanted me to come," began the messenger in an implacable tone.

"I do it for *her*, and not for you."

"You have seen her!" burst in Steenie, oblivious of all lesser considerations. "What did she say? How did she look?"

"She says she will go to church on Sunday."

"Yes, yes."

"Perhaps her father may not be there."

"Whether he be or not" —

"Then she may get a word with you."

"She shall! she shall! Thank you, Catalina; thank you a thousand times!"

"I don't want your thanks. I won't have your thanks. I do it for *her*."

## XI.

Moved by the instinct of self-preservation, the procrastinating gentlemen at the Stadthuys at last made an attempt to appeal to public opinion. At the eleventh hour they decided to step down from their pedestals and have a talk with the people.

In ordinary times personal influence or official dignity might have gained



them a hearing, but here were times out of joint, and, as they soon discovered, the malady they undertook to treat had already long since passed beyond the reach of preventive remedies. The fever was in the blood, and day by day fired more deeply the hearts of the lethargic Dutchmen.

There is reason to believe that Bayard disapproved these long-delayed and futile measures, but at the instance of his fellows he went forth with the mayor and Mynheer Philipse to reason with the excited crowds, gathered about the landing-place in the dock or upon the fort green.

"What's the matter here, my friends?" said the mayor, approaching the mob in the dock. "What brings you together? Has some harm befallen?"

With the lifelong habit of subordination, the men made way for their chief magistrate, but with no look or word of welcome.

"What new thing has happened, I say? Have you not work to do and bread to eat? Have you not wives and children and comfortable homes? Is not God mindful of you more than you deserve, making your seeds to sprout in the ground, and sending sun and rain for your crops?"

Having no answer at hand to these awkward questions, the listeners maintained a sullen silence.

"What's lacking, I say? Or who has done you any wrong? What brings you here, forsaking your tasks and wasting the fair daylight with knitted brows and mutterings?"

"We'll have no Papist to rule over us!" cried out some one bluntly from the outskirts of the crowd.

Directly there was a hoarse cry of applause.

"And who, tell me, is a Papist? Is it Mynheer Philipse, or Colonel Bayard, or I?"

"Them that go with Papists are no better than their company."

"Who is the Papist, I ask? Not his Excellency?"

The speaker was interrupted by a loud murmur from the crowd.

"Who dare stand forward and lay such a charge?" demanded the mayor, with a show of indignation. "Colonel Nicholson is no more a Papist than Dominie Selyns himself. He is an upright, honest man, who will abide by the law and do justice to all."

But though they could not answer, the good citizens would not approve. One by one each little group melted away and disappeared, and the astonished mayor found himself again and again without an audience. The other councilors had the same mortifying experience, and, meeting at noon near the Stadthuys, they gloomily confessed to each other the hopelessness of continuing their efforts.

Meantime, as weak measures are worse than none, they had done their cause a positive harm. The mob had no stomach for truisms. They wanted dogmatism, not logic; brute force, not persuasion. They wanted boldness, decision, action,—in short, leadership. And they found it.

Down at the fort, like a clarion, rang out incessantly, morning, noon, and night, the warning voice of their self-appointed leader, the prophet of the hour.

The fateful wheel was already set whirling, and it knew no pause. In motion only a revolution has life and being. Like an unquenched fire, it must needs move on with ever swifter and fiercer progress until its desolating work is done.

Affairs in the province grew momentarily worse. News of discontent, of insubordination, of outbreaks, poured in daily from the country districts. In the town something in the very air told of the impending crisis. The old leaders seemed stricken with paralysis, the new nerved with a superhuman energy. The people awaited in tragic suspense the

approach of the fateful Lord's Day, concerning which so many dark forebodings had been uttered.

At last it came. Strange to say, Providence saw fit to lighten the darkness of doom by causing the sun to shine, the birds to sing, and the waves to dance in the bay as usual. The worthy citizens were shocked by so gross an incongruity. They confidently expected the day to be marked by awful convulsions of nature: tempests, earthquakes, and up-whirled sulphurous flames from the bottomless pit. With equal trust they looked for invading hordes of French and savages, for the uprising of some secret mysterious order in society, to annihilate all good and virtuous men.

Heavily the moments of the fair May morning wore away. Suddenly the tense silence was broken by the tolling of the silver-tongued bell in the fort. The sweet familiar sound sent a chill to the very marrow of the watching and waiting citizens. Had it come at last? Was this the signal for the massacre to begin? Was it their own knell? No. It was simply the call to the morning service, — a call which all their lives they had obeyed. Now, too, they must obey it, though fire and sword or devastating flood barred the way.

With nerves high strung by long suspense, with faces ominous of evil, they marched forth, those honest burghers, followed by their wives and children, — marched stoutly forth, with the air of conscious victims to the martyr's post.

Arrived within the fort, they found a passing relief in the presence of the large crowd of their friends and neighbors assembled. The fortifications gave a sense of security, and their place of worship was a second home to them all.

The famous little church is well known to students of history; it stands forth a prominent and striking feature in all the early views of the town, with its double-peaked roof and its marble inscription proclaiming: —

WILHELM KIEFT DIRECTEUR GENERAAL

HEEFT DE GEMEENTE DESEN TEMPEL  
DOEN BOUWEN

Within, though severe, it was not less picturesque, with its big stoves hoisted up on stilts to a level with the gallery, its old chandelier fitted with long candles, its droll little octangular pulpit in which the dominie looked dangerously like a jack-in-the-box, and its bell-rope dangling in the middle aisle.

Filing in as the last stroke of the bell sounded, the men took their places on a raised bench which ran around three sides of the room, while the women and children silently seated themselves in the middle space. The church seemed cold and a little damp after the warmth of the outer air, and the pervading smell of tobacco denser than usual this morning, as the men puffed fiercely at their pipes.

Precisely upon the point of the hour Dominie Selyns climbed into the pulpit, inverted the hour-glass on the desk, and looked down upon the deacons sitting in a row beneath him as if noting the absence of a well-known figure; then gazing calmly about upon his anxious congregation, in unfaltering tones he gave out the hymn "A firm city is our God."

The zieken-trooster, with less command of himself, pitched the tune a full half tone below the key, and the congregation sang it through in distracting discord. The hymn ended, there was an unusual interruption to the service. A dozen or more slips of paper were handed up to the clerk, who in turn passed them one by one up to the high pulpit, on the end of a split stick.

It was a matter of much surprise to the congregation that, notwithstanding these numerous petitions, no allusion was made to the disturbed state of affairs save this one brief passage in the long-drawn prayer: —

"O God of hosts, in the multitude of

Thy creatures we are as nothing, yet Thou carest for us! Teach us, we pray Thee, to put away vain fears, to dread no evil but Thy wrath! Teach us that while Thou art near no harm can befall us, and that Thou art with the chosen of Thy people even from everlasting to everlasting!"

Midway the sermon the dominie suddenly stopped. The deacons marched out and stood in a row under the pulpit, facing the people, each carrying upon his shoulder a pole with a bag at the end, from which depended a little bell. The dominie solemnly pronounced a blessing upon the collection about to be taken, and the deacons started upon their rounds, passing the bag scrupulously under the nose of each individual, the poor and rich alike, who, warned by the tinkling of the bell, could by no means feign abstraction.

From his seat on the raised bench set apart for the men Steenie commanded the whole congregation. Presently his eyes brightened, his lips moved, he started forward in his seat, and with difficulty restrained himself from crying out. Vrouw Leisler, with her daughter, was coming down the aisle. One glance at Hester's pale cheeks and downcast eyes sent the hot blood in a flood to his face. He saw her unhappiness, and remembered the cause of it.

Oblivious now of the preacher's words, oblivious of the people's anxiety, the junker sat with unconcealed impatience gazing upon that one rude bench and its occupant. Hitherto, Hester, glancing furtively about, had failed to discover him; but in the general movement attending the taking of the contribution she made a more careful survey. Their eyes met. A hundred words were compressed into the glance.

Meantime, the anxious people, although intent upon every outside movement, were yet somewhat reassured by the serenity of their pastor and the calm and orderly conduct of the service.

Coming forth from the little sanctuary, however, they found themselves once more in the stifling atmosphere of plots and omens. It was whispered that Leisler and the captains of the train-bands were closeted in secret session in the governor's house, of which they had latterly taken possession. Several of the train-bands stood drawn up in arms, ready for any emergency. The sentinels stalked up and down with a portentous mien.

After the service many of the little flock gathered about their pastor for comfort and advice. He could give them no good reason for so sudden and profound a disturbance of the peace, but bade them be of good cheer, and he would go himself and confer with Captain Leisler, and learn, if possible, the real state of affairs.

True to his promise, the dominie went straight to the governor's house, and demanded admission. After some delay he was ushered into a large, low-studded room, where stood the object of his search busily haranguing his associates.

Leisler paused, and a momentary look of discomfiture swept over his face upon the abrupt entrance of his pastor.

"Deacon Leisler," said the divine, not without severity, "I missed your presence at church. If leaders and elders be wanting, how shall the common sort be kept to their duty?"

"Dominie, ye know well I am not often wanting," answered Leisler in a tone of respect, "nor would I now be but for matters of grave moment which hold me here."

"There be no matters of graver moment than your duty to God, nor can ever be."

Somewhat taken aback by this prompt reproof, Leisler had need to consider a moment his reply.

"There be other duties than praying and psalm-singing."

"What other duty may there be to warrant you in breaking God's divine

commandment to keep holy the Sabbath Day?"

"Watching over the safety of his people," retorted Leisler quickly; "taking care they be not betrayed to the enemy; taking care that fire shall not visit his sanctuary nor destruction overcome his flock."

"And whence comes this peril?"

"From the arch-enemy of mankind, — from yonder whore of pollution, the Church of Rome."

"The damned Papists!" broke in Stoll.

"Where find you proof of this?"

"Everywhere. On every side they are plotting to destroy us. They lie in ambush in our midst. They are ready to rise. When the hour comes and the signal is given, the town will run red with the blood of its people, and the sky be blackened from the ruin of our homes."

"How comes this to your ears, and not to mine?"

"I am not to tell every man what I know," answered Leisler, his eye flaming with enthusiasm, and his person assuming a lofty port. "'Tis enough that I know it. And yonder traitors have done it all!" pointing towards the Stadthuys.

A loud murmur of approbation from those about him encouraged the speaker to proceed.

"I am put forth by my fellow-citizens to protect them. I stand in the breach. I stand here ready and waiting, and if those dogs and traitors do but raise a hand" —

"By God, we will sweep them from the earth!" shouted Stoll, finishing the sentence.

"Silence!" thundered the dominie, turning with blazing eyes upon the speaker. "One breath from Him whose awful name you mouth so glibly would send your hardened soul to burn in everlasting fire!"

The abashed ensign quailed before

this vigorous rebuke, and interfered no more in the conversation.

"And as for you, Deacon Leisler," pursued the dominie in a warning tone, "take heed what you do in the name of the Almighty! Take heed you stir not men to strife without cause! Take heed the fever of ambition or the greed of revenge moves you not to deeds for which you shall answer before a mightier tribunal than that of men!"

With these words the undaunted preacher turned upon his heel and withdrew.

In the general confusion attending the coming forth of the congregation, Hester found no difficulty in slipping away with Steenie. Regardless of the general panic, regardless of the impending peril, they walked calmly out of the fort, and, following a beaten path which led towards the water, made their way to the Copake rocks, a bold ledge which formerly jutted forth into the North River, not far from the fort. Here, among the nooks and crannies of the cliff, they easily found a seat quite secure from landward observation.

They sat for a space silent, clasped in each other's arms.

"Steenie!"

"My sweetheart!"

"What shall we do?"

"We will run away."

"No — no; that I dare not," said Hester, startled at the bold suggestion.

"Would you go back to that — to him yonder?"

"He is my father," faltered Hester, in meek protestation.

"And what if he be?"

"I owe him duty and obedience."

"You owe him nothing. He has forfeited all claims upon you."

"The Bible says" —

"Honor your father and mother. Good, while they are worthy of honor; it says nothing of honoring a tyrant."

"We live in great dread of him,"

she went on, after a little, in a tone of self-justification, "Mary and mother and I,—he is so changed. We are nothing now to him. His head is full of plots and conspiracies. He calls himself a prophet."

"He is" — The wrathful junker checked himself. "'T is all talk, brag, and bluster, to deceive the vulgar, to bring himself to power."

"We know not what to think. He talks of a great work he is called to do, of blood to be shed, of fire and ruin and slaughter — Oh, 't is terrible to hear! Then he fixes his eye on a point in the air, and talks in a way we cannot understand. We dare not speak. We dare not cross him. If anything goes wrong, he flies into a mighty passion, and swears most wickedly."

"He is a madman. 'T is not safe to live with him. You shall not go back, — never!"

"Truly I shudder at the thought. We watch for his coming. We dread to hear his step. When we wait to meet him, 't is a mercy if we miss a cursing. If, however, we run away and hide out of his sight, he sends fiercely to hale us forth."

"You shall never go back."

"Oh, what else can I do? There is no help for me."

"There is, I say."

"How, tell me, and where?"

"Listen! I have a kinswoman at Vlacktebos. She will receive you for my sake. 'T is far away enough from town to be secure."

Hester looked tempted, but irresolute.

"She is a good, pious woman, and will give you kind treatment. After 't is discovered you are gone, and the storm is blown over, I will go counsel with Dominie Selyns upon what's to be done."

"I fear, — 't is an awful thing to run away from home. How shall we come to this place?"

"Easy enough. We may go in my

ketch to Breuckelen, and make the rest of the way on foot, at the very worst."

"We might be seen setting forth."

"Not a bit. We will sail after night-fall. Come, let us go this very night."

"Sh-h!"

A sound of marching feet and a clatter of arms were heard approaching from the left. Looking around, they saw a sergeant of the train-bands with a squad of a half-score armed men, to whom had been assigned the duty of patrolling the shore to guard against any hostile assault by sea.

"Ei! Ei!" hiccupped the sergeant, with a vinous utterance. "What's here? Here's mis-mischief hatching! Misch—hic — mischief — see!"

"Get away with you! We are peaceable citizens minding our own business," said Steenie, starting up indignantly, "and I warn you to have a care how you molest us."

"He-hear him, men! Look ye here, young cock, no crowin' here! I'll—I'll tell ye wh-what ye are!"

"It's Rip!" exclaimed Hester in astonishment, as the men drew nearer.

"Eh?"

"Rip Van Dorn, — Tryntie's good-man."

"He's a meddling fool, whoever he be."

"'T is only that he has stopped too often at Vrouw Iitschoe's" —

"I'll tell ye wh-what ye are," pursued the vigilant sergeant. "Pa-Papists, — a couple of damned Pa-Papists hatching a p-plot."

"Hold your saucy tongue, and go your way!" cried the junker, beside himself with rage.

"A plot, I — hic — say, — hatching a plot! I — I've been hunting for ye all day! Fetch — fetch 'em along to the captain!"

"Rip!" cried Hester, aghast at this threat. "Look at me! Do you know who I am?"

"'Rip'! Humph! There's no R-Rips

here, mark ye!" with an unrecognizing leer. "Sergeant, if ye p-please, — Ser-Sergeant Van Dorn, at your bidding."

"Listen!" continued Hester severely. "You know very well who I am."

"That I do. Ye're a Pa-Papist, — a damned fine little Papist!"

"Hush, I say! I am nothing of the kind, and you know it well. So now pray lead your men away, and go about your business."

Sergeant Van Dorn shook his head, and hiccupped out a very cunning laugh.

"My business! So! That will I, and t-take ye along with me! Ye shall g-go to the captain and t-tell all about the p-plot ye're ma-making here with this other Pa-Papist!"

Whereupon, in spite of entreaty, threat, or expostulation, the two were led away in custody by the triumphant Rip.

*Edwin Lassetter Bynner.*

### A MOUNTAIN-SIDE RAMBLE.

THERE are two sayings of Scripture which to my mind seem peculiarly appropriate for pleasant Sundays, — "Behold the fowls of the air," and "Consider the lilies." The first is a morning text, as anybody may see, while the second is more conveniently practiced upon later in the day, when the dew is off the grass. With certain of the more esoteric doctrines of the Bible (the duty of turning the other cheek, for example, or of selling all that one has and giving to the poor) we may sometimes be troubled what to do, — unless, like the world in general, we turn them over to Count Tolstoi and his followers; but with such precepts as I have quoted nobody is likely to quarrel, least of all any "natural man." For myself, I find them always a comfort, no matter what my mood or condition, and their observance becomes doubly agreeable when I am away from home; the thought of beholding a strange species of fowl, or of considering a new sort of lily, proving even more attractive than the prospect of listening to a new minister, or, what is somewhat less probable, of hearing a new sermon.

Thus it was with me, not long ago, when I found myself suddenly left alone

at a small hotel in the Franconia Valley. The day was lowery, as days in the mountains are apt to be; but when duty goes along with inclination, a possible sprinkling is no very serious hindrance. Besides, a fortnight of "catching weather" had brought me into a state of something like philosophical indifference. I must be reckoned either with the just or with the unjust, — so I had come to reason, — and of course must expect now and then to be rained on. Accordingly, after dinner, I tucked my faithful umbrella under my arm, and started up the Notch road.

I had in view a quiet, meditative ramble, in harmony with the spirit of the day, and could think of nothing more to the purpose than a visit to a pair of deserted farms, out in the woods on the mountain-side. The lonesome fields and the crumbling houses would touch my imagination, and perhaps chasten my spirit. Thither would I go, and "consider the lilies." I am never much of a literalist, — except when a strict construction favors the argument, — and in the present instance it did not strike me as at all essential that I should find any specimens of the genus *Lilium*. Any member of the great and noble family



of the *Liliaceæ* — the pretty clintonia, now a little out of season, or even the Indian cucumber-root — would come fairly within the spirit of the text; while, if worst came to worst, there would certainly be no scarcity of grass, itself nothing but a kind of degenerate lily, if some recent theories may be trusted.

I followed the highway for a mile or two, and then took a wood-road (a "cart-path" I should call it, if I dared to speak in my own tongue, wherein I was born) running into the forest on the left. This brought me before long to a "pair of bars," over which I clambered into a grassy field, the first of the two ancient clearings I had come out to see. The scanty acres must have been wrested from the encompassing forest at no small cost of patience and hard labor. And after all, the farm proved not to pay for its tillage. A waste of energy, as things now looked; but who is to judge of such matters? It is not given to every man to see the work of his hands established. A good many of us, I suspect, might be thankful to know that anything we have ever done would be found worthy of mention fifty years from now, though the mention were only by way of pointing a moral.

The old barn was long ago blown down, and as I mounted the fence a woodchuck went scampering out of sight among the timbers. The place was not entirely uninhabited, as it seemed, in spite of appearances; and as I turned toward the house, the door of which stood uninvitingly open, there sat a second woodchuck in the doorway, facing me, intent and motionless, full of wonderment, no doubt, at the unspeakable impertinence of such an intrusion. I was glad to see *him*, at any rate, and made haste to tell him so; greeting him in the rather unceremonious language wherewith the now famous timbouse is said to have addressed our foremost American gentleman and philosopher:—

"Good day, good sir!  
Fine afternoon, old passenger!  
Happy to meet you in these places!"

But the churlish fellow had no notion of doing the honors, and by the time I had advanced two or three paces he whisked about, and vanished inside the door. "Well done!" I thought. "Great is evolution. Woodchucks used to be cave-dwellers, but they are getting to live above ground, like the rest of us. So does history repeat itself. Who knows how soon they may be putting up cottages on their own account?" Perhaps I gave the creature more credit than really belonged to him. I followed him into the house, but he was nowhere to be seen, and it is not unlikely that he lived in a cave, after all. Nearly half the flooring had rotted away, and there was nothing to hinder his getting into the cellar. He may have taken the old farmhouse as a convenient portico for his burrow, a sort of storm-porch, as it were. In his eyes this may be the final end and aim, the teleological purpose, of all such board-and-shingle edifices. Mr. Ruskin seems to hold that a house falls short of its highest usefulness until it has become a ruin; and who knows but woodchucks may be of the same opinion?

This particular house was in two parts, one of them considerably more ancient than the other. This older portion it was, of which the floor had so badly (or so well) fallen into decay; while the ceiling, as if in a spirit of emulation, had settled till it described almost a semicircle of convexity. To look at it, one felt as if the law of gravity were actually being imposed upon.

It must have marked an epoch in the history of the household, this doubling of its quarters. Things were looking well with the man. His crops were good, his family increasing; his wife had begun to find the house uncomfortably small; they could afford to enlarge it. Hence this addition, this "new

part," as no doubt they were in the habit of calling it, with pardonable satisfaction. It was more substantially built than the original dwelling, and possessed, what I dare say its mistress had set her heart upon, one plastered room. The "new part"! How ironical the words sounded, as I repeated them to myself! If things would only stay new, or if it were men's houses only that grew old!

The people who lived here had little occasion to hang their walls with pictures. When they wanted something to look at, they had but to go to the window and gaze upon the upper slopes of Mount Lafayette and Mount Cannon, rising in beauty beyond the intervening forest. But every New England woman must have a bit of flower garden, no matter what her surroundings; and even here I was glad to notice, just in front of the door, a clump of cinnamon rose bushes, all uncared for, of course, but flourishing as in a kind of immortal youth (this old-fashioned rose must be one of Time's favorites), and just now bright with blossoms. For sentiment's sake I plucked one, thinking of the hands that did the same years ago, and ere this, in all likelihood, were under the sod; thinking, too, of other hands, long, long vanished, and of a white rose bush that used to stand beside another door.

On both sides of the house were apple-trees, a few of them still in good trim, but the greater number decrepit after years of buffeting by mountain storms. A phebe sat quietly on the ridge-pole, and a chipper was singing from the orchard. What knew they of time, or of time's mutations? The house might grow old, — the house and the trees; but if the same misfortune ever befalls phœbes and sparrows, we are, fortunately, none the wiser. To human eyes they are always young and fresh, like the buttercups that bespangled the grass before me, or like the sun

that shone brightly upon the tranquil scene.

Turning away from the house and the grassy field about it, I got over a stone-wall into a pasture fast growing up to wood: spruces, white pines, red pines, paper birches, and larches, with a profusion of meadow-sweet sprinkled everywhere among them. A nervous flicker started at my approach, stopped for an instant to reconnoitre, and then made off in haste. A hermit thrush was singing, and the bird that is called the "preacher" — who takes no summer vacation, but holds forth in "God's first temple" for the seven days of every week — was delivering his homily with all earnestness. He *must* preach, it seemed, whether men would hear or forbear. He had already announced his text, but I could not certainly make out what it was. "Here we have no continuing city," perhaps; or it might have been, "Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity." It should have been one of these, or so I thought; but, as all church-goers must have observed, the connection between text and sermon is sometimes more or less recondite, and once in a while, like the doctrine of the sermon itself, requires to be taken on faith. In the present instance, indeed, as no doubt in many others, the pew was quite as likely to be at fault as the pulpit. The red-eye's eloquence was never very persuasive to my ear. Its short sentences, its tiresome upward inflections, its everlasting repetitiousness, and its sharp, querulous tone long since became to me an old story; and I have always thought that whoever dubbed this vireo the "preacher" could have had no very exalted opinion of the clergy.

I stayed not to listen, therefore, but kept on through the wood, while a purple finch pitched a tune on one side of the path (he appeared to feel no compunctions about interrupting the red-eye's exhortation), and a squirrel sprung

his rattle on the other; and presently I came to the second farm: a large clearing, bounded by the forest on all hands, but after these many years still yielding a very respectable hay-crop (so does the good that men do live after them), and with a house and barn still standing at the lower end. I reached the house just in time to escape a shower, making an enforced obeisance as I entered. It was but the ghost of a dwelling, — the door off its hinges, and no glass in the four small windows; but it had a substantial quality about it, notwithstanding, as a not very tall man was liable at any moment to be reminded, should he carry himself a trifle too proudly under the big unheven timbers. It is better to stoop than to bump your head, they seemed to be saying. Hither came no tourists but the rabbits; and they, it was plain, were not so much tourists as permanent residents. As I looked at the blank walls and door-posts, after a fortnight's experience among the mountains, I felt grateful at the sight of boards on which Brown of Boston and Smith of Smithfield had not yet inscribed their illustrious names. I had left the city in search of rest and seclusion. For the time, in the presence of Nature herself, I would gladly have forgotten the very existence of my all-too-famous countrymen; and I rejoiced accordingly to have found one lonely spot to which their restless feet had not yet penetrated. Tall grass grew untrodden quite up to the door-sill; raspberry vines thrust their arms in at the paneless windows; there was neither paint nor plastering; and the tiny cupboard was so bare that it set my irreverent fancy to quoting Mother Goose in the midst of my most serious moralizings.

The owner of this farm, like his neighbor, had planted an apple orchard, and his wife a patch of cinnamon roses; and, not to treat one better than another, I picked a rose here also. There is no lover of flowers but likes to have his

garden noticed, and the good housewife would have been pleased, I knew, could she have seen me looking carefully for her handsomest and sweetest bud.

By this time the shower was over, and a song-sparrow was giving thanks. I might never have another opportunity to follow up an old forest path, of which I had heard vague reports as leading from this point to the railway. "It starts from the upper corner of the farm," my informant had said. To the upper corner I went, therefore, through the rank, wet grass. But I found no sign of what I was looking for, and with some heartfelt but unreportable soliloquizings, to the effect that a countryman's directions, like dreams, are always to be read backwards, I started straight down toward the lower corner, saying to myself that I ought to have had the wit to take that course in the beginning. Sure enough, the path was there, badly overgrown with bushes and young trees, but still traceable. A few rods, and I came to the brook. The bridge was mostly gone, as I had been forewarned it probably would be, but a single big log answered a foot passenger's requirements. Once across the bridge, however, I could discover no sign of a trail. But what of that? The sun was shining; I had only to keep it at my back, and I was sure to bring up at the railroad. So I set out, and for a while traveled on bravely. Then I began to bethink myself that I was not going up-hill quite so fast as it seemed I ought to be doing. Was I really approaching the railway, after all? Or had I started in a wrong direction (being in the woods at the time), and was I heading along the mountain-side in such a course that I might walk all night, and all the while be only plunging deeper and deeper into the forest? The suggestion was not pleasurable. If I could only see the mountain! But the thick foliage put that out of the question.

After a short debate with myself I concluded to be prudent, and make my way back to the brook while I still had the sun to guide me; for I now called to mind the showeriness of the day, and the strong likelihood that the sky might at any moment be overcast. Even as things were, there was no assurance that I might not strike the brook at some distance from the bridge, and so at some distance from the trail, with no means of determining whether it was above or below me. I began my retreat, and pretty soon, luckily or unluckily, — I am not yet certain which, — in some unaccountable manner, my feet found themselves again in the path.

Now, then, I would carry out my original intention, and I turned straight about. For a while the path held clear. Then it was blocked by a big tree that had toppled into it lengthwise. I must go round the obstruction, and pick up the trail at the other end. But the trail would not be picked up. It had faded out or run into the ground. Finally, when I was just on the point of owning myself beaten, my eyes all at once fell upon it, running along before me. A second experience of the same kind set me thinking how long it would take to go a mile or two at this rate (it was already half past four o'clock), even if I did not in the end lose my way altogether. But I kept on till I was stopped, not by a single windfall, but by a tangle of half a dozen. This time I hunted for a continuation of the path on the further side till I was out of patience, and then determined to be done with the foolish business, and go back by the way I had come. A very sensible resolve, but when I came to put it into execution it turned out to be too late. The path was lost entirely. I must fall back upon the sun; and if the truth is to be told, I commenced feeling slightly uncomfortable. The bushes were wet; my clothing was drenched; I had neither compass nor matches; it certainly would be

anything but agreeable to spend the night in the forest.

Happily, there was, for the present, no great danger of matters coming to such a pass. If the sun would only shine for half an hour longer I could reach the brook (I could probably reach it without the sun), and even if I missed the bridge I could follow the stream out of the woods before dark. I was not frightened, but I was beginning to tremble lest I should be. The loss of the path was in itself little to worry about. But what if I should lose my wits also, as many a man had done in circumstances no worse, and with consequences most disastrous? Unpleasant stories came into my head, and I remember repeating to myself more than once (candor is better than felicity of phrase), "Be careful, now; don't get rattled!" Then, having thus pulled myself together, as an Englishman would say, I faced the sun and began "stepping westward," though with no thought of Wordsworth's poem. A spectator might have suspected that if I was not "rattled," I was at least not far from it. "Now who is this," he might have queried,

"whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week?"

Meanwhile, I was, of course, on the lookout for any signs of the missing path, and after a time I descried in the distance, on one side, what looked like a patch of bushes growing in the midst of the forest. I made for it, and, as I expected, found myself once more on the trail. This time I held it, reached the bridge, crossed it, and, still keeping up my pace, was presently out in the sunshine of the old farm, startling a brood of young partridges on the way. Happy birds! They were never afraid of passing a night in the woods. A most absurd notion! But man, as he is the strongest of all animals, so is he also the weakest and most defenseless.

This last reflection is an afterthought, I freely acknowledge. At the moment

I was taken up with the peacefulness of the pastoral scene into which I had so happily emerged, and was in no mood to envy anybody. How bright and cheerful the ragworts and buttercups looked, and what sweet and homelike music the robin made, singing from one of the apple-trees! The cool north wind wafted the spicy odor of the cinnamon roses to my nostrils; but — alas for the prosaic fact! — the same cool wind struck through my saturated garments, bidding me move on. The pessimistic preacher was right when he said, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." I wonder whether he was ever bewildered in a dark wood. From boyhood I have loved the forest, with its silence, its shadows, and its deep isolation, but for the present I had had my fill of such mercies.

As I came out upon the highway, it occurred to me what Emerson says of Thoreau, — that "he could not bear to hear the sound of his own steps, and therefore never willingly walked in the road." My own taste, I was obliged to admit, was somewhat less fastidious. Indeed, my boots, soaked through and

through as they were, made very grateful music striking along the gravel. And after supper, while walking back and forth upon the piazza, in all the luxury of slippers and a winter overcoat, I turned more than once from the glories of the sunset to gaze upon the black slope of Lafayette, thinking within myself how much less comfortable I should be up yonder in the depths of the forest, so dark and wet, without company, without fire, without overcoat, and without supper. After all, mere animal comfort is not to be despised. Let us be thankful, I said, for the good things of life, of no matter what grade; yes, though they be only a change of clothing and a summer hotel.

It was laughable how my quiet ramble had turned out. My friend, the red-eyed vireo, may or may not have stuck to his text; but if he had seen me in the midst of my retreat, dashing through the bushes and clambering over the fallen trees, he certainly never would have guessed mine. "Consider the lilies," indeed! He was more likely to think of a familiar Old Testament scripture: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

*Bradford Torrey.*

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### TROTTING RACES.

SINCE 1824, when trotting may be said to have begun as a sport, the record has been reduced from 2 minutes 40 seconds to 2 minutes 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds. Whence comes this great advance? It is due to improvements in trotting-courses, in sulkies, in horseshoes, in boots and toe-weights, in harness (particularly in the device of the overdraw check), in training and driving, and finally in the speed and endurance of the trotters themselves. The gain in actual speed for a short distance has been much slighter

than is commonly supposed. So long ago as 1866, Hiram Woodruff drove Mr. Bonner's gray mare Peerless (who was bred like Dexter, being in part Messenger and in part Star) a quarter of a mile at the rate of a mile in two minutes, — and this not to a sulky, but to a skeleton wagon, a four-wheeled vehicle, which is much heavier. It is doubtful if this rate of going will ever greatly be surpassed, though it is, I think, commonly believed by horsemen that some time or other a mile will be

trotted in two minutes. The gain will probably be not so much in speed for a short distance as in the ability to maintain speed for a full circuit of the track. Even Maud S. flagged a little on the last quarter of her fastest mile.

For the past fifty years, and especially for the latter half of that time, much ingenuity and inventive skill have been employed to afford the trotter all the mechanical assistance that is possible. Tracks are made of an elliptical instead of a round shape, because the two long stretches or straight pieces thus obtained give the horse, particularly a big-striding one, the opportunity that he requires to get up his speed. Courses laid out in this way are found to be much faster than the old tracks, which were more nearly round. Then, too, the footing has been improved. The best tracks now have an underlayer of turf, which makes them springy, and the surface is soft without being deep or heavy. The sulky drawn by Dutchman, the old-time trotter, of whom I spoke in a former paper,<sup>1</sup> weighed eighty-two pounds. Hiram Woodruff, writing in 1867, mentioned this fact, adding, "I now have two that weigh less than sixty pounds." The present weight is about forty pounds.<sup>2</sup> This reduction of forty pounds, or one half of the total weight, since Dutchman's day makes a great difference in time for a mile, being probably equivalent on the average to about one and a half seconds.

Equal mechanical skill has been exerted in another direction. Many horses cannot be driven at anything like their highest speed without danger of cutting themselves, by striking one foot or leg against another, especially when they "break;" and to protect them from injury in this manner a great variety of "boots" has been invented. Counting different sizes of these articles sepa-

rately, the number of them now on sale is over two hundred. Very few trotters are able to dispense with boots entirely, and many of them could not be used as race horses at all except for these appliances. The shoeing of trotting horses, again, is an art in itself, and so is the use of toe-weights, which are small pieces of brass screwed or otherwise attached to the hoofs of the fore-feet. Heavy shoes and toe-weights are employed to make horses trot who otherwise would pace, to keep them level in their gait, and sometimes to cause a lengthening of their stride. The difficulty and importance of these matters may be gathered from the fact that a change of no more than two ounces in a trotter's fore-shoes or toe-weights would, in many cases, make a difference of several seconds in his speed for a mile, and consequently of thousands of dollars in his value as a race horse. The necessity for toe-weights or heavy shoes lies in some defect of conformation or of gait, and when a trotter is obliged to carry a heavy load in this manner his feet and legs suffer. The famous Smuggler, a noble brown stallion with a white blaze in his face, a heavy and powerful animal, was originally a pacer, and in his races he wore shoes on his fore-feet weighing two pounds each; in fact, he is said to have carried at one time three pounds on each fore-foot. His great strength and courage enabled him to bear this burden, but eventually it disabled him. Smuggler was once sold for \$40,000, the highest price, until a few months ago, ever paid in this country for a horse; and though he was capable of very high speed, he must be regarded as on the whole a failure. If he made a single break in a race, he lost so much ground that he was pretty sure to be distanced. This peculiarity is explained by Mr. H. T. Helm, an intelligent writer, who says that Smuggler's

and a top buggy that weighs only one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Such vehicles might almost be described as works of art.

<sup>1</sup> Vide *The Atlantic* for May, 1889.

<sup>2</sup> I have seen lately in a Boston warehouse a skeleton wagon that weighs but fifty pounds,



stride with his fore-legs is not long enough to correspond with the tremendous stroke of his hind-legs, and consequently that he is apt to lose his balance. If he does so, one of two things must occur: he will either fall headlong and prostrate on the ground, — which of course does not happen, — or he will throw out both fore-feet together; in other words, gallop instead of trot. But Smuggler gallops very high in front, and therefore it is not easy for him to change quickly back again from the gallop to the trot: his speed has to be very much reduced before he can pass from one gait to the other, and in this way he loses so much ground that the other horses in the race are very likely to distance him. That a horse so heavily handicapped by toe-weights could trot such races as Smuggler did is a good illustration of equine strength and pluck.

The last factor in the development of the trotting horse is the driver; and here we touch upon the great difference between running and trotting races. A running race may be described, with some exaggeration, as a brief but spirited flight of colts ridden by boys, whereas a trotting race is a long-drawn contest between seasoned horses and mature men, who are commonly the trainers as well as the drivers of their steeds. Not all running horses, to be sure, are colts, nor all their riders boys, but the limit of age in the horse and of weight in the man is quickly reached. In trotting races, the jockeys are always men; the standard weight is 150 pounds, and if the driver falls below that he must carry lead enough on his sulky to make up the deficiency. In running races, steeplechases excepted, the weight (including that of the rider) varies, roughly speaking, from 75 to 130 pounds, and a Fred Archer who tips the scales at anything over 120 must retire to private life. Then, again, running races, nowadays at least, almost invariably consist of a single dash, whereas trotting races are

in heats, the best three in five: and this affords an opportunity for stratagem and patience on the part of the driver; for courage, endurance, and even for recuperation on the part of the horse. There is, therefore, in the trotting race, an element of subtlety which gives it a peculiar fascination. The typical driver who has been evolved from these conditions is a spare but sinewy man, with a quiet manner and a firm mouth, — as distinctly American a person as any that can be found. His chief qualities, so far as the horse is concerned, are sympathy and resolution. "Confidence between the trotting horse and his driver," said the great master of the art, "is of the utmost importance: it is all in all. Some men inspire it readily, so that a horse will take hold and do all he knows the first time the man drives him. For another man the same horse will not trot a yard. The truth is that the horse is a very knowing, sagacious creature, much more so than he gets credit for. If a driver has no settled system of his own, or if he is rash or severe without cause, it is not likely that confidence will be inspired in the horse even in a long time."

It is a fact often remarked that some drivers succeed much better with certain equine families than with others, the reason doubtless being that they are better adapted to them in disposition. A trainer, for example, who did very well with a well-known high-spirited and willful breed failed conspicuously with another strain, of a milder and more gentle nature.

There are, indeed, some boisterous drivers, but they are not the most successful; in fact, the quality of a horseman can almost be discovered by observing the manner in which he goes up to the animal's head or enters his stall. The loud, rough fellow may be a judge of soundness, and pretty well qualified for the box seat of a hack; but he is not the man for a close finish with a tired horse, when victory depends upon calling out

the last reserve of strength; nor will he make the successful trainer of a high-strung colt. The trotter, moreover, cannot be convinced by mere noise and violence: he is much too clever an animal for that, and will hardly be cheated into thinking that the jockey possesses any quality which he really lacks. But when a driver has the required combination of sympathy and force, the trotter is quick to recognize his master and ready to obey him.

"One half of a horse's speed," wrote Mr. George Wilkes, "is in the mind of his rider or driver. When it is known to the world that a horse has made a mile a second or half second faster than it was ever made before, some rider of some other horse, nerving himself with the knowledge of the fact, and infusing that knowledge into his horse by dint of his own enthusiasm, sends *him* a second or two faster still; and the result of the mental emulation is a permanent improvement which never is retraced. Hiram Woodruff was the first to take this mental grip of the powers of the trotting horse; and the result in his case was that, by dint of his own mind, he carried him triumphantly over the gap which lies between 2.40 and 2.18."

"Dan Mace," said Woodruff himself, speaking of another famous reinsman, now dead, "is very resolute, and the horses that he handles know it."

To drive a trotter with art is, first, to get from him the highest speed of which he is capable; secondly, to keep him from making a break; and, thirdly, to bring him back to the trot with as little loss as possible after a break has actually occurred. To do this well requires a light and "sensational" hand, a sympathetic intelligence, and a vast deal of practice. The break is prevented, sometimes by restraining the animal with voice and rein, when it is simply a case of too much eagerness, but more often by moving the bit in his mouth. If the break happens, the horse "leaving his

feet," as the phrase is, and going to a gallop or a run, he must be "caught" by pulling his head to one side, so that he will have to come back to a trot in order to keep his balance; and in extreme cases it will be necessary to pull him first this way, and then that. The break does not come without premonitory signals; there is a sort of general unsteadiness of the horse's gait, when the change is in contemplation, and at the last moment he moves his ears backward. "The sign of a coming break," says Hiram Woodruff, that excellent writer from whom I have quoted so much already, "will be discovered by watching the head and ears of the horse. The attention of the driver ought always to be fixed upon the head of his horse. Many a heat is lost by neglect of this matter. A driver is seen coming up the home stretch a length or a length and a half ahead. Both the horses are tired, but the leading one could win. The driver, however, when he gets where the carriages are, turns his head to look at the ladies, or to see whether they are looking at him. Just then the horse gives a twitch with his ears; the driver does n't see it; up flies the trotter, and the ugly man behind holds his horse square, and wins by a neck."

Of all muscular pleasures, there is none, perhaps, more fine and delicate than this of the skillful reinsman. Whirled along at the rate of a mile in two minutes and a half, he keeps his trotter steady by a slight turn of the wrist, thus moving the bit in the animal's responsive mouth, and so distracting his attention and jogging his memory. If there is any parallel to this exercise, it will probably be found in those clever manipulations of rod and line by means of which an angler transfers the shy but gamy trout from water to land. Nor is it necessary to mount a sulky in order to experience these delights. Mr. Vanderbilt drove Maud S. and Aldine, harnessed to his road wagon,

a mile in 2.15½; at Cleveland, some years ago, a four-in-hand accomplished the same distance in 2.40; and a moderately fast horse, a moderately light wagon, and a smooth road supply all the necessary conditions for artistic driving.

There is another function of the bit scarcely less important, and that is to encourage and restore a tired horse. When, at the end of a stoutly contested heat, two trotters are struggling for supremacy, they can be urged by the voice, reinforced either by the whip or by the bit. A coarsely bred, sluggish animal may, at this critical moment, require the lash, but its application to a beast of any spirit is pretty sure to disgust and dishearten him. In some subtle way, however, when the driver moves the bit to and fro in his mouth, the effect is to enliven and stimulate the horse, as if something of the jockey's spirit were thus conveyed to his mind. If this motion be performed with an exaggerated movement of the arm, it is called "reefing," and it sometimes appears, when it is "neck or nothing," at the end of a heat, as if the driver were actually "sawing" the horse's mouth, whereas in reality he is only giving the bit a loose but vigorous motion therein.

At this point, it might not be amiss to state the conditions of a trotting race, for it is highly probable that among the readers of *The Atlantic* there is at least one hapless person to whom the following explanation will not be superfluous:—

The race is over a mile track, almost elliptical in shape, and the judges are perched in a two-story balcony close to the track, and pretty near one extremity of the ellipse, so that at the end of a heat the horses have a long, straight stretch before reaching the goal. Across the track from the judges' stand, and high enough to clear the trotters' heads, is stretched a wire, by the aid of which, in a very close finish, the judges can de-

termine which horse has won. The race is usually "best three in five;" that is, in order to win, a horse must come in first three times, not necessarily in succession. Thus it will be seen, if there are many contestants in the race, it may be prolonged to seven, eight, and even ten heats, before any one trotter has secured three. But if a horse has taken part in five heats without winning a single one, he is ruled out, or "sent to the barn," as the expression is, and cannot start again. So, also, he may be ruled out if at the close of a heat he is very far behind the winning horse. At a point in the home stretch one hundred feet from the judges' stand (one hundred and fifty, if eight or more horses are engaged in the race), a man is stationed with a flag in his hand, which he drops when the winner reaches the wire; and if any lagging horse has not passed him when his flag falls, that horse is "distanced," and cannot start again. It is possible for a driver to "lay up" a heat, as it is called; that is, if his horse be tired, or for any other cause, he may content himself for that heat with just "saving his distance," making no effort to win. The start is a flying one. When the judges ring their bell, the drivers turn about at or near the distance point, and come down past the judges' stand almost or quite at full speed. If, when they pass under the wire, they are upon pretty even terms, the starter (one of the judges) cries out, "Go!" and on they rush. If, however, the start would not be a fair one, the bell is rung as a signal that the drivers must come back and try again. Sometimes the scoring, as these attempts are called, is prolonged for a long while; but the judges are authorized to fine any driver who comes down ahead of or behind the "pole" horse; that is, the horse who has the inside position, or that nearest the poles which mark the quarter, the half, and the three-quarter mile points. All the positions are assigned by lot. The attempt is

occasionally made by a combination of drivers to tire out or excite some particular horse by unnecessary scoring, and in former years this nefarious plan was often practiced successfully, but of late the rules are enforced with more strictness. Even with the best intentions on the part of all the drivers concerned, it is sometimes difficult to get a fair start, especially if the horses are young or badly behaved, and the scoring is frequently spoken of as a great drawback to the pleasures of a trotting race. These false starts, however, afford a most interesting exhibition of horses and men; the spectator has such an opportunity as he could not otherwise enjoy to study the gaits of the various trotters, to note how well or ill they "catch," and to observe the skill, temper, and courage of the jockeys. There is a great difference in the behavior of the different horses. Some pull and tug on the bit, despite the signal to return, carrying their drivers down to the first turn in the track before they can be stopped; whereas others, old campaigners as a rule, will slacken speed at once when they hear the bell, stop, and turn around of their own accord.

Goldsmith Maid, a mare whose natural cleverness enabled her to profit by a long and varied experience, showed wonderful intelligence in scoring. When turned about to come down for the start, she would measure with her eye the distance between herself and the other horses; and if it seemed to her that they were likely to get first to the judges' stand, she would refuse to put forth her best speed, despite the efforts of her driver. The result in such cases was, of course, as she foresaw, that the judges, perceiving that the start would be an unfair one, rang the recall bell. "On the contrary," says Mr. Doble, "if she had a good chance to beat the other horses in scoring, she would go along gradually with them until pretty close to the wire, and then of her own accord come

with a terrible rush of speed, so that when the word was given she would almost invariably be going at the best rate of any horse in the party. . . . If she had the pole, she would make it a point to see that no horse beat her around the first turn, seeming to be perfectly well aware that the animal that trotted on the outside had a good deal the worst of it."

Close to the fence, but inside of it on the track, opposite the judges' stand or thereabout, there is always a motley group of "rubbers," grooms, and helpers, with pails of water and sponges in their hands, and blankets, thick or thin according to the weather, thrown over their shoulders or deposited conveniently on the fence. Here, very often, the driver pulls up for a moment, on his way back to the starting-point, after the bell has rung for a recall, while the groom hastily sponges out the horse's mouth and nostrils, adjusts the check-rein, takes up a hole in the breeching, or makes some other slight change in the harness.

These are tense moments in an important race, especially if the contestants are known to be pretty evenly matched, and each driver is anxious that the others shall take no advantage of him. At such times, a reputation for courage is of some service; it is always a temptation for one jockey to "cut out" another, or unfairly drive in to the "pole" ahead of him, just as one boat in a rowing race may take another boat's water. Under these circumstances, it is the right of the driver whose territory is invaded to keep on, even though a collision may result; and a resolute man will do so, undeterred by the fact that spokes are flying from the wheel of his own or of his adversary's sulky, as the two gossamer vehicles come together. "The quarter stretch looked more like a tooth-pick factory than a race-course," was facetiously remarked of one occasion, when the driving had been reckless.

With this explanation, I shall venture to give a short account of a notable race which occurred at Cleveland, in July, 1876, between the famous horses Smuggler and Goldsmith Maid. The latter was at this time nineteen years old, but she was thought to be invincible, and in this very year she repeated her best record, 2.14, first made by her in 1874. The Maid was the fastest trotter from the time of Dexter, who achieved 2.17½ in 1867, to that of Rarus, who in 1878 covered a mile in 2.13½; and I may add that on her twenty-first birthday she showed the lasting stuff of which she was constructed by going one heat in 2.16. A slight sketch of Goldsmith Maid was given in my former article on Trotting Horses, and I have already in the present paper stated the chief characteristics of Smuggler.

There were three other fast horses in the race, Lucille Golddust, Bodine, and Judge Fullerton; but none of them, excepting perhaps Lucille Golddust, played a part of any importance. Goldsmith Maid was driven by Budd Doble, a young man whom Hiram Woodruff picked out to succeed himself in the charge of Dexter, and who has since amply justified the selection by intelligent training and skillful driving of many celebrated horses. He is, moreover, one of the few jockeys whose reputations are without flaw. Charles Marvin, who also ranks high in the craft, sat in the sulky of Smuggler. But the judges are ringing their bell, the horses have been "warmed up," the rubbers are gathered at the wire, a hush has fallen upon the vast throng of spectators, anticipation is on tip-toe, and it is time for the

*First Heat.* At the third trial, the horses received a fair start, and Goldsmith Maid, pursuing her usual tactics, made a rush for the lead, and secured it. The first half mile was trotted very fast, and for the first quarter Bodine was second and Smuggler third. Smuggler,

however, went by Bodine in the second quarter, and soon after the half-mile pole was passed he came very close to the Maid, but at this point he faltered a little. The cause was not known at first to the spectators, but after the heat a mounted patrol judge galloped in with a shoe which Smuggler had cast from his near fore-foot. Despite this accident, — and its importance may be estimated from the fact that his fore-shoes weighed two pounds each, — Smuggler came down the home stretch with tremendous speed, pushing the Maid hard; and when she swept under the wire in 2.15½, his nose was on a level with her tail. This was a great heat, and Smuggler would probably have won it had he not cast a shoe.

*Second Heat.* There was some trouble in scoring, for Smuggler broke badly, but on the fourth attempt they were sent off, Goldsmith Maid being a little ahead of the others. In going around the first turn Smuggler made one of his characteristic breaks, and had to be pulled almost to a standstill before he regained a trot. His driver therefore contented himself with just saving his distance. But the Maid was given no rest, for Lucille Golddust was close upon her heels, forcing the Queen of the Turf to trot the mile in 2.17½. These two fast heats distressed Goldsmith Maid, but those who had backed her were still confident, relying upon the great speed and steadiness of the old mare to pull her through.

*Third Heat.* The Maid, having won the preceding heat, had the inside position, and kept it, although she broke at the first turn; but her breaks were not like those of Smuggler. To the half-mile pole she led, with Fullerton second, Lucille Golddust third, and Smuggler fourth. But after this point had been reached, Marvin called upon Smuggler for an effort. The horse answered gamely; he passed Lucille Golddust, then Fullerton, and when Goldsmith

Maid turned into the home stretch Smuggler was close behind her. The race was extremely close from this point; but Smuggler gained on the Maid inch by inch, and finally dashed under the wire, three quarters of a length in advance, amid tumultuous applause. Time, 2.16½. "The scene which followed," says a contemporary and graphic report in the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, "is indescribable. An electrical wave swept over the vast assembly, and men swung their hats and shouted themselves hoarse, while the ladies snapped fans and parasols and burst their kid gloves in an endeavor to get rid of the storm of emotion. The police vainly tried to keep the quarter stretch clear. The multitude poured through the gates, and Smuggler returned to the stand through a narrow lane of humanity, which closed as he advanced. Doble was ashy pale, and the grand mare who had scored so many victories stood with trembling flanks and head down. Her attitude seemed to say, 'I have done my best, but am forced to resign the crown.'"

"During the intermission," according to the same account, "the stallion was the object of the greatest scrutiny. So great was the press that it was difficult to obtain breathing-room for him. He appeared fresh, and ate eagerly of the small bunch of hay which was presented to him by his trainer after he had cooled off. It was manifest that the fast work had not destroyed his appetite. The betting now changed, for it was seen that the Maid was tired."

The race, however, was not over yet. Smuggler had two heats to win before victory would be his, but Goldsmith Maid needed only one more. She was leg-weary, to be sure, but then she could be counted on to make a humanly sagacious use of her opportunities, and a single bad break would cause Smuggler's defeat. Excitement subdued the spectators to perfect stillness, and not a sound was heard except the rhythmical tramp of

the five horses, as they thundered down the stretch to the wire.

*Fourth Heat.* At the second attempt the judges gave the word "Go" as Smuggler was trotting steadily, although somewhat behind the others. The Maid, as usual, rushed off with the lead, and Lucille Golddust took the second place, being pulled out a little, so as to bring her near the centre of the track. This left Marvin in a very bad position, technically known as a "pocket." He could not slip in between the other two horses, for Doble kept the Maid back just far enough to prevent such a move; and if he should check his own horse sufficiently to get past Lucille Golddust, much distance would be lost. What he did was to remain in this helpless situation until the home stretch was reached, thinking that the driver of Golddust would finally get out of his way; but this did not happen, and when Smuggler was but three hundred yards from the wire, when Goldsmith Maid had a long lead, when "a smile of triumph lighted Doble's face, and the crowd settled sullenly down to the belief that the race was over," then at last the driver of Smuggler pulled him back and turned to the right, so as to get out of the pocket and make desperate play for the heat. Contrary to what every one expected, the horse did not break, despite this interference with his stride, but, keeping level and steady, came down the course, when he saw the way clear before him, with that burst of speed which will always be famous in the chronicles of the American turf. His ears were laid flat on his head, his neck was stretched out low and long, so as to bring his head scarcely above the level of his withers, and fire flashed in his eye.

"He trotted," says Mr. Helm, who was among the spectators, "with a grim desperation, that cannot readily be forgotten by the thousands who were present. His fleet-footed and never faltering opponent, the victor in a hundred



trials, the Queen of 2.14, was already thirty-five feet ahead of him. With a gathering of resources never, perhaps, held by any other, and a rate of speed never equaled on the trotting turf, he made for the front. There can be no doubt, I think, that he moved for six or eight hundred feet at the rate of a two-minute gait. He trotted then as if he knew he could and would win the heat; and in his very eye there was the look of win it, or perish in the attempt. Woe to the animal or vehicle that should come between him and the end of that race! His speed was terrific, his momentum was fearful, and his stroke as steady and true as any ever beheld. His very appearance was a sort of magnetism that electrified the thousands that were present."

"It was more like flying than trotting," says the report from which I first quoted. "Doble hurries his mare into a break, but he cannot stop the dark shadow which flits by him. His smile of triumph is turned into an expression of despair. Smuggler goes over the score a winner of the heat by a neck, and the roar which comes from the grand stand and the quarter stretch is deafening. The time was 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Smuggler again cooled off well, nibbling eagerly at his bunch of hay. The Maid was more tired than ever, while Lucille Gold-dust showed no signs of distress."

Even yet, however, the race was in doubt.

*Fifth Heat.* It was evident that the other horses, or rather their drivers, had formed a combination against Smuggler. They worried him so much in scoring that twice again he pulled off the shoe from his near fore-foot, and nearly an hour elapsed before a start was obtained. "The shell of the foot," relates the excellent writer in the Turf, Field, and Farm, "was pretty badly splintered by the triple accident, but the stallion was not rendered lame. Misfortunes, however, seemed to be gathering thickly

about him, and the partisans of the Maid wore the old jaunty air of confidence." The other horses had an unbroken rest while Smuggler was shoeing, so that they all appeared fresh when the word was finally given. "Fullerton," says the Turf, Field, and Farm, "went to the front like a flash of light, trotting without a skip to the quarter pole in thirty-three seconds;" but Smuggler passed him near the half-mile pole, and kept the lead from that point, although Goldsmith Maid came along with great speed on the home stretch, forcing Smuggler to trot the heat in 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and finishing a good second.

Thus ended what was perhaps, all things considered, the best race ever trotted. Here were five heats in 2.15 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 2.16 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ , each one being gallantly contested, and the result remaining in the utmost doubt till the very close of the fifth heat. "The evening shadows had now thickened, and as the great crowd had shouted itself weak and hoarse, it passed slowly through the gates, and drove in a subdued manner home."

There is one other race of which I cannot forbear giving a brief account, because the winner displayed the same admirable qualities as Smuggler, and triumphed where his defeat was supposed to be inevitable. There were eight contestants, but the real competitors were three, namely, Nobby, Felix, and Florence.

Nobby was a very peculiar horse: a dark bay gelding, with a long neck and body, fine head, and altogether a thoroughbred and even greyhound appearance. His gait was long, low, and smooth. He was, however, a wild breaker and extremely nervous. "The twitter of a canary bird on a limb," said John Splan, his driver, "would have more effect on Nobby than a full brass band on an ordinary horse." Both his mouth and feet were in bad condition, but Splan, who took the horse

for the first time on the day of the race, poulticed his feet, and relieved his mouth by driving him with an easy bit and nose-band attachment. He also stuffed the horse's ears with cotton, so that he should not be scared or worried to a break by the shouting and whipping of the other drivers. "Nobby," said the contemporary report in *The Spirit of the Times*, "impresses you with the idea that he is constantly trying to lose the race by making a mistake. Splan drove him as carefully as if he were handling eggs." Felix was a bay gelding, and a horse of speed, — much speedier, in fact, than Nobby; but, as a reporter of the race remarked, "he has a soft spot in him somewhere when pinched." Florence was a beautiful mare, also fast, and a good breaker. All three, it should be mentioned, were driven by masters of the art.

The *first heat* was won by Florence after a sharp contest with Felix, Nobby making no effort. In the *second heat* Nobby outstripped the others on the home stretch, but made a wild break, passing under the wire on a run, and Florence was awarded first place. In the *third heat* Nobby again broke badly, and Felix won after another hard contest with Florence. In the *fourth heat* Nobby showed his quality. At the three-quarter pole Felix led him by four lengths, but from this point Nobby began to gain inch by inch, Splan driving him with great patience and skill. His long neck showed nearer and nearer to the sulky of Felix, as the two horses approached the judges' stand, until at last they were side by side. Then Felix seemed to fall back, and Nobby won amid wild hurrahs. "I have seen his sire do the same thing in California," said a noted horseman who was among the spectators. In the *fifth heat*, however, Nobby made another disastrous break, and Felix won easily. Five heats had now been trotted, and the coming heat would decide the race if it fell

either to Felix or Florence. Nobby, so far, had only one to his credit. This brings us to the

*Sixth Heat.* It had begun to rain a little; the track was sticky, and all the horses were tired. "Their courage," says the report, "was cheered by sherry." It is more likely, however, that Nobby was treated to champagne and seltzer water, that being the agreeable dose usually administered by Splan under similar circumstances. Only the winners of heats, Felix, Florence, and Nobby, were allowed to start; the others, who had not secured a single one out of the five heats that had been trotted, being "sent to the barn," in accordance with a rule already stated. The pools sold fast and furious on Felix against the field, twenty-five dollars to six, for what slight chance Nobby ever had was thought to be gone.

Now came one of the most stubbornly contested heats ever seen on a trotting-course. At the start Felix showed much more speed than the others, and was a length ahead at the quarter pole, with Florence second, and Nobby trotting steadily in the rear. At the half-mile pole Felix had gained three lengths more, and looked, as the sporting phrase is, a sure winner. Soon after this point was passed Florence gave place to Nobby, and "now," said *The Spirit of the Times*, "Splan began to show his tactics, 'wait and win.' His gain to the three-quarter pole was almost imperceptible, and Felix still kept a long lead; but from this point Splan began to use every particle of speed that was in his horse. When they turned into the home stretch Felix was swung out to the middle of the track, where the footing was better, but Nobby was driven close to the pole. 'I can't spare a foot of distance, was my thought,' Splan afterward remarked."

"Nobby gamely entered into the spirit of the task; a stern chase, it is true, but gradually he lessened the gap. At

the drawgates, where the path was hard, he wavered, as if about to break, but Splan steadied him with a slight pull, and on recovering his stride he now measured the distance to be overcome. Slowly but surely came he nearer to Felix; within a few lengths of the wire they were almost even. Just at the last moment Splan roused Nobby for a final effort, and landed him first under the wire by a neck. Time, 2.25."

*Seventh Heat.* Twilight was coming on as the tired horses scored for the word. At the third trial they received a fair start. Felix broke almost immediately, and lost three lengths, but Florence gave Nobby no rest so long as her wind and courage lasted. She hung close to the wheel of his sulky until they had got midway of the second quarter, when Nobby began to draw away from her. At this point Felix came along, and the driver of Florence, seeing that she had "shot her bolt," kindly pulled her out from the pole to the centre of the track, thus allowing Felix to slip into her place. Florence then dropped behind, but Felix continued to gain, and at the half-mile pole he was trotting neck and neck with Nobby. From this point, as before, Felix out-trotted Nobby, and when they turned into the home stretch for the last time he had a good lead of three full lengths. Again the driver of Felix brought him out to the centre of the track, and again Splan hugged the pole. The brush down the home stretch was an exciting one. Felix trotted fast, but behind him still pegged away the unconquerable Nobby, and the distance between them was reduced inch by inch, until at last Splan brought his horse up on even terms with the other. They were now but a few yards from the goal. Both the horses were exhausted, and Nobby could not be aroused by the voice, for his ears were stopped with

cotton. Splan took "the last, dying chance," as he called it. Running the risk of a break, which would have been fatal, he leaned forward and touched Nobby lightly on the shoulder with his whip. The move was successful. Nobby kept steadily to a trot, but, gamely responding to the appeal, made one final effort, and fairly staggered under the wire, a winner by a head.<sup>1</sup> Time, 2.28½.

Thus ended a memorable contest. It was won by the horse who proved himself the slowest trotter and the worst breaker of the three competitors,—won through his own courage and endurance, and through the skill and patience of his driver. "But who cares to see a race which falls to the slowest horse? The race should be to the swift," is a comment that might perhaps be made. Such a criticism would be founded upon a false notion of sport. All sports practiced for the amusement of a spectator are noble according as victory in them depends upon the exercise of moral and mental qualities. The attentive reader of Boxiana will conclude that, taking the history of the ring as a whole, the fight was usually won by the man who had determined that he would *not* be beaten; and from this circumstance alone a pretty fair argument might be made—how far adequate need not here be considered—in support of pugilism.

In trotting races, for the reasons already stated, and as is apparent from the illustrations that have been given, there is a peculiar opportunity for the exercise of admirable qualities on the part both of horse and man. It is true that, so far as the drivers are concerned, their skill is often prostituted to the exigencies of the pool-box, but no accusation of this sort was ever brought against a trotter. The breath of suspicion may at times have rested upon Splan, but the name of Nobby is untar-

<sup>1</sup> Since the writing of this article, Nobby has been sold at auction. He brought \$2000,

and his purchaser, as the sentimental reader will be glad to learn, was John Splan.

nished. In the two contests just described all parties to the fight honestly exerted the qualifications that nature and experience had given them ; and al-

though victory perched first here and then there, the prize finally fell, as should be the case, to superior courage, endurance, patience, and skill.

H. C. Merwin.

## RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

THE exigencies of magazine life call for serial novels, yet it is not impossible that as the publication of novels in separate monthly parts has ceased, so the fashion of printing works of fiction in successive numbers of a monthly or weekly magazine may pass away, for it is only a fashion. Now and then a novel, like *The Pickwick Papers* or *Vanity Fair*, is all the more enjoyable for being read at intervals, and the reader is helped by having his fiction doled out to him instead of putting himself under bonds to read his novel by piecemeal. We suspect even that this serial mode has some influence upon a writer, and that he looks after the articulation of his work more carefully than he would if it were to appear in the first instance as a book. Yet it is manifest that a work of art in literature ought to be quite independent of its mere mode of publication, and the final issue in book form certainly gives the reader a better opportunity for regarding it as a whole than when it was constantly interrupting itself.

At any rate, it is a pleasant task to take two books which were printed originally as serials in *The Atlantic*, and look at them afresh, freed from the arbitrary conditions of magazine life. It is only fair to say that Miss Murfree's work<sup>1</sup> suffers little from piecemeal reading. *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove* is a series of minutely wrought pictures, and the interest which the reader feels in

it springs from his pleasure in the vividness of portraiture. He has not many characters to remember, and each is so sharply defined that he has no difficulty in recognizing the components of the groups which in the author's skillful handling are successively presented. The scenes which will linger longest in the memory are those that involve several persons, like those at the forge, at Eli Strobe's, and that wonderful Rembrandt interior of the barn where the vigilantes meet. It is in such scenes that Miss Murfree shows her marvelous capacity for what, to borrow from another art, we must call her light and shade. Where only two persons are concerned, as in that graphic discovery of Rathburn by M'ria Bowles, there is the same power of grouping, of setting the figures in a frame of material objects, which evinces the painter's art.

We must note that this pictorial skill is very far removed from merely decorative facility. Miss Murfree sees her characters as they are, and works from within outward. Her men and women, and for that matter her very children, are conceived clearly, but they are not conceived so much individually as in their relation to each other. Each is needed to bring out the qualities of the other, and the author's insight discloses itself in the action of her characters, and not in independent analysis of those characters. Her painting faculty is disclosed in her careful regard of all the values which go to make up her pictures. These mountain folk are such because

<sup>1</sup> *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

of the mountain, and it is impossible for her to detach them in her thought from the locality in which their action takes place; hence when she transplants her figures into literature she takes up the soil in which their roots are struck. If she wishes to give us a good view of Clem, she is compelled to paint him at his anvil, with all the dusky shadows of the forge to help out his muscular form. The very individuality of Teck Jepson is intensified by the cabin in which he lives, but it is none the less brought into strong contrast by the antagonism, again and again expressed, to the groups of persons who make up the community.

This power for painting, this capacity for composition, is accompanied by a dramatic sense which is scarcely less developed. There are passages in this book which disclose the dramatic power, though in this respect we think it does not quite equal *In the Clouds*. If we were to single out one passage, it would not be that muscular one of the trial of strength between Rathburn and Baintree in the mountain cabin, for the power there is of a somewhat spectacular sort; it would be that striking scene where Andy Longwood nerves his feeble arm to deal a blow at Clem Sanders. It would be hard to match this for restrained power. But for the most part this book deals less with action than with situations, and it is in the discovery of these that Miss Murfree shows her uncommon art in making her figures tell; in vivifying not persons alone, but the very surrounding of these persons.

The criticism frequently pronounced on this author's writings — that she indulges in too detailed landscape effects; that, as somebody has said, she works her moon too hard — may be referred to the impatience of readers at the arrest of action by the insertion of pauses and rests. There is no doubt that such rests, if used skillfully, enhance the dramatic effect; but it is also true that the power of composition, when expended on

effects hard at the best to convey in words, may defeat its own end, and interrupt instead of heighten effects. Miss Murfree, it must be observed, does not often interrupt a swift movement; her pauses are between two separate movements, and she lingers over the setting of her picture when she is getting her figures into position. We recall one passage in which she uses the rest, so to speak, in a very effective manner. It is in the description of Marcella's headlong ride to Jepson's cabin, and we italicize the very noticeable sentence: —

"The moon was out again, — a chill glitter, and the earth very white; and on the brow of the hill, speeding toward Jepson's cabin, was visible a swift equestrian figure. A score of men, save one, were in the saddle. A wild halloo rang through the air, and then, with all the fervor of the chase kindling in their blood, they were in pursuit. *When the moon was out, it showed rank after rank of the wild mountain men of the region; when the moon was in, a mystic company of mounted shadows slipped noiselessly over the snow.* Swift as they were, their speed would not avail. They did not gain on the fugitive."

Here is a case where a landscape effect is used with consummate skill. It lifts the whole description into the region of poetry; it is the touch of fancy lending a sudden brilliancy to a piece of fine imagination. Again, let the reader turn to page 318, and note how admirably Miss Murfree uses sight and sound, at a critical juncture, to isolate the persons in the scene from the general action of the story. Clem and Rathburn have been talking together about Jepson, after that hero has left them and is returning to the vigilantes in the barn.

"Rathburn was silent for a few moments, while Clem clatteringly completed the orderly arrangement of the tools about the forge. Then they both stood together in the road, after the great barn-like doors were closed.

"The moon hung near the meridian; the shadows had dwindled. There were wider avenues of frosty brilliance in the dense woods; the full splendor of the night was climaxing. The stars were few, however, and very faint; the wide spaces of the indefinitely blue sky were a desert, save here and there a vague scintillation that one might hardly distinguish as sidereal glinting or some elusive twinkle of frost in the air. Midnight, doubtless, and a cock was crowing. A muffled resonance the sound had, intimating that the fowl was housed in lieu of camping out among the althea bushes,—in imminent danger of fox and mink,—according to the recent summertime wont of the mountain poultry. A faint blare of a horn from the dense coverts of the distance, and an elfin shout of hilarity, barely discernible, betokened a coon-hunt on some far-away mountain. Then there fell again the deep silence of the windless night. When it was suddenly broken by a sharp sound, the interruption smote with a jar the senses, lulled and quiescent in the muteness of the resting nature. As Rathburn lifted his head, he discriminated the tones of raucous disputatious voices rising vehemently, and anon sinking down. There was an unconscious inquiry, perchance, in his eyes as he turned them upon Clem Sanders, who replied with a guttural chuckle, 'Them boys at the barn a-quar'lin' with Teck.'"

This too is admirable; we listen with the two men. Their pause after closing the forge is a natural one, and we are with them in this momentary lull. We wait for something to happen. Clem scurries off, and Rathburn takes his way alone. Then come three pages in which his mind is read. Now the reader is not in a mood to study Rathburn's mind; at any rate, he would rather have the lesson in a paragraph; the very deliberateness of the author in this exciting hour serves to give a phantasmal character to the adventure, and to turn

the whole affair into a mere figment of the brain. But it is in the interruptions of conversation that these pauses seem to us least artistic. Teck Jepson and Baintree are talking; they talk slowly enough, as is the habit of the mountaineers; but of what use is it, when we are intent on these two figures, to be asked to take a landscape excursion between their sentences?

"'Sech ez I do,' said the valorous saint, 'air done afore the Lord! An' I ain't keerin' what men say ahint my back, so long ez they take powerful keerful heed o' thar words afore my face; ef they don't, I know how to make 'em wish they hed.'"

"Jake Baintree failed, apparently, to comprehend the spirit of this challenge. He looked absently at the red cow cropping the grass in the niches at the base of the cliff that towered above their heads, and then his restless eye followed the silver-tipped wings of a bird flying, in the sunshine, upward, upward, with open beak and a joyous matutinal cry, cleaving the mists with a glancing line of light, and seeming bound for some haven in the splendid placidity of the blue sky, so serene and so high. The dew exhaled incense. Far away a fawn bleated, where doubtless it lay with its dam in the thick coverts of the laurel. The balsam firs, all a-glitter, gave out a sense of strength and infinite freshness, and of all the finer values of respiration; in such air it was a definite joy to be endowed with the sheer capacity to breathe. As his wandering glance came back, he caught Jepson's eyes upon him, and he was vaguely embarrassed for the moment. He put one foot on the blade of the spade that he had in his hand, and, leaning upon the handle, he looked up, his inscrutable eyes narrowing and full of close and guarded thought.

"'What war ye a-layin' off ter say ter me? Jes' that?' he demanded."

Here the author has taken a journey, and dragged the reader with her. She



does not say that Jake mentally took note in this fashion of what fell thus on his sight and hearing and the finer sensibility of scent and breathing. No; he saw a red cow and a bird, he heard the bird and the bleat of a fawn, and he smelled the fir balsam and breathed the mountain air; but by setting all this forth in elaborate phrase, the author performs a sort of transfusion of mind, and compels the reader to help her for the nonce occupy the dull clod.

We are aware that a single passage like this is quite capable of an individual value, and we weaken our argument by adducing it; but it is the frequent occurrence of such passages that forces upon the reader a sense of an overworked landscape. Does he remember these passages? Does he even carry away an impression as if a mountain haze had been shot over the whole story? Possibly this latter, but we think it most likely that he supposes there is a great deal more of this decoration than there really is. His more lasting impression will be of a singularly isolated life, set forth with so much imaginative power that the fierce passions, deep feelings, strong purposes, which have their field in this remote, contracted corner of the human world are lifted out of the plane of the commonplace and insignificant. To be a sheriff like Eli Strobe seems for the time, as always in the eyes of Marcella, the highest political honor; Teck Jepson becomes to us a fit companion for the Old Testament heroes whom he evokes from the shadows; and these rude mountaineers live in a world which is profoundly indifferent to the courses of empire, and not merely ignorant of cities and men.

How like, and yet how unlike, is the life which lies behind Mr. Hardy's novel of *Passe Rose*!<sup>1</sup> From the Tennessee mountains to Aix; from Teck Jepson to

Gui of Tours; from the nineteenth century to the reign of Charlemagne. Yet when we put ourselves in intimate sympathy with the characters of this remarkable story, it is not difficult to see within what petty limits they revolve. Mr. Hardy's art is different, indeed, from Miss Murfree's. We are distinctly impressed by the scholar in this book; not, we hasten to say, by the evidence of painstaking reproduction of mediæval forms and manners, but by that air which betrays a writer who comes to his art with a wide knowledge of its possibilities and with a consciousness of deliberate suiting of means to end. The richness and fullness of the book are due largely to this. Mr. Hardy writes not only out of a full mind, but out of a large apprehension of his art. It is long since we have had a book which is so bold in its independence of merely temporary fashions in novel-writing. Its boldness is the more remarkable because the author deliberately avails himself of the apparatus which is used commonly by the writers of melodramatic romances. Here are mysterious papers which pass from hand to hand, midnight encounters on dark towers, a figure riding past with bloody hand uplifted, cells with loose stones permitting unexpected exit, assassins, intrigues, and all the paraphernalia of a sensational novel; yet the reader never once loses sense of the dignity of literature which pervades the book. So fine is the art that without an effort one is transported into the realm of mediæval scenes, and is made to follow the fortunes of men and women with whom he has little in common externally without either feeling their remoteness or being aware that they have been translated into modern terms. This seems to us the singular merit of the book: that it is thoroughly human without a sacrifice of what appertains to the time and circumstance of the story; that it is historically effective without recourse to laborious and

<sup>1</sup> *Passe Rose*. By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

wearisome details wherewith to establish its verisimilitude. The appeal is always to the higher spirit, and this poetic breath gives it life. *Passe Rose* flashes through the changing scenes like some bird of paradise through dark woods. Where a cheaper imagination would have made her of tinsel, this finer apprehension has made her of wrought gold; and by the time he has finished the book the reader discovers that it is the purity of her nature, supposed, not obtruded upon notice, which transfigures the dancing-girl and lets the heroine shine through. It would be hard to find a book in recent literature which more triumphantly solves the vexed question of the relations of art to morality. Not once is the reader bidden to stand aside and see virtue superior to circumstance, but the constancy, the sweetness, and the high courage of this charming creature are combined with such an exquisite unconventionality as to make the figure at once brilliant pictorially and pervasive of the whole book with a delicate fragrance of nature. Mr. Hardy has shown himself in this book a genuine artist; for his art is both in the structure of his story and in the fine fitness of his speech. He has subordinated to the uses of his art that sententious skill which marked his other books. Something of the vagueness which made *The Wind of Destiny* a struggle of shadows reappears, but seems to belong to the twilight tones of *Passe Rose*, and there is throughout that charm of style which makes the mere reading of some of the passages a pleasure to the ear.

The title of our article is something of a misnomer as applied to the next novel on our list. Mrs. Stoddard wrote some powerful novels a score or more of years ago; they dropped out of sight, — the reader may, if he choose, lay down the magazine at this point, and write out a list of the novels of the year which have affected him powerfully, and then

put the list aside for a quarter of a century, in order to see how many on his list will then have dropped out of sight, — and now are revived for a later generation of readers. We will confine our attention to one,<sup>1</sup> since, with different plots and different scenes, the men and women in the three books are stamped with the same image and superscription.

To tell the story of *Temple House* is not to take the edge off the reader's appetite. The house which gives its name to the story is an ancestral mansion in a New England seaport. In process of time it has been built about and walled in by the encroaching town, so that with its garden and few trees it has become isolated, but not more so than the persons who occupy it, and who have withdrawn themselves almost wholly from the scrutiny of their townsmen. These persons are Captain Argus Gates and his brother's widow, Roxalana Gates. Temple Gates, the daughter of Roxalana and the prodigal George Gates, grows up in the inclosure, a tropical plant without the fostering warmth of tropical sunshine. In willful maidenhood she marries a young fellow named Drake, but on their wedding journey the husband is killed, and Temple, after her brief career of hotel worldliness, returns to the conventual dampness of Temple House, where her child is born and dies. A longshore-man, Mat Sutcliffe, living just outside the walls, is the devoted henchman of the family, and in the course of the story Argus and he rescue from death by drowning a wrecked West Indian named Sebastian Ford, who becomes an inmate of Temple House.

At the other end of the seaport, Kent, is another household, that of the Brandes, consisting of the father, a rich hypocrite, who becomes involved in financial difficulties; an opium-eating mother, who goes mad, and finally is gotten out

<sup>1</sup> *Temple House*. By ELIZABETH STODDARD. New York: Cassell & Co.

of the reader's presence, to his great relief, and left to die unobserved in a mad-house; a beautiful daughter, Virginia Brande; and an old half-Indian, half-negro woman named Chloe. To this household enters Carfield, the villain of the story, and desires to possess himself of Virginia, a project which is abetted by Brande, who is financially at Carfield's mercy. The story, in its ordinary acceptation, lies in the rescue of Virginia by the united forces of Temple House and the probable marriage of the girl to Captain Argus. Probable, we say, since, if the author had chosen to continue her tale, there is no telling what the destiny of any one character would be, for they live in a world which is very much at sixes and sevens.

Mathematicians have amused themselves with speculations as to the possibilities of life in a world where there is a fourth dimension of space. Mrs. Stoddard's art aims at quite as difficult a problem, the exemplification of life in one where there is only a single dimension: her world has thickness, but no length or breadth. The density of the atmosphere through which the reader follows her characters is immeasurable. One feels now and then that the sun is shining, but no direct rays reach the landscape; only such light as makes its way through the circumjacent vapor. The singular thing about it is that the reader is convinced that if the cloud would only lift he would see figures of remarkable force, beauty, and symmetry. There they all are, these men and women in this New England seaport: they have names something like other human beings; they have three meals a day; they smoke; they read; they talk, occasionally. One catches glimpses of various human proceedings, and feels that the author meant her persons to be real, yet the show goes on behind a thick glass screen: if we could only get this screen out of the way, we think we might get a clear view; every one is near enough,

but there is this dense medium through which we see them and their actions.

We are aware that by this confusion of terms we are not clearing the mystery of the book at all, but we are trying to convey to the reader something of the impression made on our mind by this intense, provoking, startling, and nightmareish book. The Philistine in us is constantly on the point of jeering; the poor little prophet who occupies the hall bed-chamber of our mind is quite as often holding up his finger in warning. There are isolated passages in the book, especially in the purely descriptive portions, which arrest one by their compact beauty and strength. Here, for example, is a finely cut stone:—

"Roxalana looked at Argus, and felt herself detected. She had kept Temple's hair short, because thereby she looked so much the more like George. No way of wearing it could have made her look prettier; the jetty mass clasping her head suited her face,—as yet soulless, like a cameo Diana; rings of it dropped over her forehead, the tips of her ears, round her neck, short and fine, like the young tendrils of a blossoming grapevine."

We had occasion to comment on the use which Miss Murfree makes of nature as a background to the presence and action of her characters. Mrs. Stoddard has, a clear poetic conception of the uses of nature for such design. The following passage shows her at her best, because the situation is one of intense thought in a moment of outward repose and stillness. Virginia Brande has received a note from Argus which calls upon her for a momentous decision. She seeks to reflect as she goes to bed for the night.

"But the darkness proved oppressive; besides, she wanted to read the note once more; therefore she rose, relighted her lamp, put on a dressing-gown, and sat down in a severe manner to reflect. It was dreary to begin her theme with the

sacrifice of inclination, but she did. The night grew colder, as if divesting itself of the heat and perturbation of the day. Its deepening solitude toned her mind to a lofty key; thought and feeling, hand in hand, like innocent and affectionate spirits, ascended to the throne where, as she believed, the Ruler of the universe was waiting to hear the petitions of souls against those fiats which the soul itself issues in favor of the subtle martyrdoms which decorate life with its crown and thorns. With the abnegation inherent in her character, and its narrowness, which prevented her from looking at final effects, she decided upon giving up Argus, although she felt acutely that her acts laid bare her purpose of bringing him to the point, which, at last, his note declared. To the end would she live with her father; their house should not be divided because of her conduct. With a loud, wild farewell sigh to Argus, she pulled aside the curtain to look into the wide air and feel the mercy of darkness. A band of stars rode high and clear above a company of moving clouds, spreading in the reflection of the moon, thin and white, like flakes of snow. Earth, a black, tranquil monster, was now passive beneath the beautiful illusions of moonlight. The life which by day forever enacted scenes of pain was invisible. Yet she must not call it pain nor evil, — its passing drama, — but necessary discipline and inscrutable wisdom. The sword that stabbed was rubbed with healing balm; the disappointment that seemed to blight contained the germ of development. Filled with the calm which she felt was that of another world, she drew the curtain, and was about to advance into the room, when a slight sound at the door arrested her; the handle turned slowly and noiselessly."

Such passages as this, vigorous and touched with a gleam of poetic light, compensate the reader for his labor in groping among the shadows of the book

after the substantial personages who cast them. There is a drama going on, but its movements are made known by hints and gestures. The passion for concealment of meaning which has seized upon novelists of late had its hold on Mrs. Stoddard long ago, and the whole book is a studied effort to avoid the commonplace, while the figures and incidents are all matters of fact. This Argus Gates, the central character of the book, with his immovable features, represents to perfection Mrs. Stoddard's attempt to read the riddle of life and expound it in terms of another riddle. It is as if the sphinx, sitting stonily by the wayside, were to receive a morning call from another sphinx, equally impenetrable. The reader finds himself in this queer company, and is fascinated by his companions, but is obliged to admit, when he has finished the book, that the answers to all the conundrums are simply more conundrums. His main satisfaction is in going back and recalling the occasional splendid passages and what may be named as the one stroke of humor, when Chloe bursts out, after a fresh illustration of Virginia's sacrifice of herself for her mother: —

" 'I 'se most tired of this world, especially when I see men and women as I have this last five minutes. It's no use, though,' continued Chloe; 'Missey Virginia will have to help missis out of the grave when Gabriel blows the trump, I'll bet, while Mr. Brande is walking, 'spectable like, in long clothes, all by hisself, to judgment.' "

A few more such touches as this would not only have relieved the reader, but would, we suspect, have helped the author to be a little more human, a little less the mouthpiece of a random psychology. As we have intimated, the book is too deep for us, and we leave it with a single further quotation, since it comes as near as any passage to giving, we suppose, the key to the intellectual and emotional scheme of the author: —

"'Yes,' said Roxalana, a dark red rising in her swarthy face, a steely illumination breaking through her eyes, 'I am convinced by my years that friendship, love, the singular emotion which rises like a wall of rock, or fire, or ice, and hides, protects, and separates two souls, man and woman, from all other men and women, have little to do with our circumstances, acts, and duties; they come from the nameless spirit in our consciousness, whose face we never see and whose will we never understand.'"

Our interest in American fiction is independent of time, yet there is always a quickening of the pulse when we are contemplating, not the revival of past achievements, but the promise of the future which lies in some slight present performance. The author of *Janus*<sup>1</sup> has been before the public once or twice, but this novel is a more deliberate effort in art than he has heretofore made. We will not sketch the plot, which is one of character working through incident, rather than of incident revealing character, except to say that the leading person, a young musical genius, is awakened temporarily to a sense of the power which resides in pure love, only to fall back and have his life blackened by the insidious encroachment on his nature of the power of evil resident in a false woman and responded to by his own weakness. There is a little stiffness in some

of the drawing, as in the case of Alexis, and not enough is made of Johann Steins; but the book must be taken as a sketch, and with the limitations of a sketch conceded it is a strong piece of work. The mutations of Moritz Reisse's nature are not only truthful, they are portrayed with naturalness and without too much recourse to comment by the author. Nadine, the temptress, is well conceived and self-consistent; the only fault one can find is rather a grave one, to be sure. The reader is scarcely bewitched by her, and has to take her power over Moritz too much on faith; but the depth of her intrigue is made very distinct; she is thoroughly explained, and explained by the course of the story. We are especially pleased by the reserve which the author shows in dealing with the more specifically musical parts of the book. We are so accustomed to a moony treatment of music and musicians in fiction that it is a relief to find the subject used as an art, and not as a sentiment. Throughout, Mr. Stevenson has worked with restraint, and the result, though somewhat dry in technique, certainly gives us ground to hope that, with more thorough mastery of his materials, he will show both strength and ease in his art; that he will draw more boldly because he has taken such pains at the start to draw precisely.

#### GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

THE publication of the *Diary of Gouverneur Morris*<sup>2</sup> brings before us one of the soundest minds in the history of our statesmanship. He was most noted

as a financier, but the character of his genius was much broader, and it is rather by reason of his knowledge of public affairs in the largest sense, and the just-

<sup>1</sup> *Janus*. By EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON. Chicago, New York, and San Francisco: Belford, Clarke & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris*. VOL. LXIV. — NO. 381.

*ris*. Edited by ANNE CARY MORRIS. Two volumes. With portraits. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

ness of his observation upon human nature, than because of his skill in business that these memorials of him are most impressive. The volumes hardly touch the early period of his life, which covered the time of the Revolution and the formation of the Constitution, although he then accomplished his principal service to his own country; they begin practically with his residence in Europe in 1789, whither he had gone in the interest of private speculations, and the most valuable portion of their contents is that which deals with the European situation in the succeeding decade. He was mainly in France, and by his social and financial relations came so near to the current of events that his information was sufficiently accurate and his interest acute. The fullness with which he committed to his diary the incidents of the day and his thoughts on men and measures makes his picture of the contemporary scenes remarkably lively. He mingled with men and women in the governing circles of the leading powers on a familiar footing, and the respect which was paid to his information and opinions gave him great advantages in this society. But his diary has not the value of picturesque memoirs to any unusual degree; the theatre of history serves rather as the background for the working of his political thought, and as an opportunity for the marking of the characters of the leaders, than for the presentation of personal traits. He was a closer observer of human nature than of men; he was more attracted by problems of government and the issues of measures than by anything individual; and thus it happens that his general remarks, together with his extraordinary powers of political forecast, make the deepest impression upon the mind of the reader.

Sincerely attached, as he was, to the principles of liberty, and desirous that they should be secured for the French and for other European nations to the

fullest extent which circumstances permitted, he was too sensible that modes of government are conditioned upon the moral habit and traditions of a people to allow him to indulge in romantic ideas and that philosophy which he describes as a species of vertigo. He was not less a friend of reform than Jefferson, at the time our minister at Paris; but while the latter took sides with the revolutionary party, Morris declared himself rather in favor of a strong executive, and drew on himself the remonstrance of Lafayette. As events went on, he continually grew more emphatic in advising the support of royal authority; and seeing that the revolutionary confusions must end in a dictator, he thought it best that the depository of power should be the traditional office of the king rather than any experimental device of a military usurpation. He was nevertheless not deceived into thinking that the Revolution was the work of a few prominent agitators, instead of the expression of a true movement of history. Speaking of the *Princesse Galitzin*, he says that she, like others, was "totally mistaken with respect to the troubles in France. They all supposed, as was supposed in the American Revolution, that there are certain leaders who occasion everything, whereas in both instances it is the great mass of the people." And again he writes, "It is notorious that the great mass of the French nation is less solicitous to preserve the present order of things than to prevent the return of the ancient oppressions." At the same time he was unable to believe that any proper popular government could spring from a nation so supremely depraved as he declares the French to be. "The materials for a revolution in this country are very indifferent. Everybody agrees that there is an utter prostration of morals, but the general position can never convey to the American mind the degree of depravity. It is not by any figure of rhetoric or



force of language that the idea can be communicated. . . . There is a fatal principle that pervades all ranks. It is a perfect indifference to the violation of all engagements. . . . Paris is perhaps as wicked a spot as exists, — incest, murder, bestiality, fraud, rapine, oppression, baseness, cruelty; and yet this is the city which has stepped forward in the sacred cause of *liberty*." The force of these remarks on Morris's lips can be appreciated only when one is familiar with the thoroughness and tenacity with which he held the view that in government the moral vigor of the nation is all in all. And yet at one time, when he was engaged in a plan by which he should himself enter the ministry, he showed no unwillingness to resort to the usual measures. He says he promised Madame de Flahaut, his friend, one hundred thousand francs if he succeeded, and he quieted the conscience of M. Montmorin, who was "startled at the idea of selling his vote," by telling him it was not his own but the vote of M. Cannes that he was disposing of.

The pecuniary corruption of the Assembly is exhibited in the same colors as M. Taine uses, and the spectacle of the rush for riches, obtained by trading in the ruin of the country, is one of the extraordinary traits of the patriotic eras as here drawn. For instance, he relates that Colonel Swan told him, apropos of the tobacco question, that "there is a knot of men in the Assembly who dispose of all things as they list, and who turn everything to account. He speaks of their corruption with horror." The many large business projects with which Morris was concerned must have given him a true insight in these matters. He was especially engaged in measures for provisioning the country, and in contracting to buy the American debt to France; and as the troubles of the administration were largely those of supplying food and raising money, it was not strange that he early came into close knowledge of affairs,

and that his advice was often asked. In the course of events he is found so intimately engaged in Parisian politics as to be drafting state papers for the use of the king; and the mere fact that it should have been thought possible that he might take an active part with the authority of a minister in France is proof of the ascendancy of his mind. But his participation in affairs was only the plan of an hour, and his criticisms and suggestions had no practical effect. He even drew up a constitution for France, but not without a sense of the audacity of a foreigner's assuming to have sufficient acquaintance with the national character for such a work. These occupations, however, led him to look with a closer eye upon the men who were the instruments of the time.

Morris's judgment of Necker stands in the first place, because they were both eminent financiers. The first impression was unfavorable. "If he is really a great man, I am deceived," Morris says; and as he observes further, he finds the popular Frenchman a "cunning" man, to deal with whom requires "great caution and delicacy;" he next sets him down as "timid," and shows his own opinion when he mentions Lafayette as trusting Necker, although despising his talents, "as if it were possible to trust a timid man in arduous circumstances." The full portrait is as follows: "As to M. Necker, he is one of those men who has obtained a much greater reputation than he has any right to. . . . M. Necker in his public administration has always been honest and disinterested, which proves well, I think, for his former private conduct, or else it proves he has more vanity than cupidity. Be that as it may, an unspotted integrity as minister, and serving at his own expense in an office which others seek for the purpose of enriching themselves, have acquired him deservedly much confidence. Add to this his writings on finance teem with that sort of sensibility which makes

the fortune of modern romances, and which is exactly suited to this lively nation, who love to read, but hate to think. . . . His education as a banker has taught him to make tight bargains, and put him on his guard against projects. But though he understands *man* as a covetous creature, he does not understand *mankind*, a defect which is irremediable. He is utterly ignorant also of politics, by which I mean politics in the great sense, as that sublime science which embraces for its object the happiness of mankind. . . . But what is more extraordinary is that M. Necker is a very poor financier."

It should be said that Morris's characterizations of men are usually severe, though not unjust; he had an eye for their weaknesses under the test of actual affairs, and judged them mainly by their practical effectiveness in the conduct of what was entrusted to them. This is especially noticeable in his friendly depreciation of Lafayette, whom he found always "below the business." He defines him from the start as a "lover of freedom from ambition, of which there are two kinds, — one born of pride, the other of vanity; and his partakes most of the latter." He forecasts his future almost sympathetically: "I have known my friend Lafayette now for many years, and can estimate at the just value both his words and his actions. If the clouds that now lower should be dissipated without a storm, he will be infinitely indebted to fortune; but if it happen otherwise, the world must pardon much on the score of intention. He means ill to no one, but he has the *besoin de briller*. He is very much below the business he has undertaken, and if the sea runs high he will be unable to hold the helm." Morris continually refers to him as a self-deceiver, and as a man whose mind you could convince without controlling his will by the conviction. Lafayette, so far as one can judge, did not regard Morris as

sufficiently in sympathy with the Revolution to justify following his advice; but the career of this most beloved of the French patriots is justly and sadly drawn on these pages. Morris tells one striking anecdote with regard to the discipline of the troops, a point to which he was continually reverting. He asked Lafayette whether his men would obey him, and reports his reply that "they will not mount guard when it rains, but he thinks they will readily follow him into action." He says, too, that Lafayette prescribed the applause the king should receive when he brought him in from Versailles. The universal fault which Morris finds in all the men of affairs is that which was in his view the whole character of the king, — weakness. M. Necker told him that they were "frequently under the necessity of doing what they knew to be wrong;" and M. Montmorin acknowledged to him that "he had not sufficient vigor of mind to pursue the course which appeared to him to be right." In connection with this Morris's own maxim is worth quoting: "The people will never continue attached to any man who will sacrifice his duty to their caprice."

Morris was constantly touched with pity for the king and queen. He nevertheless treats them with entire mercilessness. The king he speaks of as "a small-beer character," and asks what "you will have from a creature who, situated as he is, eats and drinks and sleeps well, and laughs, and is as merry a grig as lives." He gives him in another place a very bad paragraph: "M. de Trudaine mentioned as having heard from young Montmorin that the king is by nature cruel and base. One instance of his cruelty, among others, was, that he used to spit and roast live cats. In riding with Madame de Flahaut, I tell her that I could not believe such things. She tells me that when young he was guilty of such things; that he is very brutal and nasty,

which she attributes to a bad education. This brutality once led him so far, while Dauphin, as to beat his wife, for which he was exiled four days by his grandfather, Louis XV. Until lately he used always to spit in his hand, as being more convenient. It is no wonder that such a beast should be dethroned." But when the king came to the scaffold Morris was more tender of him, though he despised him no less. He says that "the monarchic and aristocratic parties wished his death, in the belief that such a catastrophe would shock the national feeling, awaken the hereditary attachment, and turn into the channels of loyalty the impetuous tide of opinion." Yet Morris declares it as his opinion that the people in general pitied him, and desired that he should be spared.

Mirabeau, who fills a considerable space in the volumes, is never mentioned without disgust and contempt. Morris says that at his death he was pledged to restore absolute authority. Nothing that he remarks upon him, however, is so important as his observation, springing from Mirabeau's conduct, that "his understanding is impaired by the perversion of his heart. There is a fact which very few seem to be apprised of, viz., that a sound mind cannot exist where the morals are unsound. Sinister designs render the view of things oblique." This moral substratum to Morris's mind is a continual source of pleasure; seldom distinctly and separately expressed, it always enters into his opinion of men, as when, for example, he condemns Mirabeau as "venal, shameless, and yet greatly virtuous when pushed by a prevailing impulse, but never truly virtuous, because never under the steady control of reason nor the firm authority of principle." Yet he observes great discrimination in applying these standards. "Monsieur," he wisely remarks, "is a very honest man, but he holds a very dishonest

opinion, which is common with weak men in regard to public affairs."

These characterizations of famous men, of which we select only a very few, are naturally interesting, more particularly as being contemporary judgments; but the value of a book always lies in the strongest part of its author's mind, and in the case of Morris this was his knowledge of general human nature in its relation to government. His skepticism of the French Revolution proceeded from his distrust of the moral character of the people, and his prescient forecasts of future events were grounded on the causal necessity which is to be observed in organized society, owing to the nature of the men who compose it. He had a considerable contempt for theorists. "La Rochefoucault is terribly puzzled about the affairs of impositions. This is always the case when men bring metaphysical ideas into the business of the world; none know how to govern but those who have been used to it, and such men have rarely either time or inclination to write about it. The books, therefore, which are to be met with contain mere Utopian ideas." How human nature is to be learned he intimates in observing that the Duke of Brunswick "wants important qualities of a statesman;" he continues: "Man can judge of man by no other standard than his heart and mind. He who is alive to every sentiment and passion can judge well of others by adding to or diminishing the result of his own emotions, for he differs from his fellows only in degree; but he who is born insensible can never know mankind; he is blind in some things, deaf to others; in short, he wants some of the moral senses." In another place he states the general truth that "man deceives himself much oftener than he deceives others." In applying these principles to men in the mass he is often impressive, and reaches a high tone of moral reflection on politics. "Now," he says, "I have frequently ob-

served that when men are brought to abandon the paths of justice, it is not easy to arrest their progress at any particular point ; " but this moralizing tendency is usually offset by his practical remarks upon the subject in hand. A profound observation upon the financial condition of Paris, into which, he says, opinion enters as the fundamental element, is less to him, apparently, than the climax to which it is a step, — " Paper thou art, and to paper thou shalt return." It may be said, in passing, that he loses no opportunity to enlarge upon the evils of paper money and the desperate character of its temporary utilities. The financier speaks again when he criticises the ministry for the feebleness of a report upon the state of the finances : " They appeal to patriotism for aid, but they should, in money matters, apply only to interest. They should never acknowledge such want of resource as to render the aid of patriotism necessary." But these incisive statements, which illustrate the temper of Morris's mind too well to be neglected, are almost too disconnected to be brought within the compass of a paragraph.

Morris's career as our minister to France during the Terror was difficult and disagreeable. His friends and the society in which he moved were scattered, and he himself was at times discommoded. He was the only minister to remain in Paris, and in staying he showed both courage and good sense. He was of use to some of those whose property was in danger, and appears to have so far exceeded the propriety of his position as to arrange a plan for the king's escape, which failed, because at the last moment the king refused to go ; and he also received the valuables of the king and of other persons for safe-keeping in his house. He acknowledges that some of the executions may have been just, but he was perhaps more affected by the sights he witnessed than is shown by his diary, which at this time he did

not make too full and confidential. He had himself settled down to the conviction that nothing could end the period except a military dictatorship, and for this he waited, with prediction after prediction as to the means by which it would come about. He says that the Allies failed by their misconduct in proclaiming war upon all France and their purpose to punish the men who had engaged in the new *régime* ; whereas, if they had been moderate, they would have found support all over France. As it was, France was unified against aggression, and Morris declares that with a united France he had never doubted the Allies would be defeated. He said so many things that came true that he grew vain of the power, and in later years is more often found claiming to have foreseen accomplished facts than actually prophesying them. He was alone in the opinion that the Spaniards would defeat the French armies, and he declared positively that Prussia would go to pieces at the first assault. He was as confident of Napoleon's ruin as of his rise. Indeed, he had good reason to pride himself, even when he affected modesty, upon the justness of his opinions upon the current of events. If others would listen to experience, as he did, he said, they would foresee as well ; but no other person had his eye for the situation, and the same conviction of the necessity of moral and economical laws. In one sentence he almost seems to cast his gaze forward to an incident of this century when he remarks, " A dispute with Denmark would favor projects against Hamburg, Lübeck, and Mecklenburg, reserving the entry into Holstein for the moment when Denmark should be sufficiently embarrassed in her affairs to render it a mere parade instead of a campaign." These predictions, and others like them, were not made at any one time, but sown through the ten years of his residence abroad, during which he visited Germany and

Austria, as well as Holland and England, and in all his journeys exhibited the curiosity and the tenacious mind of a true traveler joined with the political speculations of an ever-restless mind. He transferred to his pages many anecdotes and some scandal of the courts he saw, and a series of illustrations of high life might be strung together from his notes which would do little credit to that discreditable age, though they might amuse. We have found nothing more entertaining than his description of Talleyrand doing Madame de Flahaut the courtesy of warming her bed with a warming-pan, and the king of Prussia, then prince royal, waiting, in the garb of a servant, behind Madame Crayen at her wedding dinner in a tavern.

Morris returned to America in 1798, and lived until 1816. In this period he took an inconsiderable part in politics, although he served a term as Senator from New York. His judgment upon passing affairs in his own country in that time of ferment was less sound than his remarks on foreign affairs had been. He was violently opposed to the Democrats. He thought the Judiciary Act had destroyed the Constitution. He was a friend of the Hartford Convention, and quite ready to dissolve the Union. He expressed very decidedly his preference for monarchic or aristocratic institutions. Democracy he regarded as a transitional state of government, and declared that it "cannot last." He thought that a man destined to rule from the cradle "will not, in general, be so unfit as those who are objects of popular choice." In holding these views he came nearer to Hamilton than to others of his contemporaries. Hamilton, nevertheless, he characterized as "more a theoretic than a practical man;" "not sufficiently convinced that a system may be good in itself and bad in relation to particular circumstances;" "indiscreet, vain, and opinionated," and in general more the creature of his

opinions than of reason and experience; a thinker rather than a statesman, and even in his management of the treasury not without radical errors. Washington, it may be said, is the only person upon whom Morris does not make some unfavorable comment, but for him he had the same reverence that was well-nigh universal in that age; he says that "few men of such steady, persevering industry ever existed, and perhaps no one who so completely commanded himself." It was this last quality which most affected Morris. "Thousands have learned to restrain their passions," he continues, "though few among them had to contend with passions so violent. But the self-command to which I allude was of higher grade. He could, at the dictate of reason, control his will and command himself to act. Others may have acquired a portion of the same authority, but who could, like Washington, at any moment command the energies of his mind to a cheerful exertion?" Just before Washington died he wrote a letter urging him to forego his retirement to private life. With regard to slavery, he was always its foe. "If you countenance the introduction of slaves, you sign and seal the ruin of the Southern States." And again he writes: "Time, my dear sir, seems about to disclose the awful secret that commerce and domestic slavery are mortal foes, and, bound together, one must destroy the other. I cannot blame Southern gentlemen for striving to put down commerce, because commerce, if it survives, will, I think, put them down, supposing always the Union to endure."

If Morris was far from optimistic with respect to the political outlook for his country in the immediate future, he was very clear-sighted as to its material prospects. He was a leader in the scheme of the Erie Canal, and fully committed to the dream of the development of the lake country. "The proudest empire in Europe is but a bubble

compared to what America *will* be, *must* be, in the course of two centuries, perhaps of one." And in another place, "I knew as well then [at the formation of the Constitution] as I do now that all North America must at length be annexed to us, — happy, indeed, if the lust of dominion stop there." He did not, however, look at this increase of material wealth without a keen sense of the dangers which plutocracy would bring. "When the money influence grows great, the general maxim is, *Be rich*; if you can, *honestly*, but be rich. From that moment may, I believe, be dated the decline of an empire; and although circumstances may check the progress of destruction, though the weakness of surrounding states may lengthen out a feeble existence, yet, the infection taken, it extends a silent but deadly corruption, which few, if any, political constitutions are strong enough to throw off." A more remarkable passage, and one good for reflection now, is the following: "The strongest aristocratic feature in our political organization is that which Democrats are most attached to, — the right of universal suffrage. This takes from men of moderate fortune their proper weight, and will, in process of time, give undue influence to those of great wealth." But Morris took a broad view of history, and seems not to have anticipated any different future for America than the Old World had experienced. "There is always a counter-current in human affairs which appears alike both good and evil. While the republican form lasts we shall be tolerably well governed, as when we are fairly afloat again on the *tempestuous sea of liberty* our Cromwell or Bonaparte must so far comply with national habit as to give us an independent judiciary and something like a popular rep-

resentation. Like the picked, featherless bipeds who have preceded us, our posterity will be shaken into the political form which shall be most suitable to their physical and moral state. They will be born, procreate, and die, like the rest of creation, while here and there some accomplished scoundrel, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, will give their names to the periods of history."

We have endeavored in this notice to convey some impression of the quality of Morris's mind, and of the remarkable illustrations which these volumes afford of the true statesman's habit of thought; for whatever may be said of Morris's conclusions or opinions, there is no question that his method is that of the wisest political thinking. It is useful, too, to be reminded of the moral basis of government, the clear and unhesitating conviction of which is fundamental in these pages. This faith was in the air of the Constitution-making era, but here we come home to it in fixed and definite expression. Of Morris himself it is not needful to say anything. His character is declared in his words. He, like some of those whom he criticises, had his weaknesses of vanity, and has given the impression indirectly of a man who felt he had not been employed to the height of his talents in affairs. He says of himself, when minister at Paris, "I could be popular, but that would be wrong," and the sentence contains more personal honor than any other in the diary. But certainly he was not greatly tempted to be "popular" in the Terror.

His reputation has undoubtedly gained greatly by this work, but we regret to add that the editing of the correspondence shows unpardonable slovenliness and ignorance, the errors being innumerable.



## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Style.

THE other day, a reviewer, after bestowing very high praise upon a very mediocre performance, said, in effect: "It is to be clearly understood that no book will commend itself to us *as literature*; what we want is life — ideas, and not form."

"The man 's a Browning; he neglects the form."

Of course we demand ideas from an author. They are not so essential, it seems, in a critic. This critic, indeed, is quite to his own satisfaction, without, apparently, any idea that there is such a thing as art.

"All passes. Art alone  
Enduring stays to us;  
The Bust outlasts the throne —  
The Coin, Tiberius."

There must be workmanship as well as design. The way a thing is done can kill it or give it life. The touch of Cellini makes the precious metal a hundred fold more precious. We do demand ideas from an author; but if he does not know, or does not care to know, how to express them, he might as well not have them, and had better set up as a reviewer. It is easier business to disparage literature than to produce it; easier to undervalue style than to acquire it. However, that indefinable distinction which we call *style* is quite capable of taking care of itself. A page of prose or verse without this quality is like a man without good manners: he may be a person of excellent intentions, but he is not desirable company, and ultimately finds himself dropped.

A notable thing in every work — poem, history, or novel — that has survived its own period is perfection of form. It is that which has kept it. It is the amber that preserves the fly. I have no doubt that thousands of noble conceptions have been lost to us because

of the inadequacy of their literary form. Certain it is that many thoughts and fancies, of no great value in themselves, have been made imperishable by the faultlessness of their setting. For example, if Richard Lovelace — whose felicities, by the way, were purely accidental — had said to Lucasta: "Lucasta, my girl, I could n't think half so much of you as I do if I did n't feel it my duty to enlist for the war. Do you catch on?" — if Richard Lovelace, I repeat, had put it in that fashion, his commendable sentiment would have been forgotten in fifteen minutes; but when he said —

"I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not honor more" —

he gave to England a lyric that shall last longer than the Thames Embankment. The difference in the style of these two addresses to Lucasta illustrates just the difference there is between literature and that formless commonplace which certain of our critics suppose to be Life.

From a Con-  
valescent's  
Window.  
— Yellow and white are the trimmings of spring's green livery. The early violets excepted, almost every flower that blows is either yellow, as the dandelion and the cowslip, or white, as the dogwood, the bloodroot, and the fruit-tree blossoms. Another year, another life! Last spring I penetrated the woods for dogwood and cowslip, and waded through dewy field-grass after apple-blossoms; to-day I make myself glad with the memory of them, and take what I can see of spring from a window.

Lovely as the spring flowers are, each and all, the homely daffodil below my window claims a first place in my affections, because of all the childish gladness it stands for to me. One must attain to middle age, or something near it, before

one begins to take a really fond delight in recollections of childhood. Why it is that we find a deep pleasure in such memories I hardly know, but to be sure that we were happy once with the careless joy of a healthy and beloved child is undoubtedly a pleasant thought in after life; there is in it something consolatory for the trouble and loss that later years have brought us.

At the back of the country house which was my childhood's home, at the farther side of the lawn, stretched a shrubbery, masking the garden fence; and there, in the shelter of the taller bushes, grew a host of daffodils, narcissus, and snowdrops. The yellow daffodil, pushing aside the encumbrance of last year's dead leaves, shooting up among its protecting green lances, and nodding a welcome to me, was the first thing which announced that spring had without mistake arrived. Dear little snowdrops! perhaps the most poetic of Spring's elder children,—I have not seen one of them since those days.

Spring is a wonderful colorist, with apparently the fewest pigments at command. While half the trees are still naked and brown, this great impressionist painter produces her original effects. I look out of my window, and see an azure sky through an open tracery of yellow-green, — hues so tender that nothing could match with them but the silvery cloudlets caught among the upper boughs. Later on in the day a busy wind has changed all this: driven the fair-weather clouds in a mass to the northward, where they darken the horizon with a dull, thundery blue. But the rest of the sky is clear and the sun still high, and the cherry-trees, huge bouquets of snowy blossom, stand out against the lurid background with a dazzling, almost startling whiteness. Toward sunset the wind drops off, the northward horizon clears, and the sun throws strong level rays upon the horse-chestnut, till the green is filtered through

and through with golden light, the under sides of the leaves shining most brightly. The cherry-tree behind it is one lustrous mass of molten silver and gold; the nearer one, more in the shadow of the house, can catch the glory only on its topmost heights, while the scarlet-budded maple beyond is a cone of flame. The light of the eastern sky, flushed with rose, mingles with the yellow-green, the white, and gold, till the eye is enchanted with the delicate harmonies of color as the ear with sweetly blended music tones.

As one needs to be well past youth to appreciate with full consciousness the joys of childhood, so perhaps those most delight in spring who have lived long enough to experience the sterner side of existence. Every one loves the spring; old and young hail it: but the pleasure of older persons is not merely sensuous; it is also conscious and reflective. The recurring wonder of earth new-born is something to give pause to the mind of one who feels that the spring of his human life will never be thus renewed. The first time one realizes that physically the odds are against one, simply by the account of years, the thought is at least momentarily startling. One is ill, and finds that the recuperative powers are not to-day what they once were. Yet if Spring suggests by contrast an idea not pleasant to the natural man, on the other hand she affords us comfort with the reminder that the external world is not as we are. So long as we may stay on the green earth, and however we may outlive many of its joys, this joy in the living beauty of nature will not be taken from us. Spring will spread her ever-fresh delights before us so long as we have eyes to see them.

Consolation  
for Lag-  
gards.

— As a lover of quietness and leisure, — not as a lazy man, though the vulgar sometimes miss the distinction, — I have recently come to feel a new sense of personal obligation to the Moon. It is not

for her beauty; that I have always admired. Had I been gifted with "the vision and the faculty divine," her face, I am sure, would have inspired some of my most rapturous singing. As it is, I am forced to content myself with silent worship, or to borrow the words of others. For years I have been in the habit of repeating those exquisite lines from "the great ode," —

"The Moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare ;"

and not infrequently I have seemed to experience the very feelings of the poet himself. No, it is not the beauty of Cynthia that has just dawned upon my soul. Neither is it her usefulness to the mariner, inestimable as that is, and greatly as I myself have profited by it. These are familiar considerations; and, as Emerson says, "only our newest knowledge works as a source of inspiration and thought." What I have lately discovered (the erudite school-boy is welcome to laugh at my anonymous confession) is the fact of the moon's restraining influence upon the earth's diurnal revolution.

It appears that formerly this globe of ours went spinning about its axis at a frightful rate, turning completely round once in every three or four hours! Think of the state of mind in which its dizzy inhabitants must have been kept; having to do a day's work and get a night's rest all within that ridiculously short space! It was inevitable that they should live in one continual hurry, even while trying to sleep; and equally inevitable that we, their descendants, should inherit an over-active and fidgety temper. This effect has been so pronounced and so universal, indeed, that at last, instead of bewailing our excessive industriousness, we have actually come to pride ourselves upon it. First at school, and afterwards in business, a man must be forever shortening his days with incessant fagging, else — like the Japanese

official who shrinks from the "happy dispatch" — he can no longer hold up his head as a respectable citizen. On this point the world is substantially agreed; the dissenters, for the most part, being only a few poets and other lightly esteemed Bohemians. But as "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," so does the Moon (she should have temples built in her honor) fight against the modern Philistine. By means of a most ingenious brake — by means of the tides, that is to say — she has been from the first unceasingly slackening the earth's speed, until in place of a day of four hours we rejoice in one of six times that length. Better yet (and this is my comfort), the good work still goes on; and ultimately — not in my time, but in somebody's time — the day's duration will be, not twenty-four hours, nor even two hundred and forty hours, but fourteen hundred!

Then will dawn the golden age. Then there will be time enough. For I make sure that long before that blessed consummation the labor reformers will have carried their point; and instead of a man's having to drudge eight or ten hours daily, as is the lot of so many of us at present, a stint of half that length will be accounted ample for the meanest workman; leaving a remnant of at least thirteen hundred and ninety-five hours for mental cultivation, and especially for recreative idleness. What long evenings! And how the Browning Clubs will flourish! The Ring and the Book will then stand in the class of short poems; finding a place, we may presume, in the thousand-and-first volume of some Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. At the opera-house, the tetralogy of Wagner, if such a musical trifle shall still keep its place upon the stage, will seem but a mere bagatelle; doing duty as an overture, perhaps, or, more likely, as an *entr'acte*. Nor will any attendant upon the opera or at the club ever be afflicted with sleepiness; a

nap of four hundred hours, more or less, on the night previous, will have put all mischances of that kind quite out of the question.

Actors will no longer be compelled to cut the plays of Shakespeare; nor will magazine editors find it necessary to curtail the manuscripts of even their most long-winded contributors. In imagination I peep into the sanctum of that all-too-remote epoch, and I seem to see, hanging above the sacred desk, this most inspiring motto: "Prolixity is the soul of wit."

In short, under such altered temporal conditions, not only human proverbs, but all the daily current of human life, will be curiously modified. Pupils at the Latin School will no longer say, *Tempus fugit*. Breakfast may be expected to consume ten hours, at the least and dinner not less than twenty-five; and dyspepsia, as a matter of course, will long ago have become a disease unheard of. All in all, the picture is inviting, though, as perhaps must be true of every picture, it is not quite without shadows. Think, for example, of a prisoner sentenced to a day of solitary confinement on bread and water, or the people of an entire commonwealth bidden to observe a day of fasting! Consider, also, the probable length of sermons!

That day of fourteen hundred hours, inevitable as is its coming, is, unhappily, far distant. But the very tardiness of its approach is, in one aspect, highly encouraging to the idle temperament. If some bustling Yankee had taken a contract to reduce the velocity of the earth's rotation, he would have set about it, as the Yankee expression is, "hammer and tongs." But the Moon (who, by the bye, is probably *not* "pale from weariness") takes up the work in another spirit. "Be not in haste, O son of Adam," I fancy her saying; "blessed are they that know how to be idle." She is not to be flurried with any thought of the magnitude of her undertaking.

Twice a day she applies her brake, and in the time appointed she will complete her task. How long that time is likely to prove, the reader, if he have a slate large enough, may calculate for himself; the requisite *datum* is furnished by the approximate fact that the work progresses at the rate of about one sixty-sixth of a second in every twenty-five hundred years. For my own part, I have never deemed it worth while to figure the sum. Enough that as long as I live things must remain substantially as they are. And yet, as I began by saying, I take no little satisfaction in the Moon's labor. It will avail for others, if not for me; and meanwhile, unfinished though it is, I am resolved to turn it to some practical account. Till now, when upbraided for my indolence, either by my own perverted conscience or by my neighbors, I have been wont to quote the sage of Grasmere:—

"Books! 't is a dull and endless strife:  
Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
How sweet his music! On my life,  
There's more of wisdom in it."

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can."

But I have observed that those who ride the hobby of hard work are seldom much impressed by a stanza or two of poetry. Henceforth, then, I shall refer them not to the poet, but to the astronomer; the man of science, who deals in figures, to be sure, but not in figures of speech. I shall remind my censors that the Divine Providence itself has discovered that the world was started at too fast a pace, and, having discovered it, has been engaged ever since in the process of slowing up. I shall assure them that I have taken to heart the fair Moon's example, and am determined never more to be in haste; to act hereafter as if I were already a dweller in the promised land, the land of "an astronomical leisure."

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Travel and Nature.* Picturesque Alaska, a journal of a tour among the mountains, seas, and islands of the northwest, from San Francisco to Sitka, by Abby Johnson Woodman. (Houghton.) An unpretentious record which betrays a genuine love of nature, and by its simplicity of narrative conveys to the prospective traveler over the same ground a clear notion of what he may expect to do and to see. — From Japan to Grenada, sketches of observation and inquiry in a tour round the world in 1887-8, by James Henry Chapin. (Putnam.) The ordinary notes of a plain, unpretending traveler, who carried not exactly the wealth of the Indies to the Indies, but a moderate competence. — The Home Acre, by Edward P. Roe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Mr. Roe, as is well known, was a novelist in-doors, and a small-fruit raiser out-of-doors. This book contains the fruit of his experience as regards trees, shrubs, and small vegetables when one has only a patch of ground beneath his patch of stars.

*Poetry and the Drama.* Accolon of Gaul, with other Poems, by Madison J. Cawein. (John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.) If Mr. Cawein were less uneasily conscious of his poetic gifts, we should have more confidence that he would work out his destiny to substantial success. There are lines in his book which lure one on, but the trail is lost, and one begins to think that this author has only poetic words, and not poetic thoughts. The one hope is in his recourse to nature. If he will dismiss all his romantic persons and his classic divinities, and go into the wilderness for more than an hour at a time; if he will indeed build himself a hut on some Southern mountain slope, and stay there for two years, he will destroy the second year what he wrote the first, and come out of the trial with some real poetic results, — of that we are sure. — *The Masque of Death, and Other Poems*, by Charles Lotin Hildreth. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) The first duty of a poet is to be musical. His attack is on the ear, and if his lines do not sing our ears have a way of closing themselves. When Mr. Hildreth says, —

"Thou tempt'st us with Love's burning eyes," —

we shut our ears as instinctively as we duck when we pass a baseball game in full progress. Tempt'st! As De Quincey says, the word ought to be boiled. It is more a pity, since this author sometimes shows a feeling for Nature in her more pensive moods which is fine

and faithful. — *Poems*, by Lee Fairchild. (The Manual Publishing Company, Chicago.) Published, the author says, "at the request of quite a limited number of those whom I consider my more appreciative friends." — *The Cup of Youth, and Other Poems*, by S. Weir Mitchell. (Houghton.) How charming is the twilight song in *The Violin!* — *Poems*, by James Arthur Edgerton. (E. R. Alderman & Sons, Marietta, Ohio.) The exigencies of verse-making produce variations in language, as when Mr. Edgerton sings, —

"The river is flowing bluely, bluely,"

"The sun it rises up oldly, oldly," —

and so forth. — *Through Broken Reeds*, by Will Amos Rice. (C. H. Kilborn, Boston.) Mr. Rice has sensibility; he has a habit of seeing things through a poetic medium, but he has not cultivated the power of melodious verse, and he has not learned the true value of words and figures of speech, else he would not have written, —

"My soul is stranded on the shores of Love;

Old age frowns on it with a cold blasé eye;"

nor in his very first poem would he have been a racer in the first stanza, a hitter of something which appears to be a vow cast in the foundry of the soul in the second, and in the fourth should have said, —

"Thus if a gleam in all of this

Should chance to wake one thrill of joy,

Perhaps, in kindness, the alloy

You'll cast a-down some precipice."

— *Poems*, by Dora Greenwell, with a biographical introduction by William Darling. (W. Scott, London; Thomas Whitaker, New York.) One of the *Canterbury Poets Series*. The introduction gives some pleasant intelligence of the life of this poet, whose name was familiar to American readers a generation ago through her prose volumes. The poems are selected from her fuller collection, and indicate the same hopeful spiritual nature as do her prose writings. — *A Drama Beyond the Grave*, by John Franklin Clark. (American News Company.) We cheerfully add that the price of this delectable comedy is twenty-five cents. No one will regret his money. From the first scene of the first act, when Bergman, Jr., bursts on the stage, representing the Docks in Baltimore, and screams, —

"God 'fend the man who this night cross

My path, and his appearance speak of wealth,

Though little 't were, I'll have it," —

to the closing scene, when Lenore and Poe emerge from a dwelling "surrounded with

columns around which twine flowers, foliage, and plants," in a paradisaical (sic) garden, and Poe delivers a farewell, in which he declares, "I have felt the hot blood rushing o'er it's red and rameous path,"

there is nothing but richness. Why, just look at the characters: Edgar Allan Poe, Poet and Author (no mere poet, mark you!); Clarence Bergman, A Cultivated, Selfish, Unprincipled Man; Clarence Bergman, Jr., A Desperate Character; Torquato Tasso, A Poet and Spirit Father of Poe; Mrs. Lenox, A Lady living with her Family in Philadelphia; Jacob Holmes, A Stolid, Ignorant Man in Spirit Life; and several other equally terrifying characters; and the scenes are at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and the First Supermundane Sphere of Earth. O Poe! what crimes are committed in thy name!—Eos, an Epic of the Dawn, and Other Poems, by Nicholas Flood Davin. (Leader Company, Regina, N. W. T.) Mr. Davin (M. P.) has a delightful little passage in his preface: "I had intended publishing what now appears, and something more, in London, but the readers of the publishing houses were away holiday-making, and I had not time to await their return." So he publishes his book in Regina, and it has the honorable distinction of being the first piece of literature published in the North West Territories.—The Amaranth and the Beryl, an Elegy, by Charles Edward Barns. (Willard Tracker & Co., New York.) The other poems are Minabel, The Truth-God, Untitled Lyrics and Sonnets, Zoroaster. These be parlous words and wild verse.—The Bird-Bride, a Volume of Ballads and Sonnets, by Graham R. Tomson. (Longmans.) The workmanship of these poems is admirable, and we think that the author will do strong things in verse after she escapes, as we hope she will, from the influence of the old French poets and from the atmosphere of books generally. However rich a poet's gifts may be, he becomes affected when he attempts to speak in the voice and manner of any period but his own. Now the writer of this book has a charming nineteenth-century voice.—An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning, by William John Alexander, Ph. D. (Ginn & Co.), is a really helpful and discriminating piece of work, and in these respects differs from the usual run of books about Browning.—American Sonnets, selected and edited, with an Introduction, by William Sharp (W. Scott, London), leaves nothing to be desired, except, perhaps, better sonnets. Mr. Sharp has done his work with great intelligence and faithfulness, and few American writers of "fourteen-liners" have escaped his field-glass. On the whole, the collection makes a creditable exhibit. A similar volume of English sonnets, covering the same

period, would not put us to the blush. Mr. Sharp's introduction to his anthology, which, by the way, is gracefully inscribed to Mr. Stedman, is well written and sympathetic, and not the less interesting because his literary estimates are for the most part at variance with those accepted on this side of the water.—From Snow to Sunshine, by Alice Wellington Rollins, with Fac-Similes of Water-Color Drawings of Butterflies, by Susie Barstow Skelding. (Frederick A. Stokes & Brother.) A very pleasing booklet which must have often served as an Easter gift.—The Afternoon Landscape, Poems and Translations, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson (Longmans), is a volume of careful and scholarly verse, in which is evident the precise touch of a writer trained in other departments of literature. The readers of *The Atlantic* have already had a taste of Mr. Higginson's poetical quality in the piece called *The Dying House*. Quite as well worth their liking as that are *Decoration*, *To My Shadow*, a charmingly quaint conception, and several of the sonnets, especially the sonnet on page 22, which closes with two striking lines:

"Love's single moment is eternity;  
Eternity, a thought in Shakespeare's brain."

*Philosophy and Theology.* In the reissue, in collective form, of the late Rowland G. Hazard's writings (Houghton), all of which indicate the philosophic mind, two volumes take prominence as distinct contributions to philosophy: *Freedom of Mind in Willing*, and the composite volume which contains the two letters to John Stuart Mill on Causation and Freedom of Mind in Willing, the two discourses on Man a Creative First Cause and Animals not Automata, and a letter to Dr. Wharton on Causation. The former of these volumes contains an interesting essay on Mr. Hazard by Professor Fisher, and both have bibliographical notes by the editor of the series, Miss Caroline Hazard. Mr. Hazard belonged to a small class of men, a very small class in America,—Mr. Sampson Read was another,—whose mercantile pursuits do not merely create no real obstruction to their intellectual avocation, but offer simply another form of expression. Mr. Hazard, engaged in buying cotton and manufacturing it, was the same Mr. Hazard who pondered Edwards and Mill and wrought at his philosophical themes, not as a closet student, but as a thinking man of affairs.—It is proper to place here also the volume by the same writer and publishers, *Essay on Language, and Other Essays and Addresses*, since the method of approach and of statement is so clearly philosophical. Yet we are disposed to value more highly that sturdy independence of mind which finds expression in some of the addresses, and to esteem the personality of



the thinker above his thoughts. Miss Hazard's biographical sketch gives some hints, but more are to be found in the papers themselves.—*Christian Doctrine Harmonized and its Rationality Vindicated*, by John Steinfert Kedney. (Putnams.) Dr. Kedney accepts Christian Dogmatics as a science, which, in spite of variations of belief, has a general and defined existence. His business is to show, from a speculative point, that this science is not an artificial nor an arbitrary system, but rests upon the same foundation as all human learning, and is part and parcel of the human reason. His apology is presented with manliness and courtesy, and he writes with a catholic spirit which will win him respect and attention.—*The Way, the Nature and Means of Revelation*, by John F. Weir. (Houghton.) A reverent and searching study of the Scriptures for that Bible within the Bible which discloses the natural and normal development of the spiritual life. Professor Weir has pondered over the nature of the human spirit, and has read his Bible, not as a fragmentary collection of facts and teachings, but as a consistent hand-book to the life of man. No one can follow him in the course of his thought without being struck with the penetration of his interpretative power.—*Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, by Henry George Atkinson and Harriet Martineau. (Josiah P. Mendum, Boston.) The reader of Miss Martineau's life will recall the close connection which she made, spiritually, with Mr. Atkinson, to the dismay of her friends. Mr. Atkinson was to the vulgar a clairvoyant; to Miss Martineau he was a philosopher, who solved her problems, and their correspondence, here given, shows a mind of great dexterity, which manipulates the more elusive phenomena of the spirit with confidence and a great show of systematic construction.—*Solitarius* to his *Dæmon*, three papers by Charles Edward Barns. (Willard Tracker & Co., New York.) The three papers are entitled *The Ephemeris of Nature*, *Solitude*, and *The Poet's Province*. Dip into this book anywhere and you will not touch bottom; even at the shores it is very deep. Take the first sentence of the second paper, for example: "Who would that he were brave enough to read the cryptograph of a human heart?" Or this, near the end of the same: "Mere analytics and mind-values all sooner or later swim into the Sargassas sea of stagnation."

*Fiction.* *The Story of Manon Lescaut* and of the Chevalier des Grieux, translated from the French of L'Abbé Prévost by Arthur W. Gundry. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Mr. Gundry regards this book in a different light from Mrs. Grundy: with him it is a classic, and so

all but Mrs. Grundy agree; yet Mrs. Grundy herself might be somewhat puzzled to say why she puts her fan up when the book is mentioned. To the reader who comes upon it by accident it seems dull and commonplace; no impropriety could be more decorously and blamelessly set forth; there is not a simper in the book. One has only to accept the intrigues as in the course of nature, and one has a mild narrative of personal adventure, told serenely and with proper grace.—*A Splendid Egotist*, by Jeannette H. Walworth. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A somewhat pallid piece of sensational writing. The author conceives an artist who is so selfish as to think his superior wife a hindrance to his success, and then leaves him to get along without her, while she stays in the background of a chosen hiding-place, ready to come forward at the proper moment. The situation is not especially new, and the author does not seem to know just what to do with it.—*The Story of Patsy*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) It is almost misleading to place in this category the pathetic and humorous sketch from life which meets us in this little book. Mrs. Wiggin's strong sympathy with the weak and unfortunate is accompanied by so keen and delightful a sense of the drolleries of human nature that one is saved alternately from despair and from levity.—*A Bluegrass Thoroughbred*, by Tom Johnson. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Feeble-wickedness.—*Hagar*, by James Arthur MacKnight. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A confused tale of Ohio, Utah, and the Rebellion. The characters execute a great variety of evolutions, but it is quite difficult to make out the figures.—*Lang Syne*, or the *Wards of Mount Vernon*, by Mary Stuart Smith. (John B. Alden, New York.) An attempt at an historical romance of the time of the War for Independence. The figures of Washington and Franklin move through the story with somewhat awkward consciousness, and the writer seems rather abashed at her own boldness, as witness this sentence: "'Lady Alice,' said Dr. Franklin, as any other mortal might have done, 'what may I help you to?'" and Lady Alice would like some barley cream or a cup of orgeat, as no girl, unhappily, would now.—*Her Strange Fate*, by Celia Logan. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) The view on the cover, which shows a young woman looking out of her window while a young man in black gracefully drops into a lake several thousand feet below, leads us to wonder how her fate could be more terrible than his. Chapter I. "It was a dreary, drizzling morning in Port Repose, Iowa." . . . Chapter II. "Shaking off the girl, Mrs. Norris sprang to the counter, seized a bottle of vitriol, rapidly

uncorked it, and turned to throw the contents into Erford's face. Quick as she was, he was quicker still, and with his umbrella struck up her hand, sending the fiery liquid flying in all directions." We may remark, *en passant*, that we have never seen the umbrella used more effectively, even in a woman's hand, in modern fiction. In the twenty-eighth chapter we come to our friend on the cover. "Neither Inez nor Hugh saw nor heard her. He tore open the velvet portière, leaped upon the balcony rail, and plunged headlong into the river. In vain Inez tried to clutch him. . . . There was a heavy splash." The artist appears to have been so engrossed with arranging the legs of the elegant young man that he neglected to notice that in the story he plunged headlong. Why can we not have faithful illustrations to our novels, when they are written with such painful regard for nature and reality? — *Fraternity*. (Harpers.) A Welsh story. — *A Storm Ashore*, by James H. Connolly; *The Lion's Share*, by Mrs. Clark Waring; *Bella Demonica*. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) — *A Girl Graduate*, by Celia Parker Woolley. (Houghton.) A contribution to the literature which the higher education of women has been bringing down on us of late. — *Roberts Brothers* give us two additional volumes of Miss Wornley's excellent translations from Balzac's novels. — Mr. Henry James offers us a very entertaining book for summer reading in *A London Life*, and *Other Stories*. The other stories consist of *The Patagonia*, *The Liar*, and *Mrs. Temperly*. The second of these is quite without a rival in this collection. (Macmillan & Co.)

*Science*. *Mental Evolution in Man's Origin of Human Faculty*, by George John Romanes. (Appleton.) "My object," says Mr. Romanes, "is to seek for the principles and causes of mental evolution in man, first as regards the origin of human faculty, and next as regards the several main branches into which faculties distinctively human afterwards ramified and developed." Future installments will deal with the Intellect, Emotions, Volition, Morals, and Religion. The student will find in the work thus begun not a simple survey of the field after the scattered work of other men, but a coördinated scheme based upon Mr. Romanes's own hypothetical extension of the evolution doctrine into the domain of psychology. He seeks to weld still more completely the links in the chain which bind the human with the brute creation. — *The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms*, a study in experimental psychology, by Alfred Binet; translated from the French by Thomas McCormack. (The Open

Court Publishing Company, Chicago.) This little book may be taken in a measure as a foot-note to Romanes's large work, but a foot-note by a dissenter; for Binet sends the psychological element down into the very protoplasm, and objects to Romanes's theory as arbitrary and artificial. — *Chemical Lecture Notes*, by Peter T. Austen. (Wiley.) "This little book," the author says, "is not intended to be a text-book of chemistry, but is simply a collection of notes and observations on certain topics which experience as a teacher has shown me often give the student more or less trouble." In form, the book is a familiar talk with students. — We should be gravely remiss if we failed to record *The Pericosmic Theory of Physical Existence*, and its *Sequel Preliminary to Cosmology and Philosophy Proper*, by George Stearns. (Wood Brothers, Hudson, Mass.) It may be that some of our readers have a right to the book, for it is dedicated "To all Votaries of Science Proper, and to all Tentative Abettors of Philosophy Proper, the finale of whose calling is the teleology of mundane existence." Can you, reader, lay your hand on your watch-pocket and deny that you are either a Votary of Science Proper, or a Tentative Abettor of Philosophy Proper? We are neither, and we will have nothing to do with the Pericosmic Theory. How do we know that it is not Science or Philosophy Improper?

*Bibliography and Books of Reference*. *Catalogue of the Barton Collection of the Boston Public Library*. (Published by the Trustees.) This noble piece of cataloguing is in two parts: the first being a Catalogue of the Works of William Shakespeare, original and translated, together with the Shakespeareana embraced in the collection, prepared by James Mascarene Hubbard; the second, a Catalogue of the Miscellaneous Portion of the same collection, prepared by José Francisco Carret. The Barton Collection was made by Thomas Pennant Barton during the years 1834-1866, and was bought by the city of Boston in 1873. It contains over twelve thousand volumes, and is by all odds the most valuable collection, taken with the other possessions of its kind in the library, of Shakespeareana on this side of the Atlantic. The Miscellaneous Portion embraces a great deal illustrative of the English drama, and many books which will be of value to editors of English classics. The whole catalogue mounts up to over eight hundred and fifty pages of double-column matter, set in very clear style and accompanied by pertinent bibliographical notes. It is the worthy production of a great library.

